



L I T E R A R Y

Cavalade

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OUR FRONT COVER



"Step Right Up!" on our cover is one of a
panel of four circus drawings that won an
award in black ink drawing, Gp. III, in the
1953 Scholastic Art Awards. It was drawn by
Ethel Leung, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich.

LITERARY Cavalcade

VOLUME 5 • NUMBER 8 • MAY, 1953

SCHOLASTIC AWARDS ANNUAL ISSUE

- "I Am Exhibit A," by Gladys Schmitt** 4
A well-known author looks back on her high school days—and recalls the thrill and encouragement she felt at winning a Scholastic Award.
- July Sun, by Carl Schmidt** 6
Short Short Story—Award: The day was hot and monotonous—but that alone could never explain why he did such a strange, unnatural thing.
- The Decline and Fall of the English Language, by Glen Walker** 8
Essay—Award: A 21st century historian tells us how the barbaric invasion of Slangue brought the death of our noble English tongue.
- Benchwarming, by Paul McCarthy** 9
Essay—Honorable Mention: You've seen him at every game, muscles tensed—the guy the coach doesn't call in, the guy who won't give up.
- Dangerous Mission, by Maxim Mendelson** 10
Short Story—Honorable Mention: He had known Korea in many ways—now he was to know it as the proving ground of his manhood.
- The American Trayboy, by Albert Kingston** 13
Essay—Award: The customer who expects what he doesn't ask for and asks for what he can't get is perfectly within his rights—ask any trayboy.
- Brief Interlude, by Sally Ann Miller** 15
Short Short Story—Honorable Mention: Scene—a bus stop; characters—a brown-haired girl, a boy who's lonely and longing. Enter: Chance.
- My First Kiss, by Peter Sternfels** 16
Essay—Honorable Mention: The girl at the next desk was the damsel of his dreams, but she had odd ideas on how love should be required.
- Those Clams, by Ann Reynolds** 17
Short Story—Awards: The ways for a boy to fish were not the ways of a man . . . for in the deep waters lurked devils Mouki had never seen.
- Poetry, by 11 Winners** 20
- Art Awards Winners** 24
- Reward, by Gaye Harpster** 28
Short Story—Award: Cartridge in—click! Bolt closed—slam! Finger on trigger, eye on the bull's-eye—here's your chance to win the trophy!
- Journey, by Candace Rogers** 30
Short Short Story—Awards: She was running faster and still faster—too fast, some told her—yet perhaps it was not really fast enough.
- Meat Cleaver, by Efrem Perlis** 31
Short Story—Award: Chop and slice; slice and chop. Each stroke of the meat cleaver struck one more blow at the dream of his boyhood.
- Big Sis, by David Bender** 34
Essay—Award: When a girl is pretty special, and the fellows take a second look, then a guy feels proud if he can say, "That's my sister."
- Morning . . . Noon . . . and Night, by Patricia Dei** 36
Radio Drama—Award: Ladders trembled, white kittens turned black, and the fur flew—just a typical day in the life of the Kenney family.
- Thawny, by Lynne Nelson** 39
Short Story—Award: It's funny, how you can get to feel about a dog—especially if she's like Thawny, as sweet a pup as you could ever find.
- The Cheat, by Patsy Steiger** 42
Short Story—Honorable Mention: Maybe the situation was desperate, yet there were many ways out—but her choice was the wrong one.
- The Peaks Call You, by Christa Seeber** 44
Essay—Award: No matter how often you climb them, the mountains will never lose their hold on you; they will always call you back.



Scholarship Jury studies a portfolio: (l. to r.) H. P. Barnett, painter, Dean, Art Acad. Cincinnati; R. B. Farnum, R. I. Sch. Design; E. C. Rust, sculptor, Dir. Memphis Acad. Art.

Literary Cavalcade Presents...

THIS ISSUE of *Literary Cavalcade*—our annual Scholastic Awards Issue—is written and illustrated by YOU, the high school students of 1953. We present it with pride.

The work on these pages was selected from the art and writing entries of almost 200,000 students. We congratulate you—all of you, not only those whose work is published here, but each of you who submitted an entry in the Art or Writing Divisions of the 1953 Scholastic Awards.

All of you have won an award—the award of discovering *yourself*, your special talents. And the line that divided those who received national honors from those who almost won was frequently perilously narrow.

In this issue we announce the top twenty national winners in each division of the writing awards. For information on the Art Awards, see page 25.

We offer our appreciation, too, to those who help make the Awards possible—your teachers, the distinguished judges, and the national co-sponsoring stores and newspapers.

MAURICE R. ROBINSON, *President and Publisher*



Pictorial Art Jury at work: (l. to r.) Mr. Robinson and jurors, Dr. Ziegfeld, Columbia U.; C. LeClair, painter; Miss L. von Storch, educator; F. Conway, painter; I. Rose, painter.



Gladys Schmitt

On these pages we present a deeply moving address that is sure to take its place among the literary testaments of our time. It was delivered by Gladys Schmitt, internationally famous novelist, at the 1953 Scholastic Art Awards Jury dinner in Pittsburgh this spring. Four major novels have come from Miss Schmitt's pen—Gates of Aulis, David the King, Alexandra, and Confessors of the Name. Each was welcomed with the highest critical acclaim. But in this speech Miss Schmitt recalls the single event that encouraged her to dare the summits—the winning of a Scholastic Writing Award.

I HAVE been asked to speak here tonight for a special reason. I am Exhibit A. I am a girl who won a Scholastic Literary Award when the Scholastic Literary Awards were in their infancy, and who has since "made good." To be more specific, I won third prize in the Poetry Division back in 1927. Since then I have published four novels, two of them best-sellers and choices of the Literary Guild, one of them a flop, and one of them—the first—a "critical success," which means that the critics liked it very well indeed, but that there was no wherewithal to speak of therefrom. Still, I am a girl who made good after winning a Scholastic Literary Award at the age of eighteen. And that, I assure you, was a long time ago.

A very long time ago, and yet I remember every detail of the experience. I remember the paper I wrote the poem on—it was tablet paper and the ink spattered all over the place. I remember the raw spring day when I mailed my contribution. I remember, too, the envelope with the gray and yellow border that the announcement of my prize arrived in. Mr. Robinson [founder and publisher of *Scholastic Magazines*] has probably forgotten those envelopes—doubtless the design has been changed twenty times in the interim—but I never will forget them.

By GLADYS SCHMITT

"I Am Exhibit A"

A famous author looks back on a thrilling moment

—when she won a Scholastic Writing Award

The reason for such detailed remembering is plain: Our perceptions are sharp and clear in our heroic moments, and winning that national prize in Scholastic Awards was one of the most epical things that ever happened to me.

Young Artists

Young artists are at best a shy, uncertain lot. I was one myself, I grew up in a crowd of them, I teach them at Carnegie Tech, I have one at home with me in the shape of a painting niece, and I ought to know.

Young artists may flash their gaudy feathers about; they may make loud noises and wide gestures in the face of fate; still, being artists and reverent before their arts, they are shy and uncertain in their parti-colored clothes. They suspect themselves of being a little crazy, and that suspicion is not always removed by the comprehension and sympathy of a somewhat hurried and practical world.

Art is a sacred mountain, frightening in its austerity. There, one always expects to fall into a pit or to hear a Bronx cheer—a thing that can be quite as distressing as a lion's roar. And how blessed it is to receive a grey and yellow envelope, a pass to that mountain, a solid right to walk upon it! I and hundreds of other Scholastic Awards winners are lucky enough to know.

Bear with me a little while I tell you certain specific things which that Scholastic envelope brought to me. It brought me a scholarship to the University of Pittsburgh. It brought me into contact with the people of my own city who knew and loved the field of art that I was working in. It gave me reason to hold up my head among my contemporaries—even the kings of the football field and the belles of the ball. It gave my parents the assurance that I was not chasing a will-o'-the-wisp, and courage to encourage me. Also, it actually made a marked difference in the practice of my art.

To be an individual artist, to draw on those qualities which are singularly and preciously his own, any creative worker

must trust himself. The faith of others is what he needs; it somehow sets him free to dip and rise and soar.

A Leap Forward

In the year after I won a Scholastic Literary Award, my capacity to write took its longest leap forward. I tried more things, I worked harder, I saw further into my problems and my possibilities than I had ever done before. All this came to pass simply because, since others had found the work that I was doing good, I had sound reason to trust myself.

I think I became a better human being, too. I became a more effective one, at any rate. I took pride in my work—I straightened up and wore my work as a more fetching girl might wear a rose in her hair. I also lost the most persistent and debilitating of all adolescent notions: the notion that I was strange and alone.

Now I have heard only one question ever raised about Scholastic Awards. I have heard it said now and again that the Awards are "competitive," that they give the winners questionable pleasure and wound the feelings of those who don't win. With your indulgence, I'll take a few minutes to reply.

First of all, I wonder why Scholastic Awards should be singled out to be questioned on the grounds that it is competitive. Football is competitive. Love is competitive. Marks are competitive. The academic world on the faculty level is competitive. Sparrows are competitive, and fish, and roots and seeds.

St. George competed with the dragon, the Achaeans competed with the Trojans. Satan and God compete in *Paradise Lost*. My mother, the most peaceable of women, will compete with any of you—and roundly, too—in an exchange of recipes. There's hardly one of you sitting at this table who didn't find himself at some time today in a competitive encounter. There's hardly one of you who—except for the fact that you're all, of course, in a state of sound mental health—couldn't take

some incident from his life today and convince himself thereby that he's received from it either a bloody nose or a laurel wreath.

Nobody would—or could—legislate that the winner of the track meet should have no more female adoration than the boy who made it third across the line. No corporation president within my knowledge feels he'd be in better spiritual shape if he were known only as one of a long list of unnumbered vice-presidents. Even head ushers in Radio City wear their badges with pride. Why then should the artist—whose work is the loneliest, whose spirit is the most insecure, whose rewards in fame and money are not likely to be very great—why then should he alone be denied the blessed assurance of a public gesture made in his behalf?

Pleasure of Trying

Nor can I believe that those who try and fail to place are done any harm by that experience. They have had, at the very least, the pleasure of trying, the sense of richness and force that comes of setting an inward thought on a canvas or on a page.

They have, on their own side, the sound arguments that one set of judges is not infallible, that other contests will come, in and out of school, that those who win the top prizes are not always the ones who turn out in the end to lay hold on the highest success.

They have the assurance that their teachers have found their work valuable—a fact made plain by their having been encouraged to enter the contest. And they also have a mass of the best work placed before them when the contest is over—work from which they can learn, work on which they can build standards of their own, work which

would never have been assembled for them if there had not been a Scholastic Awards.

Art is long—believe me, it can be very long. As I said some moments back, I received third prize in Poetry when I was eighteen. I published my first short story when I was twenty-seven—which shows that the pauses which come between the glories in an artist's life can be very long indeed, as long as nine years.

How many times in that nine years I turned back to my high school prize, how many times I said to myself, "Keep going—you must be good—you won third place," what a warm fire that was in the chill and what a bright spot in the waiting, it would be hard to find words to tell. But I have known some others who have had the same experience. I have talked to some others whose waiting time was equally long, and we know what we mean when we say, "Thank God for Scholastic Awards."

The Next Generation

Of course, not all young artists are as uncertain as I was. Still, I have never encountered one who walked into the Awards with competitive arrogance or one who walked away wearing his gold key with anything more than a becoming pride. Actually, you know, gold keys are a mellowing influence. The youngsters whose work was exhibited at Kaufmann's* here (I've watched them and I've listened to them) admire each other's productions and learn from that fine, varied collection spread out for them year after year. Trusting themselves and the worth of what they cre-

*Kaufmann's department store sponsors the regional exhibit of the Scholastic Art Awards in the Pittsburgh, Pa., area.

ate, young artists—whether they win or merely place—can afford to give others a little generosity.

I have, as I have said, a painting niece at home. She belongs to the next generation of Scholastic Awards people, and she and I have compared notes. Her situation is somewhat different from mine. She is not a lonely artist—painters old and young come in and out of our house. She is not dubious about her chosen field, either: if she thinks artists are crazy, she'd add at once that they're very amiably so.

Nevertheless, I think she would be a worse painter and a less happy person without the Awards. Four times now—she's a senior—she has pulled herself together, with Jean Thoburn's* good help, to get ready for Scholastic Awards. Paintings that I'd thought she'd abandoned for good were revived and finished as the deadline came over the horizon. Skills I'd thought she'd never use again were brought out of hiding. The midnight oil was burned, and the exciting sessions with other young painters were begun. And all this goes on not for a competition. It goes on to prepare for a high occasion, to make ready for the one national festival instituted for young intellectuals who also have their needs, who also deserve some fruits of their solitary labors, some backing for their hard-won pride.

Candidate—Winner—Judge

No, I have known Scholastic Awards now for upward of twenty years. I have known it intimately. I have screened the manuscripts and even helped to catalogue some of the exhibitions. I have been a candidate, a winner, a sorter-outer, a regional judge, a national judge. I have known other winners as friends and as students. I have seen those who did not win come back without the slightest bitterness. I have watched one small competitor—who sometimes wins and sometimes doesn't win—graduate from crayons to oils under my roof. And never, not once, have I felt any shadow of doubt.

The Awards—to me personally and to me as a teacher and a friend and a substitute parent—have always seemed one of the most fruitful and honorable aspects of education in the U.S.A. Twenty-odd years of experience have not decreased my original enthusiasm. The very name "Scholastic" on a letterhead or an envelope still evokes in me a surge of gratefulness.

*Jean Thoburn is a teacher of art at Peabody High School in Pittsburgh and retires this year. One of her students designed the winning cover for the first "student-written" issue of a Scholastic Magazine, published in May, 1925.



Place in the show for transparent water color, Gp. II, by Betty Schmitt (niece of author of this speech), Peabody H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. First shown at Kaufmann's.



AWARD—SHORT SHORT STORY

By Carl Schmidt, 17

Ridgewood (N. J.) H. S.
Teacher, Herbert V. Ogden

July Sun

Award, Colored Ink, Gp. III, by Kenneth Phillips, East Tech. H. S., Cleveland, O. First shown at Halle Bros.

FINE powdered dust swelled up behind the tractor and floated slowly over the field. The July sun bore down incessantly and induced a drowsiness over the whole countryside.

A boy, perched on the tractor, guided it methodically around and around a lazy rectangle of unplowed earth. He slouched over, leaning on the steering wheel, his eyes peering through hazy slits. Dust covered his grey-blue dungarees and settled on his bare back and arms, where sweat changed it to a muddy coating.

Sometimes he let his arms dangle loosely at his sides, meanwhile pulling his knees up under the steering wheel and letting them do the work. You could tell where he had done this by the writhing furrow. Each time he reached an end of the field, he me-

chanically pulled a lever on the steering column, which lifted the blade out of the soil. As he started on the other long side of the rectangle, he pushed the lever forward and the plow sank into the ground again.

In front of the plow-share, a sharp wheel cut off a slice of ground, and the share picked it up and rolled it over onto the edge of the furrow. It was strange to watch the earth being sliced off thus, a long strip at a time.

The boy's mind drifted to many things, pausing briefly on each. He thought of what he would do if he owned the farm, of the sea, of the coolness of the surrounding woods and of the flies stuck in the gasoline patterned on the red top of the tractor. But through all his thoughts one pervaded . . . the heat. It was a heavy

blanket enveloping the countryside.

Suddenly, he sat up sharply, pushed in the clutch, took the tractor out of gear and pressed in a knob which stopped the motor. There in the powdery earth in front of him was the thin, almost transparent skin of a snake. The dust-coated boy lifted his legs over one of the big rear wheels and dropped to the ground. He felt the warm dry earth seep over the tops of his shoes. He went over to the skin and dug around it with his hands.

In an instant he had uncovered the snake. It was jet black with bright-yellow geometric banding. Some of the old skin was still attached to its tail and the boy wondered why the dirt didn't stick to it. The snake was very clean and sleek-looking except for a lump part way down. He estimated its length at four feet. However, not being sure because the snake was curled up,

he grabbed it to stretch it out. Almost instantly, the red-eyed snake squirted out of his hand.

It slithered next to one of the rear wheels of the tractor and pressed close against the worn treads. For a moment the boy stood watching the thin red tongue flit around the snake's mouth. Then he turned and started running across the plowed field. He took short quick steps so as to keep his feet on the tops of the furrows. The boy reached a box that had been crushed by the tractor, grabbed a slat and returned to the idle machine.

He spied the tail of the snake protruding from the soft earth. This time he uncovered the snake with the board.

It was cool in the shade of the tractor and the boy and the snake eyed each other for quite a while. The snake seemed to be rigid, its red eyes looking like flaws in the smooth black skin, but when the boy moved, the snake's head reciprocated.

Then the boy wedged the snake back against the tire, pressing it hard. He ran again, this time climbing a fence at the other side of the field and striking off toward a pile of burning stumps and a man.

He knew that Meade would say, "Kill it." The boy also knew that was just what he wasn't going to do, but he wanted to ask Meade anyhow.

Maybe it was just to let him know he had caught the snake, and maybe it was something else . . . but he didn't think about it.

He stumbled through some low weeds, jogged across a sandy field and came upon the man.

I knew he would say kill it, thought the boy as he climbed the fence again. But, I won't. I'll let it go 'cause what has it done to me? Maybe it won't be there, anyhow.

It was, in almost the same position as the boy had left it. He wondered why it hadn't slipped away from the board. He knew it could have.

He poked the flat part of the board under the pine snake, lifted it up and flipped it into the sun. It started to move quickly away, going up and down over the furrows.

He watched it for a moment, and then with a quick, decisive movement, raised the slat over his head and smashed it down on the snake's head. Again and again he lashed out until the convulsive writhing had stopped.

The boy was quiet again. He wondered if the lump in the snake was a mouse or a mole. It was awfully hot.

The sweaty boy mounted the red tractor, started it and lazily began plowing again, a dusty cloud swelling up behind.

Short Short Story Awards

CARL SCHMIDT, Ridgewood (N. J.) H. S. Teacher, Herbert V. Ogden.

IRENE SCHUTT, Phoenix (Ariz.) Union H. S. Teacher, Doris DeLap.

CANDACE ROGERS, Roxbury H. S., Succasunna, N. J. Teacher, Mae S. Call.

HENRY GUINDON, Roslindale (Mass.) H. S. Teacher, Lucile A. Harrington.

JIM ROBERTSON, Acalanes H. S., Lafayette, Calif. Teacher, Rachael C. Burchard.

DOROTHY LESHER, Key West (Fla.) H. S. Teacher, Richard Ertzman.

SUSAN GORRO, John J. Pershing H. S., Detroit, Mich. Teacher, Joseph Dery.

ABBY SOVEN, Abraham Lincoln H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. Teacher, Maxwell Nurnberg.

NANCY SENDLER, Bronx (N. Y.) H. S. of Science. Teacher, Mollie R. G. Epstein.

GWEN DORSETT, Trenton (N. J.) Central H. S. Teacher, Boris Semasko.

HONORABLE MENTION

Britton Harwood, Clifton (N. J.) H. S. Teacher, Evelyn Osborn.

Lauren Pachman, South Shore H. S., Chicago, Ill. Teacher, Nello M. Groh.

Carol Jay Cape, Bristol (Conn.) H. S. Teacher, Alice C. Pulsifer.

Elaine Van Werder, South H. S., Denver, Colo. Teacher, Harold Keables.

Patricia A. Smith, Notre Dame School, Washington, D. C. Teacher, Sister Marie Dolores.

Sally Ann Miller, West Phoenix (Ariz.) H. S. Teacher, Elizabeth Titsworth.

Jenny Jensen, Hampton (Iowa) H. S. Teacher, Helen Dirks.

Raymond Stineford, Milton Laforest Williams H. S., Oakland, Me. Teacher, Madeline Woodworth.

Shirley Wangler, John J. Pershing H. S., Detroit, Mich. Teacher, Ruth Bachtell.

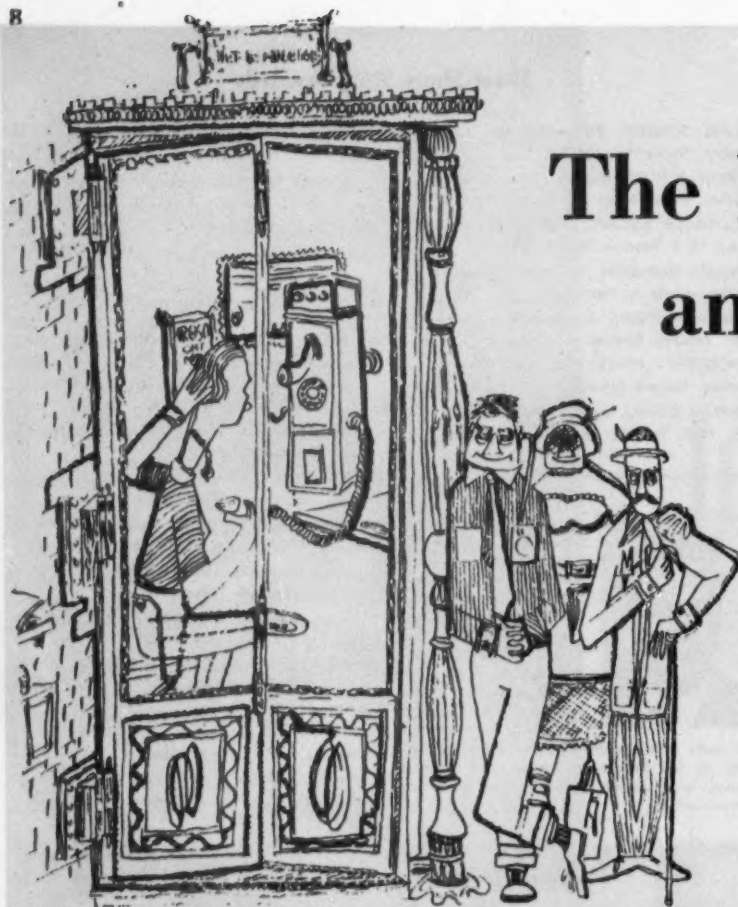
Anne Gueymard, University H. S., Baton Rouge, La. Teacher, Margaret Teer.



Carl Schmidt says that the idea for his story "July Sun" grew out of his experiences last summer, when he worked on a blueberry farm. Eventually, Carl hopes to have a farm of his own and to raise cattle. At Ridgewood (N. J.) H. S., Carl has been a member of the staffs of the yearbook and literary quarterly. In his free time, he enjoys collecting stamps and records, playing golf, and—of course—writing.



Award in Transparent Water Color, Gp. II, by Dick Clay, North Kansas City (Mo.) H. S. First shown in the regional exhibition sponsored by Emery, Bird, Thayer Co.



The Decline and Fall of the English Language

Place in the show at Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh: Black Ink Drawing, Gp. III, by Bruno Brugnattelli, School of Industrial Art, New York City, N. Y.

HISTORIANS agree that it put up a gallant fight to the very end; however, its fall was clearly inevitable. Slang, undoubtedly introduced by some mentally unbalanced person, having gained great strength during the latter part of the twentieth century, finally succeeded in bringing about the complete destruction of the English language.

Near the end of the nineteenth cen-

tury, Slang began to show its strength among the masses of the American people. At first prevalent among the less educated classes, it spread upward, and finally prominent people, such as public educators, lawyers, and even Congressmen, would stoop so low as to express themselves in terms of, "Twenty-three skidoo."

Slang most certainly must have been endowed with certain hypnotic powers, for the great majority of expressions in Slang had no real meaning and it is doubtful that even intelligent people who used such expressions had the faintest idea of what they were talking about. Foreigners began seriously wondering as to the mentality of their American neighbors. Within our own borders, small groups, realizing the danger of this trend, tried to check it; however, opposition gained nothing and Slang continued to grow during the next few years.

By the middle of the twentieth century, it was evident that Slang was competing for popularity with the English

language. Slang had taken over many English phrases and words. "No" became "nix"; "I am very surprised" became "George"; "it is fine," became "real gone." No longer did the romantic young person call the girl of his heart "darling" or "sweetheart" but rather "pash-pie." The sane persons of the day viewed with alarm the rapid spread of this new form of vocabulary.

Slang did not limit itself to single words but also introduced the tendency to say whole phrases in one breath. People, all over the nation, would take a deep breath and utter such phrases as "Havyagotamatchbuddy?" Soon such sentences were not only understood, but commonly used and accepted.

Slang permeated every phase of life. No longer were automobiles simply "automobiles" for Slang had invaded this field of industry as well as all others.

For Glen Walker, writing, acting, and chess are major enthusiasms. He's a member of the chess club at the H. S. of Commerce, Detroit, Mich., and is also active in the Masquers, the acting club of his school.

Plans for the future? Glen's just finishing his junior year but, looking ahead, he thinks he'd better be a business executive—so that he can devote much of his time to writing, and still have a steady income.



AWARD—ESSAY

By Glen Walker, 15

High School of Commerce
Detroit, Mich.
Teacher, Marie Marti

Automobiles became known, in the common Slang vernacular, as "hot rods." And they were given this name by being, and I quote, "souped up."

Even the animal kingdom felt the effect of this new menace. The word "cat" became a person who was up-to-date and could perform the latest dancing techniques. "Dog" became the man who abandoned his wife and six children. "Chicken" became the person who abstained from pugnacious events. "Skunk"—this term is more or less self-explanatory. Slang was everywhere and had left its mark upon everyone. No one was safe from it and it was next to impossible to engage in conversation without hearing and being subjected to Slang terms.

It was near the end of the twentieth century that a great wave of suicides broke out among the ranks of English teachers. Special asylums were set up for dictionary publishers, and superstitious persons claimed they saw the ground, beneath which Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was buried, move as though that famed poet were turning over in his grave.

It was evident, at the beginning of the twenty-first century, that Slang had won the battle, for the English language was hardly in use except in remote parts of the country; therefore the President of the United States declared the English language inoperative and void, or, to quote his own words, it was "stiff on a slab." All English classes, across the nation, were disbanded and in their place was introduced the Slang-
language class.

The Constitution was rewritten in the new form of speech and thousands of history books were revised. Patrick Henry's stirring message "Give me liberty or give me death" was translated to "Yours truly wants the free song or a slug." Lincoln's "A house divided against itself cannot stand" perished and was reborn as "A split joint needs a crutch." And George Washington's famous confession about the cherry tree became "I'll give it to ya straight, old man, I done it with a shiv."

The English language was dead but in its memory a small group of old and wizened English teachers erected a small stone in Cemetery Hill. Let us all doff our hats as we read the inscription upon the tombstone: "The English language—it lived a valiant life, it died a valiant death, it fell before the fierce onslaught of Slang." And proof of the complete destruction of the English language is evidenced by the fact that beneath the epitaph, before the cement had dried, someone had scribbled in small but bold handwriting, "Kilroy was here."

BENCHWARMING

HONORABLE MENTION—ESSAY

By Paul McCarthy, 17

North Plainfield (N. J.) H. S.

Teacher, Marie O'Brien

THE stars of a football team often outshine the team's potential players who are just as much a part of the team as the regulars. Oddly enough though, these potentials who receive none of the glory are satisfied just to be there with the team.

For the past two years, as a sophomore and a junior, at both home and away games, I, a potential, a benchwarmer, have been there firmly believing that the senior year would be different; but I was wrong! Despite the rank of senior, I continued to pull splinters, congratulate the players, cheer the coaches, and watch.

What exactly does a benchwarmer do? He probably practices as hard as anyone if not harder. He scrimmages harder and more often because he invariably plays both J.V. and varsity ball. However, the coach usually talks to him only when he does something wrong! The night of a game he doesn't eat much and gets nervous just like the regulars. First dressed and first on the field, first to sweat during the warm-up, he eagerly listens to the coach's before-the-game speech, just in case! All during the game he shivers and eyes the coach hoping by some miracle to hear his name called. Sometimes it is called, but when he runs up to 'he coach he usually hears, "See what Joe did wrong?"

Tell him at half time to stop 'goofing off.'" Of course, he hasn't seen Joe's error, and he probably doesn't care, and even if he did Joe wouldn't listen to him.

After the game he dresses without showering because the players who played want nothing in their way. Naturally, he's first to leave the dressing room, and after being asked five or six times if he "got in," he reaches home.

The next morning he wakes with a cold, he creaks, he's hungry—not much to show for a week's work, but he's usually satisfied. When he finally becomes dissatisfied, he quits as I did.

After he quits, he remembers all the fun he had playing freshman and J.V. ball and he wonders why he quit. He'll probably wonder for a long time! Every time he hears a band or feels a chill he'll wonder as I do, because no one can really quit football. It's more than a game; it's a feeling. I haven't really quit, I'm still benchwarming only in a different place.



Paul McCarthy discovered his interest in writing largely as a result of this year's composition unit in his English IV class at North Plainfield (N. J.) H. S. Interests of even longer standing with Paul are camping, football, track, baseball, and drawing. He hopes to channel his

enjoyment of drawing into a career as a commercial artist. No athletic career for him!



Place in show, Oils, Gp. II, by Jerry Edmonston, Decatur (Ill.) H. S. First shown at Linn and Scruggs.

HONORABLE MENTION—SHORT STORY

By Maxim Mendelson, 16

Central High School
 Detroit, Mich.
 Teacher, Elaine Ettinger

Dangerous



Award, Black Ink Drawing, Gp. III, by Jim Nelson, Lincoln (Nebr.) High School. First exhibited regionally at J. L. Brandeis and Sons, Omaha.

IT WAS such a long, long, long way down, and the ground was coming up to meet him so fast. He landed with a lurch and rolled over on the ground. Overhead the airplane had stopped circling and was heading off in the direction from which it had come. He watched it until the drone of the motor died away, and it faded into the clouds. Then he picked himself up, a bit shaken, and looked around. The thought kept going through his mind that he was all alone now, all alone.

He gathered up his parachute and dug a small hole. Then he threw the chute in and covered it up solidly. The ground was thick with mud at this time of the year, but any tracks that he left would hardly be distinguishable. He looked around to get his bearings, set himself in the right direction, and started walking. It was hard going through the soggy, slimy, Korean mud, and if his calculations were right, he had about a mile and a half to make.

The moon was playing tricks with his imagination. It would duck in and out of clouds, casting sudden eerie shadows that would appear and then suddenly disappear. The shadows reminded him of the way the lantern in the C. O.'s shack had flickered mysteriously against the canvas walls that day he had been called inside. He had known there was going to be something different about that meeting. A Commanding Officer just doesn't usually send for a P. F. C. to come to his shack. It's always a sergeant or a lieutenant or a captain, not a P. F. C. He could tell by the look on the C. O.'s face that something was up, and he had a sneaky suspicion that he was going to be in on it.

The C. O. had a map spread out on a table before him, and an old gas lantern was swaying back and forth from the roof. He motioned Tom over to a box at the other side of the table. The look on the C. O.'s face was soft and worried as he looked up at Tom. The pressures of his responsibilities were evidently a great load to bear.

"We need a volunteer," he began.

Mission

Tom had stiffened. "I'll give it to you straight. The Reds have been constructing a big air strip, and they've just dropped off a large supply of gasoline there. If we could sabotage that gas, I can't tell you what it would mean to us."

Tom had shifted in his seat uneasily, and a confused look had no doubt crossed his face.

"I know what you're thinking, Tom," the C. O. said. "Why should I pick on just you? Why don't the flyboys take care of it? Why doesn't G2 take care of it? I can't answer those questions. All I know is that it has to be done, and someone has to do it. We could send more than one man except we need everyone we have right here. And besides, your being a Korean will come in handy if you should have to disguise yourself. Getting more men would take time, and you're here now. I won't give it any build-up. It's a tough job, and it means sticking your neck way out. What do you say?"

Just like that: short and snappy. But when a guy asks you like that, how can you refuse? So here he was, risking his life, when he probably could have been back in rest camp with the other guys by this time. He put the thought out of his mind and kept walking. Better keep his mind on the job.

All at once he heard a twig snap. He pulled out his pistol and stood breathlessly still. A little gray rabbit ran across in front of him. He let out a deep sigh and holstered his gun. The incident had taken his mind off himself, and he suddenly realized how scared he was.

He had been walking for about an hour, and he thought that he ought to be there soon. In his briefing they had told him that the base was situated about ten miles off the west coast. It was on the side of a hill called Hill 237, which he was to recognize by a bald patch on its side. Suddenly he stopped. Ahead of him loomed a huge hill. He looked it over. Yes, there was the bald patch, right where he was told to look for it. The hill was still about 200 yards



away. In five minutes he had reached it.

He climbed a tree and looked around. It was a dark night and he could see almost nothing, but he knew that what he was looking for was there, somewhere. He had to be careful now. There were guards everywhere. The thought crept into his mind that perhaps they were watching him now, at this very minute, but he pushed the thought away.

His heart was beating wildly, like the big bass drum when the Army Band played. Somewhere up there was a North Korean supply base which he either had to destroy or be destroyed himself in trying. Slowly, cautiously, so as not to make a sound, he climbed down from his tree. He had only a few hours of darkness left, and he must make them count. He slipped among the trees and crept silently up the hillside.

He had gone about half way up when he thought he saw a light ahead of him. He crept forward slowly, and then he saw it again. He came to the edge of a clearing and peeked through the trees. Then he saw what he was looking for.

There, right in the middle of the forest, was a huge airstrip and hangar, and at the other end loomed a large wooden building. A ten-foot barbed-wire fence surrounded all four sides, and the whole area was covered over with a huge camouflage net. It would have been completely invisible from the air, but from the ground it stuck out like a sore thumb. They probably thought that they wouldn't have to worry about this part of their defense, hidden so deep in their own territory.

All at once he saw the pay dirt: hundreds and hundreds of barrels full of gasoline stacked on the field next to the warehouse. This was what he had come for.

Entry in Black Drawing Ink, Gp. I, by Tommy Watson, Napa (California) H. S.

Strangely, though, he was not frightened anymore. He felt his heart to see if it was still beating wildly, but it was not. When he had finally come face to face with the situation, he discovered he was no longer afraid but calm and cool.

His first obstacle was to gain entrance to the base. The guard was walking up and down outside the fence. Tom needed that uniform to get inside. He picked up a pebble and threw it against a tree nearby. The guard stopped and listened for a second, then walked to where the trees began and listened again. He was about to turn back when Tom whispered in a low voice, "Hey, you!" The guard whirled in surprise. Then it was all over. One rabbit punch at the back of the neck, and he crumpled to the ground. He was out cold. Tom switched uniforms with him, then tied and bound him to a tree.

Tom was about to enter through the gate when a light switched on in the big wooden building, and out of it walked another North Korean soldier. He seemed to be coming to relieve the guard. Tom had to think fast. He snatched up the rifle which the first guard had dropped and began walking up and down in the same way the guard had done. The soldier was coming closer and closer to him. Tom wondered what he should do or say when they met. Should he salute, or should he just greet the other informally? He was almost upon Tom now. Tom hoped that in the darkness he wouldn't be recognized. Suddenly the other spoke up.

"Hello, Chen. It's time for me to take



an engineer. He's also an amateur photographer and builder of model airplanes.

Maxim Mendelson's short story, "Dangerous Mission," shows a feeling for detail which suggests his interest in things scientific. At Detroit's Central High, Maxim is a member of the Science Club—an extra-curricular activity that connects directly with his ambition to be

over. Better go to the barracks and get some rest."

Tom didn't reply but just walked calmly away through the gate towards a building which he surmised was the barracks. Had the guard suspected anything? He didn't know. For the time being he had gotten away with it. He had gotten into the camp.

For the moment he was so excited that he almost forgot about the gasoline. Yes, the gasoline. It was only 50 feet away—so near and yet so far. It took all of his will power to walk past it. His body told him to run and shoot at it and blow it up, but his brain told him no, no. The guard had spoiled his plans. He had to wait now. There was no use in risking his own neck any more than was necessary.

Through the corner of his eye he could see that the guard was still watching him. Perhaps he was suspicious. He reached the door of the barracks and for a moment, hesitated. Inside there were probably ten or twenty more Reds, but what else could he do but go in? He had to play his part. He was now taking the place of a man he knew nothing about except that his name was Chen.

The guard was still watching him, so quietly he opened the door. Inside he saw a row of about fifteen beds lined up against the wall. He walked in and closed the door behind him. He stood there a second until his eyes became accustomed to the darkness. Fortunately they were all sleeping. At the far end of the room he saw an empty bed; this must be his. Slowly he walked toward it. It was just like walking the gauntlet. If he made a noise and woke someone up, he would be discovered.

Then his foot banged a bed post. He stopped and held his breath. His heart was beating so loudly that he thought he was going to wake the whole camp. The man in the bed tossed a little and then quieted down. Finally he reached the empty bed and threw himself down upon it. He was, in truth, utterly exhausted from the night's experience.

He stared up at the ceiling as a dozen thoughts went racing through his mind. He could not remain in this place. He had to make plans, and he had to carry

them out quickly or all would be lost. There were about two hours more of darkness. After that they could see his face; they would know he was an enemy among them. He knew he could never sleep here; he might be discovered at any minute. For 45 minutes he lay there, thinking things over, working out plans toward an end which he knew was inevitable. Finally he had the answer.

About 4:00 a.m. Tom got up. The others were still sleeping. Again he walked what seemed like a mile to the door, opened it, and went outside. The guard was still there. Tom ducked around the side of the building and watched him for a second. He ran over in his mind the decision he had made. The job must be done before morning. It was too risky to spend any more time around there. He had hesitated before because of the guard. Now the job must be done with the guard and all. He could not wait any longer.

The first thing he had to do now was to get rid of the guard. But how? A bullet would wake up the whole camp. No, it had to be some other way, something quiet. He thought for a second, then he knew. There was a little wooden barrel at one end of the fence. He waited until the guard had gone to the opposite end. Then like a deer he sped to the barrel and crouched behind it. It barely covered him, but it was enough.

The guard was starting back now, coming closer and closer. Tom's breath came in short gasps. He was almost there, closer, closer, NOW! Tom's hands shot though the fence like lightning and grabbed him around the neck in a grip of steel. The sentry made a muffled sound, sort of like a whining dog. He was still struggling. Tom's hands squeezed tighter and tighter. The muscles in the guard's arms bulged, and the veins stood out on his neck. Then all of a sudden he went limp and fell to the ground. Tom knew that the job was done.

He slid under the fence and dragged the guard over into the trees. The man had a horrible look on his face. Tom had seen that look before on the faces of soldiers that were killed by the Reds. Even though he himself was an American-born Korean, he felt a fierce hatred toward the North Koreans. He felt now that he had evened up the score, just a little bit.

For a moment he almost forgot what he had come for—the gasoline. The camp was deserted now; there was no one around. He reached into a small bag at his side. He had brought along just three things for this job: his pistol, a flare gun that he was to use to signal the helicopter to pick him up; and a bundle of hand grenades which had been taped together carefully into a

small bomb and had been rigged up to work on a fuse. He pulled out the explosives and sneaked back into the camp. He would have to work fast. He slid the bomb under a barrel of gasoline and laid out the fuse to last about one minute. He struck a match, hesitated a second, and then lit it.

He scrambled under the fence, catching his shirt on the wire. He pulled madly at it and finally ripped it off, drawing blood. He got to his feet and ran furiously through the trees, falling in the mud and stumbling to his feet again, going as fast as he could, putting as much distance between himself and that base as possible. Then there came a deafening roar. After a moment, he turned around and saw a sight such as he had never seen before. The whole camp was ablaze; everything in it was being consumed.

A faint smile crossed his lips. He breathed easily for the first time in days. His job, he knew, was done.

Senior Short Story Awards

JUDY WARD, Ogden (Utah) H. S. Teacher, W. R. Thornley.

PHILIP APONTE, Ridgewood (N. J.) H. S. Teacher, Herbert Ogden.

ANN REYNOLDS, Dreher H. S., Columbia S. C. Teacher, Pattie Parker.

SHEILA PERLMAN, Senn H. S., Chicago, Ill. Teacher, Ella W. Kracke.

LYNNE NELSON, Ogden (Utah) H. S. Teacher, W. R. Thornley.

GAYE HARPSTER, West Seattle (Wash.) H. S. Teacher, Belle McKenzie.

LAGLE VESTER, Windham H. S., Willimantic, Conn. Teacher, Cecelia M. Mahoney.

PAULA SUTTER, Clifton (N. J.) H. S. Teacher, Evelyn Osborn.

EFREM PERLIS, Central H. S., Detroit, Mich. Teacher, Esther Nau.

TERENCE CORY, South H. S., Denver, Col. Teacher, Harold R. Keables.

HONORABLE MENTION

Susan Opstad, Northrop Collegiate School, Minneapolis, Minn. Teacher, Janet Stewart.

Patsy Steiger, Westfield (N. J.) H. S. Teacher, Gertrude E. Foutz.

Jean Hall, James Hillhouse H. S., New Haven, Conn. Teacher, Marion C. Sheridan.

Bart Michael Wassmansdorf, Catholic Central H. S., Troy, N. Y. Teacher, Sister Mary Margaretta, R.S.M.

Richard R. O'Keefe, Central District Catholic H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. Teacher, Brother Francis Emery, F.S.C.

Sally Minder, Northeast H. S., Lincoln, Nebr. Teacher, C. Killeen.

Connie Campbell, Highland Park (Mich.) H. S. Teacher, William Cunningham.

Maxim Mendelson, Central H. S., Detroit, Mich. Teacher, Elaine M. Ettinger.

Phyllis N. Weiner, Bronx H. S. of Science, New York, N. Y. Teacher, Howard E. Shaw.

Jan Sparks, George Washington H. S., Alexandria, Va. Teacher, Eunice Guill.

The American Trayboy

"Neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds."—Herodotus

FOR five months this summer, I was employed as a trayboy for Stewart's Drive-In Tray Service, Inc. (better known locally as "the root beer stand"). This job provided me with an opportunity to meet a . . . well, let's say an "unusual" type of person. We'll call him the "average American customer."

Let me introduce him to you.

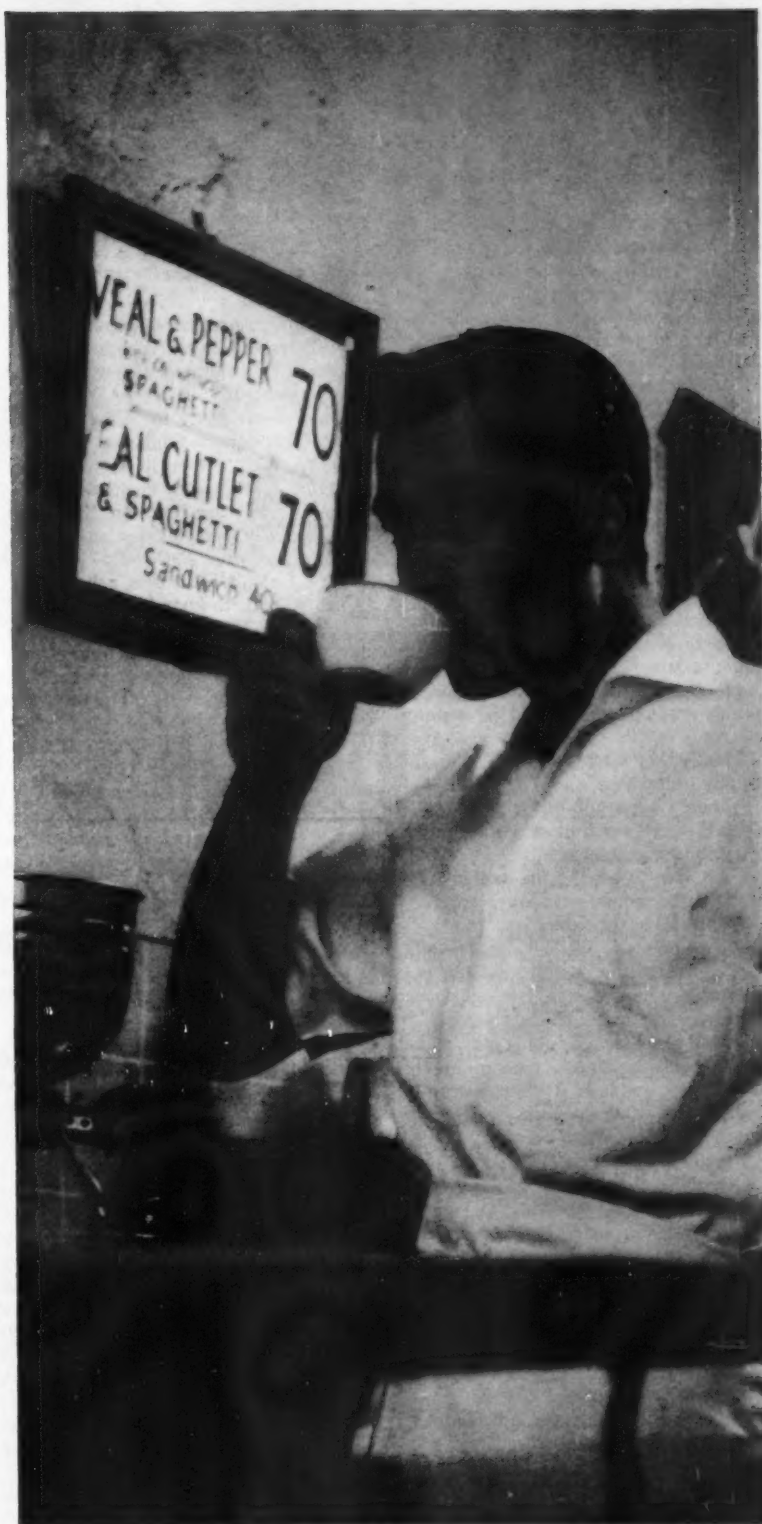
We first get a glimpse of him tearing down Route 25 at a speed estimated to be 63.27 miles per hour. He starts to pass the stand, then suddenly slams on the brakes, and we hear the squeal of straining tires. (This is an indication that he wants to stop.) By the time he has reached the far driveway, he has his tire treads stretched in two black lines across the hot concrete and a disrupted line of Sunday drivers all enraged and all blowing their horns. In a cloud of dust, he grinds to a stop paral-

AWARD—ESSAY

By Albert Kingston, 17

Burlington (N. J.) H. S.
Teacher, Louise Kershner

MAY, 1953



Commendation in Photography, Portrait, Group II, photographed by Stuart Umin, from the School of Industrial Art, New York City. Candidate for a place in the annual Scholastic-Ansco Photography Show.

lel to the stand (instead of at a 45° angle) and bellows, "Hey, Mac, how about a little service?"

Chalking this remark up to "It takes all kinds to make a world," I calmly walk over to his car and politely ask him to pull in at a 45° angle. I then go on serving other cars.

Three minutes later, I am back at his car (now pulled in at a 90° angle), and before I can ask if I can help him, he cheerfully opens the conversation: "Thought you'd never get to us."

I begin to think about chalking this one up against him but decide that he's had time to get the order ready, and if it is ready, it will be worth the sarcasm. "May I help you, sir?"

Silence. During those minutes, he has thought about nothing except his little gem of a remark.

More silence. Fifty-five seconds later: driver to occupants of car, "Well, what are you going to have?"

Silence. Thirty seconds later: first occupant to second, "Well, what are *you* going to have?"

Silence. Twenty seconds later: second occupant to third, "Well, what are *you* going to have?"

(If you think this conversation is boring reading, you should be serving the car.)

Finally they start to order. The driver usually orders first.

"Gimme a-mumph-pfft and ROAR-SWISH—" (Two trailers go rumbling by, grinding gears.)

I am able to hear again, just in time to catch the second occupant's order. "Make mine the same."

To go into any further detail would take several pages, so I'll give you the results:

Three hot dogs; 2 bar-b-qs with onions; 3 root beers; 1 vanilla milk shake with chocolate cream; 1 pineapple milk shake with coconut; 1 chocolate milk shake with vanilla cream; 2 cups of water; 1 bag of potato chips.

I should let well enough alone, but I give them the choice, "What would you like on your hot dogs—mustard, relish, or sauerkraut?"

I'd never realized what a problem such a choice presents. The average American customer is dumbfounded. In fact, it takes him one minute for the question to register and another three to decide.

Now, the order reads:

One hot dog with catsup and onions.

One hot dog plain.

One hot dog with "mustard, relish, sauerkraut, catsup, onions, and the kitchen sink, if you've got it."

Moving away from the car, I vow that the next person that orders that sink is in for a surprise.



He spent last summer as a "carhop" at a drive-in eating place near his hometown.

Albert Kingston says that his only apprehension about the publication of his essay, "The American Trayboy," is that one of his customers might read it and submit a rebuttal.

As Albert's essay suggests, he knows the life of a trayboy from personal experience.

A high-pitched voice stops me. "Yoo hoo. Wait a minute. What's a skram-burger?" (It's the one who didn't want anything to eat.)

I am about ready to "blow my top" when I happen to think that an order this size might be worth a quarter tip, so I glance at the new customers in the other cars who are becoming impatient and hurriedly give this one an explanation and ask what she would like on it.

"Oh, I don't want one," she smiles. "I just wanted to know what it is."

I walk to the kitchen, drop the slip into the slot, turn around, and notice that they're all getting out of the car. Noting my perplexed expression, the driver explains, "We're going to eat at the counter."

Oh, well, it's all in a day's work, I think as I just miss stepping (with two trays in my hands) on one of their kids who is running around and around the stand.

Finally, our friend's order is ready, and I carry it out to the car to which two of the "crew" have returned. I ask the other four if they would like to get in before I hook the tray on.

"No, we'll eat out here."

The window is rolled up an inch, and I hook the tray on. One of the occupants suddenly realizes that the last time they were in a drive-in (heaven forbid), the window was rolled all the way down. So she promptly rolls the window down—right out from under the tray. I grab it as it falls and in a cold sweat hook it on to the door.

"That will be \$2.40, please."

"Oh, you want some money, don't you?" (What an observation!) He starts to dig for his wallet.

An arm comes through the window with a five in it. "Here, let me pay." Good, I can change a five.

Driver: "No, here." He crams a twenty into my hand.

After having his twenty changed at the counter, I turn to take it out to him and notice that one of the four who was "definitely going to stay outside" has gotten into the car, slammed the door with the tray on it, and spilled two root beers on his lap.

Justice triumphs, I think as I take a handful of napkins back with the change.

Instead of receiving a "Thank you," I get a half-eaten hot dog shoved at me, and the woman wants to know where her mustard is.

"But you ordered it plain," I defend myself.

"Yes, I didn't want all that other stuff, but naturally you always put mustard on a hot dog."

I manage to choke a "Yes, ma'am" from between gritted teeth and return to the counter for the mustard.

By the time I take it back to the car, the kid wants popcorn, and the guy wants to know why I didn't bring two more root beers out to replace the ones that "fell off of the tray" that I "didn't put on securely."

After I bring these to him (and he pays for them), he wants two more root beers, then one more milk shake, then another hot dog. Of course he doesn't order these all at once; rather I make special trips for each item.

Thank goodness, he's almost done, I judge as I glance at the amount of trash strewn on the ground around his car.

I catch the driver's high sign and rush over to the car to take the tray. Before I can make a break for it, the driver snarls, "Hey, kid, gimme a custard."

I ask politely, "Cone? Cup? Half pint? Quart? Gallon?"

Giving me an annoyed look, he says, "Cone, of course." And turns back to his conversation.

"Chocolate or vanilla?" I persist.

He gives me a disgusted look, bellows, "Vanilla," and turns away. First, he gets his, then the kid wants one, then the mother, the sister, the brother, and so on. Finally, they're finished. The driver softens in spite of the poor service and calls me over.

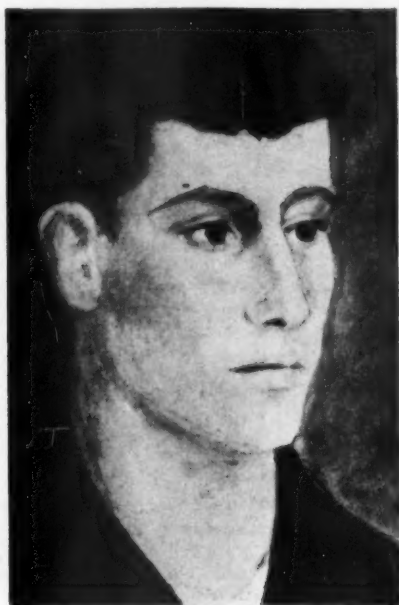
"Here's a dime, sonny, put yourself through college."

I'm tempted to give it back to him and tell him that he needs it more than I do but instead mumble an insincere thanks, collect the root beer mugs that they have hidden on the floor in the back, and carry their tray back to the counter.

He clashes the gears into reverse and digs out into the yard. In a cloud of flying stones, he cuts out onto Route 25 in front of a trailer that immediately slams on the air brakes. Our friend the average American customer is on his way refreshed.

Quite a boy, isn't he?

Oh, you say they all can't be that bad. Well . . . you're right . . . some of them are worse.



Award in Oils, Gp. II, by Jane Wickstrom,
Lowell High School, San Francisco, Calif.
First shown regionally at The Emporium.



Award in Charcoal, Gp. II, by Martin Schmidt,
Oakland (Calif.) Technical High School.
First shown regionally at The Emporium.

Brief Interlude

SHE sat on the bench, feeling the cold wind but not thinking about it. Her mind was a hummingbird, flitting through the varicolored pattern of her life. She was cozy in her thoughts, and reasonably happy.

Oh yes—meeting of the French club tomorrow. And she hadn't paid her dues. . . . Why did she say that to Marion this morning? . . . That was a good assembly today. . . .

She felt hungry, and suddenly the wind blew her skirt away from her bare legs. She was glad that she had tied her long brown hair back so the wind couldn't rumple and play with it. She didn't like sitting on a bench in the middle of town with her hair frowsy and disheveled. But she didn't mind when boys turned to look at her as they sauntered in groups down the street. She rather liked it. She knew she wasn't pretty. She often felt the indifference of people who dismissed her with a glance as a small insignificant figure.

The wind pushed some old newspapers along in the gutter, and she folded her arms over the short jacket and shivered surreptitiously. Turning her face into the wind, she looked down the

HONORABLE MENTION— SHORT SHORT STORY

By Sally Ann Miller, 16

West Phoenix (Ariz.) H. S.
Teacher, Elizabeth Titsworth

street for her bus . . . and looked straight into the face of a boy standing on the curb a few yards away. . . .

• • •

As he approached the appointed meeting place he checked his watch. Well, he was on time. The fellas better get there in a hurry or he'd freeze in this wind. Now he wished he'd worn his jacket instead of just his letter sweater. But the others wouldn't be dressed up. Mickey'd only said, "I can take a load a guys over to the Chi Mu house after gym today—who wants to come?"

And of course all the guys were going. Some of them had steadies there, and the rest just liked to hang around.

He shoved his hands in his pockets at this last thought. Yes, he was one of these. Why did he hang around the best sorority house and take out a steady stream of peroxide gushers? They

weren't what he wanted. If they only knew how much they bored him—almost repulsed him. All so brutally smooth, so falsely charming. Always a bored expression in the eye. Unless they were trying to make an impression on a "big man." He dated them mainly to break the routine of studying law and playing tennis.

He knew what he wanted. Someday he would find her and marry her. Someone small and unsophisticated, someone who needed his protection. Someone who would say what she thought and be really interested in what he said and thought.

The wind pushed some old newspapers along in the gutter, and he turned to watch them. He noticed a girl sitting on the bus-stop bench, a small girl who had long brown hair and shivered slightly in the wind. Just then she turned her head and saw him, and for a long moment they looked into each other. He knew what he wanted—and suddenly as he stared into the eyes of a stranger he felt that the search had ended. The brown eyes in a small delicate face seemed to hold all the peace and compassion, and yet the strength, that he so desired.

He was on the point of doing something, he didn't know what, when she suddenly dropped her eyes and turned away, her profile calm, indifferent. He stared a moment longer, almost doubting the reality of the feeling he had just experienced. . . .

He was only a few yards away, but she hadn't seen him until the moment when she turned to look for her bus. And now she found herself staring into his eyes. At first glance he seemed a typical college boy—smug, sophisticated. But he was strong and good-looking, and his face was not dissipated and blank. And then as she looked into his eyes that long moment she knew he was *not* smug and sophisticated and bored with the world. His eyes were vital, searching, and he was looking at her, and he was not bored. She saw a refuge from loneliness in his eyes, and the light of a million candles burning softly.

Suddenly her consciousness caught up to her thoughts, and she turned away. She felt as if she had been standing on the brink of a deep canyon, beautiful—and yet terrifying.

At that moment the grinding sound of motors came over the wind. She picked up her books automatically and fumbled in her purse for a dime. As the doors opened she felt the warmth and the presence of many people.

"Transfer, please."

A black jalopy pulled to the curb behind the bus, its brakes squealing, its windows bulging with arms and legs and scarves and ukuleles. He felt himself pulled into the sweaty smoky air, a place being made for him in the cramped car.

"Hurry up, big man, or we'll never get there."

The bus inched its way around the corner, groaning and rattling. The motor of the old car whined and belched, and the black mass hurtled down the street.

And then on the vacant corner the cold wind screamed in a furious crescendo and hurled the old newspapers against the empty bench.

Sally Ann Miller seems to have a finger in every pie at West Phoenix (Ariz.) H. S., from the Latin and Dramatics clubs to the orchestra and student council. In addition, she finds time for horseback riding, knitting, and practice sessions on her cello.

"Brief Interlude" is Sally's first story attempt, after a long period in which she preferred to write poetry. We think you'll agree she's off to a good start.



Peter Sternfels says his hobbies are "writing, chess, and ping pong." Among his activities at A. B. Davis H. S., Mt. Vernon, N. Y., Peter lists the presidency of his home room and membership in the G. O. Council, Chess Club, General School Interest Committee, and the Dramatic Club.

As you might guess, Pete says his essay "My First Kiss" is based upon a true incident.



Award, Charcoal, Gp. I, by Oliver Beale, George Washington High School, Alexandria, Va. First shown at the regional exhibition sponsored by Frank R. Jelleff, Inc.

My First Kiss

HONORABLE MENTION—ESSAY

By Peter Sternfels, 16

A. B. Davis H. S.
Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
Teacher, Kenneth H. Smith

SHE was ravishingly beautiful, and I couldn't help staring at her as she sat demurely two seats across the aisle from me. Since the beginning of the term I had been staring at her, but she had paid me no heed. Today was the last day of school, and I stared harder and more determinedly than ever before, hoping that today she

would turn her head and smile at her lovesick admirer—me. For this was my last chance to attract her attention. Tomorrow the summer vacation would begin, and my heart's desire would leave for camp, and perhaps—I shuddered at the thought—a new love.

What a predicament! My girl was leaving me without even knowing she was my girl. How could I show my affection for her before it was too late? The thought struck me like lightning. It was dangerous, but it would serve my purpose. When I was sure nobody was looking, I would gently, cautiously tip-toe up to her and plant a passionate kiss on her soft, rosy cheek. That would certainly show her my intentions. But after I had accomplished the deed, then what would happen?

My thoughts were jarred by the clanging of the bell, ending the school year. I quickly crept, unnoticed, to her side. It was now or never. **IT WAS NOW!**

WHAM!! I went down as if I'd been shot. I don't know whether she hit me with a right cross or a left hook, but when that fist of steel struck my eye, it shattered my heart into a million fragments. How could I ever love an Angel with a punch like Rocky Marciano's? I rose slowly from the floor, put a handkerchief over my "shiner," and walked broken-heartedly out of the third-grade classroom.

AS HE turned, hot tears seared Mauki's eyes and merged the sand at his feet into a shimmering mass. Oh, he couldn't cry! Not in front of those girls! He tried to raise his head but could not lift his gaze from his toes. The tears magnified his feet and made them look clumsy and huge. They were moving so awfully slow, it seemed! A heavy hand enveloped him and pushed him down deep, deep into a stifling void. The girls were still tittering. Would he never reach the jungle?

At last the cool shade of the palms covered him with a dark blanket, but he could still feel their laughing eyes on his back. His jaw tightened. He would not run. No. They would not see him run, either. Only babies ran off and cried and he was not a baby. He was a man.

The little Polynesian rubbed his grimy hand across his eyes and sniffed hard. Twice. Huh! If he were at the hut now she'd be telling him to wipe his nose. Well, he'd show them. A man didn't have to do anything he didn't want to do!

Those CLAMS!

Even his brothers had let him down. He had thought that surely they would understand. But they hadn't. Loshai had only mumbled something about "ask your mama." Imagine. A man of ten having to ask his mother if he could go fishing! But Loshai hadn't even lifted his eyes from the ragged fish net he was mending.

Mauki absent-mindedly stepped over a fat, brown baby playing in the sand. After a few steps, he turned and gazed back at the soft, glistening little body.

Even at this distance an experienced eye could see the marks of the disease-ridden tropics on the seemingly healthy little fellow. Mauki allowed his mind to wander and to dwell, for a few moments, on castles in the sky. He pictured himself as a famous doctor coming back to the islands after many years of intensive study. He would somehow find time between his lecture tours to return to his old home and graciously cure all those who had abused him in his childhood. He would make it a point not to charge a thing for his services. Not even one small hen. Mmf! They would be sorry they had made fun of him.

And then there was Nauling. How Mauki had always admired this brother who could run and swim as fast as anyone on Erromanga! As a small boy, he

AWARD—SHORT STORY

By Ann Reynolds, 17

Dreher High School
Columbia, S. C.
Teacher, Pattie Parker



Third prize in photography, Scenes, Gp. II, by Morley Langford, Hamilton H. S., Los Angeles, Calif. First shown at Bullock's.

had watched Nauling scale the loftiest palms and had hoped that someday he would have such a lean and sinewy body. Now that image faded before his eyes. Nauling, too, had let him down.

The older boy had turned on him with a laugh, "You? Go fishing with us? Ha! Tell me, what would you do if the devil fish came? Eh? Throw your skinny arms about and scare him away? Eh? No, my little monkey. Go back to your sisters. You are made only to hunt the clam!"

And, he had given Mauki a slap on the backside that was heard across the lagoon and that sent him scurrying away.

Mauki's head had swelled with tears but he had been too angry to cry. Nauling thought he was really something. Huh! He wasn't so much. Why, he only had two wives . . . not one goat . . . and only a few skinny chickens. "Go back to your sisters!" His own brother had said that! The slap had hurt but the words had cut much deeper.

Mauki left the dense thicket behind now and began walking among stunted palms. Shafts of sun, barely seeping over the crumpled landscape, sparkled on the tough old trees and, for a few minutes each day, lent them a little of their former beauty. The crippled palms, in turn, seemed to lift their wilted fronds and gaze with appreciation on the never-ending line of colors marching across the horizon. Mauki saw none of this. He continued to plod along, his eyes on the sand at his feet and his mind on his own seemingly unsurmountable troubles.

The little brown boy, overwhelmed by his desire to become a man, and to be independent, had pushed the thought of asking his mother into the farthest corner of his mind. Now, however, he began to realize that this was the only way to gain his end. If he had his mama's approval, his two brothers would have to take him in their dugout. And so, with the innocent confidence of the very young, Mauki had approached his mother. . . .

That had been only a few hours earlier. Now he scrambled over the last palm-studded sand spit and the white glare of the beach stretched before him, illuminated only by a few rays of dying light. A stray puff of wind dodged about and urged him to continue on his way. As the warm sand covered his toes, Mauki, for the first time during the day, became aware of his surroundings. He looked upon a spreading sunset that no one could hope to describe, and experienced a great sense of peace and well-being that he had not known for some time. It passed quickly. The hot words of his mother came flooding back.

"No! No! No! You only get in the way of big men! You do what the small boy should do. Get the clams. Big ones!"

The large Polynesian woman had towered over him as she spoke, flapping her soiled apron to accentuate each short sentence. The unaccustomed exertions brought streams of perspiration tumbling from her plump body.

Shocked and hurt, Mauki had tried desperately to hold back the flood of tears. This could not be—his own mother disgracing him before the eyes of his silly sisters! And practically the very words of his brother! Those clams again. He wheeled suddenly and walked slowly from the clearing. Oh, how he had wanted to run! He could still see the girls, sitting in a row and sewing their stupid little things, throwing their teasing looks his way. They had looked for all the world like a string of monkeys with flowers in their hair. Mauki's ears were still ringing with their parting remarks.

As the taunting words swelled before his eyes, the little fellow dropped to the sand and, like the child he really was, sobbed out all the pent-up feelings of a very long and disappointing day.

The new moon over Malekula to the south seemed to sense the sober atmosphere and silently slipped behind a handy cloud. The beach of Erromanga was left in darkness for a few long moments. When the light sifted through again, the thin shoulders had quieted. Mauki sat watching the tiny wavelets spread over the lagoon before him. Each one, dressed in a dab of moonlight for a cap, was nodding toward the shore as if to agree with the brown boy. He was right and his family were wrong, the wavelets seemed to whisper. Mauki half smiled and nodded, too.

After all, it wasn't so strange that he should want to fish. He was ten, wasn't he? Why, Loshai was only seventeen. Just seven years . . . maybe eight. And anyway, how did they know he couldn't do it unless they let him try?

Mauki sat up suddenly, thinking he had the answer. He slumped down

again. They would never let him try. Probably when he was old and grey, but not now.

The moon was high now. The fingers of light reached out and buttered the palms so that they shone against the dark sky. The air was light and very balmy.

Mauki jerked to a sitting position. That was it! Why wait for their slow brains to realize he was ready? He would prove it to them so there would be no doubt! Prove it before their very eyes.

His black eyes shone as he rubbed his stubby fingers together.

Tomorrow. Yes. Early tomorrow he would go out and prove that he was man enough to get the biggest fish!

Mauki rolled into a ball under the nearest hibiscus bush and went to sleep, his mind reeling with visions of huge, fat fish sizzling over his mother's fire. After tomorrow everything would be perfect. Yes, perfect. So easy.

The moon, seeing that the strange little boy would do nothing more this evening, lingered only a short while and then slipped over the trees.

The dawn was cool and full of promise, but the promise was false. By ten, animals and people alike would be suffering in the stifling heat.

Mauki didn't feel the sun. He had risen early and was now some distance down the beach. He was walking fast. The sandy beach stretched like a ribbon under his feet, shading from shell-pink to white and ending with a green splash on the horizon. A tourist would have written home about it.

Mauki walked on, his eyes on the reef. The small lagoon he was headed for was close by now. Avoided by the men because of its inconvenience, the little lake had always been a favorite of the small boys. They had always been sure there were some big fish around there.

The water was cool and refreshing. Mauki waded in to his waist and looked down. It was as blue as gentians in the spring and as clear as wine. The bars of white marl sand just beneath the surface looked like big cakes of smooth soap.

He reached the narrow edge of the reef and scrambled up, taking special care to watch his toes. Thirty minutes later he came to the spot he wanted. He was perspiring freely now and his bronze skin shone in the steaming heat. His eyes squinted against the glare as he stared out at the sea. A white blur appeared on the left as a screeching gull picked something from the crest of foam and flapped off.

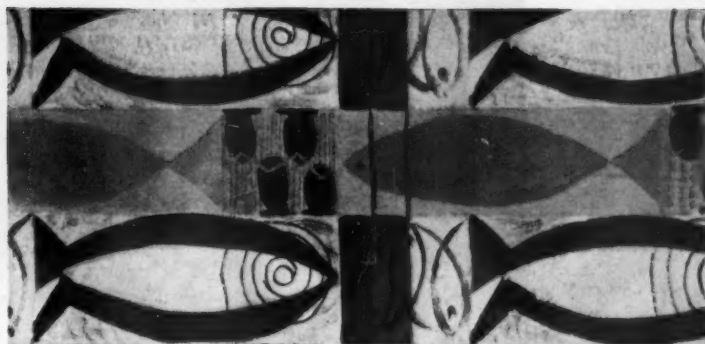
Mauki squatted down to fix his bait. The long, painful walk on the reef had



Ann Reynolds says that she wrote "Those Clams" as a result of her interest in the Pacific, which she acquired from reading books about that section of the world.

On the home front, Ann is especially active in the physical education program at Dreher H. S. in Columbia, S. C.

She hopes that she may combine her interest in sports and photography in the work she does later on.



Award in General Design, Gp. II, by Avis Sorensen, Chaffey Union High School, Ontario, Calif. First shown in regional exhibition at Bullock's, Los Angeles.

dulled his enthusiasm somewhat but the determination was still there. His line slid into the water. He could still see the gull over the rocks.

The sun sat in the sky like a huge orange and smiled down on the small boy. An hour went by. Two. The little keys and islets lay like bright green pincushions in the bright light. The orange was bigger now and directly overhead.

The curve of the line blurred as perspiration trickled across his vision. He watched the droplets fall and sizzle on the hot rock surface between his feet. This plan of his was not working. He had not had even the smallest nibble. He wasn't proving anything this way. His fingers and back ached from his position and when he lifted his head it felt as if a sting ray were wrapped about his neck.

Mauki straightened slowly and a groan passed his lips as he did so. Tears threatened to take the place of the sticky perspiration. He shook his head quickly and the shoreline slowly came back into focus. An awful thirst clutched his throat.

Why had he gone and told Tarlis and Ullick what he was going to do? If no one had known he could have come back and tried again tomorrow. But if he knew Tarlis, the whole island would know by now. He must catch something today, something big. Somehow.

Grey smoke hung like heavy dust over the palms on the peninsula at his right. That would be the steamer from Sydney. If he had not thought up this crazy scheme he could be there now—splashing in the cool water with the other kids and listening to the white men yell at each other. But no. Here he was, sitting on this hot rock with the sun in his face.

Mauki flicked his dry tongue over his lips and swallowed.

Why didn't the fish come up? It was then that the idea filled his mind. They

wouldn't come up so he would just have to go down for them! His body stiffened as the idea took shape. That was the answer! That was how the men did it. Armed only with small knives, they went below the surface to get the big ones.

Mauki wasted no time. He jerked in his line and threw it carelessly behind him on the bare rocks. Shading his eyes with his arm, he sighted a spot about a hundred yards to the left that looked good and he made his way toward it. The rock jutted at an angle from the water for about three or four feet and then leveled off abruptly—a perfect diving platform. The little boy unsheathed an ancient knife, his pride and joy, and carefully tested the blade. The weapon had belonged to his father, but it was still strong and useful. Assured that everything was in order, Mauki gripped the knife and dived into the water. His dive was smooth and skilful.

The orange in the sky had moved just a few feet to the west.

The small brown body cut straight into the water and went down deep. He was in a new world. The dark bulk of the reef floated past and a curtain went up on a myriad of colors. Coral and seaweed alike seemed to wave a greeting to him. Small fish, strangely like electric lights, flitted to a stop, gazed at him for a long moment, and then were gone. Mauki was entranced. It seemed only seconds ago that he had entered the water, but suddenly his lungs were bursting for air. He shot up easily but reluctantly to the surface. The stillness was shattered as he broke the water.

The small diver looked up at a tropical sky that seemed almost close enough to touch, took a deeper breath, and went down again. Clams! What was digging clams compared to this!

The fat sun still smiled down.

As Mauki descended the third time, he was determined to get his fish first

and then explore. After all, he didn't have all day. Not once did he let himself think that he would go home empty-handed.

With this determination in mind he slowly approached the shrouded reef. The water was darker here and lacked the friendly glow it had earlier. His knife was held in readiness.

Suddenly the hulking shadow reached out and seized his ankle! The hair prickled on the back of his neck as he found himself staring into the eyes of the most loathsome creature he had ever seen.

In those first terrifying moments, when his numbed muscles refused to work and his brain reeled, all the ancient legends of the devil fish came before his bulging eyes. Only instinct held the searing scream in his throat. His skin writhed at the touch of the slimy arm. Desperation finally brought on action. With his free arm he slashed at the tenacle holding his ankles and felt an unusual sense of surprise when it fell away. Another quickly took its place. He swung the blade again. Again. He lost count. Fire burned his lungs. Those round eyes never left his.

Somewhere in the back of his head the fact popped up that there were only eight legs on an octopus . . . or was that a clam? There seemed a million to this one. His arm was numb. Did he still have the knife? He didn't know . . . almost didn't care. One more swing. Everything so black. . .

There was a big orange ball in front of his eyes and something solid and black against his arm. He grabbed and pulled himself up . . . up. Then the ball disappeared, along with everything else.

The water dried on his back in a short while.

Mauki opened his eyes and saw the sandy bottom in front of his nose. I'm dead, he thought. That's hell's fire on my back. He lifted his gaze and saw green palms along a white beach. No. They don't have trees there. A metallic taste filled his mouth and he closed his eyes again.

The sun moved across the sky.

When he awoke again, he stood and walked slowly along the reef. The shiny red welt down his left leg seemed proof enough that every bone ached to the marrow. As his feet touched the firm sand, he looked back and felt a deep shudder as he saw the rocks. The sun sank into the water.

Mauki trudged up the beach. Halfway to the fringe, he stopped, stooped, and picked up something from among the shells. There was a weary smile on the little fellow's face as he clutched the clam tightly between his fingers and headed for the hut.

the Poetry

AWARDS

playparty

skip to my lou and skip to my sue
and skip to my anyoldgirl will do
grand right and left with an allemande whirl
promenade 'round with anyoldgirl
sing as you swing and dosido
down with anyoldgirl you go
never say yes and never say no
and never to ONE girl your heart show.



Award, Black Ink, Gp. III, by Ethel Leung, Cass Tech. H.S., Detroit, Mich. First shown at Crowley, Milner's.



Place in Show, Ceramic Sculpture, Gp. II, by Betty Baker, Peabody H.S., Pittsburgh, Pa. First shown, Kaufmann's regional.

The County Fair

We walked a mile and ran a mile
To get to Salem County Fair.
We took the Thompsons' kids along,
And all the children's feet were bare.

We first ran to the candy stand
And bought a dime of woven air,
And then we found the carrousel
And left the Thompsons' children there.

We tossed some pennies in a well,
My wish came true right then and there;
Some little boys quite near to us
Laughed aloud. I didn't care.

We rode up in the Ferris wheel,
I didn't think that I would dare.
You stole another kiss from me,
At the Salem County Fair.

We found the children fast asleep,
With dirt and sawdust in their hair.
We woke them up, and started home,
And all the children's feet were bare.

Marie Winn, 16

Bronx H.S. of Science
New York, N. Y.
Teacher, Mollie R. G. Epstein



Marie Winn



Elizabeth Rowley



Arthur Pett

Sonnet

And now that you have gone to come no more,
I may relax the keen intensity
Which taunted mind and body and made sore
My very nerves, from the immensity
Of joy that rose within me at your glance,
And happiness that I cannot explain.
And when I sought your heart, I won by chance;
Or did I lose? We may not meet again.
Those brief, tense hours are past; their residue
Lies in my heart and turns to memory.
I have not yet shed any tears for you;
I walk alone, and in tranquility.

My joy to re-live our love in thought,
And so I cannot mourn you as I ought,

Elizabeth Bromme Rowley, 16

Louisa (Ky.) Collegiate School
Teacher, Katharine E. Monroe

Ballad

Blue grew the wind
in my love's hair and the water
rolled unfathomable in her eyes
and the clouds
soft in the sky
cotton in the sky, a halo
round my love
standing white in the center
whitely gentle standing
in the center
green and blue about her.
Birds and mountains
water rolling through the fields
sing it in crescendo
rolling into:
Blue grew the wind
in my love's softly hair
blown softly
swept into sweetly consonant thunder:
Blue, blue, blue grew the winds
in my love's hair and the water.

Arthur Pett, 17

East H.S.
Salt Lake City, Utah
Teacher, Pansy H. Powell



Joel Lawrence



Helen Rallow



Harry Scott



Place in Show, Black Ink,
Gp. III, by Howard Austin,
Cass. Tech., Detroit, Mich.
Shown Crowley and Milner's.

City Under Rain

This could be London;
The rain is the same,
The glint on the pavement beneath the lights,
Stripped by the tires that lap past through it.
Young men with voices fresh as thunder
Slap their soles, slashing bareheaded
Under the shimmer,
And a girl runs
With a glad moment splashed on her face.

The curb is wrapped in vagrant leaves,
Silver-brown, embalmed with rain,
Two city windows just went black—
The businessmen go wearily
To dinner in suburban houses.

Harry Scott, 19

Classen Senior H.S.
Oklahoma City, Okla.
Teacher, Hazel Livingston

Lingo

I speak the language of grass,
the infallible language of wind and straw,
I am from the West,
the flat prairies trailing behind the lumbering Conestoga
is my birthplace,
and I am of Eastern lineage too:
blood of Minute Men
make the dust feeding life to my roots,
on Bunker Hill,
and in Kentucky I grow strong and blue
and gather myself around white fencing.
Yes,
I speak the language of grass,
The infallible language of wind and straw.

Joel Lawrence, 17

West Phoenix (Ariz.) H.S.
Teacher, Elizabeth Titsworth

The Lost Herd

He drove the herd ahead of him
And smelled the hot sun bake their backs
And watched the dust roll over them
And fill up all their tracks.

He cursed the sky beyond the dust;
He cursed the wide sand plain below;
He cursed the dry holes they had passed
And cursed the herd that moved so slow.

The sand was deep and swallowed up
The hoofs and boots that traveled there.
The wind was strong and blew the dust
Against his hands, his face, his hair.

He bent his head to lose the sound
Of moaning steers and wind's rough call.
A buzzard swooped above the herd
And desert dogs began to bawl.

Then off into the east he saw
The blue-grey hills rise steep and high.
He saw them point their snow-topped heads
Into a clearer, cooler sky.

Far off a horse came riding fast
From out the hills across the plain.
He saw the rider pull a whip.
He felt his body crack with pain.

The rider threw his hat and cried
The name of every sun-baked steer.
They turned and followed after him
But dipped their horns and bawled with fear.

And where those sandy prints were made
The dust blew down and settled there.
Death's rider and his shrunken herd
Had left the thirsty desert bare.

Helen Mathilde Rollow, 17

West Phoenix (Ariz.) H.S.
Teacher, Elizabeth Titsworth

Honorable Mentions—Poetry

(All ten Award winners—plus one H.M.—are represented on these pages.)

Carolyn Bennett, University H.S., Baton Rouge, La. Teacher, Margaret Teer.

Elsa Bailey, Philadelphia (Pa.) H.S. for Girls. Teacher, Ida S. Safer.

Betsy DuBois, Evanston (Ill.) Township H.S. Teacher, Mary L. Taft.

Carol Warner, Oak Park (Ill.) River Forest H.S. Teacher, Mildred Linden.

Prudence Schwabe, Washington Irving H.S., New York, N. Y. Teacher, Ethel A. Stiles.

Carol Clemeau, Glenbard Township H.S., Glen Ellyn, Ill. Teacher, Helen McConnell.

Lynne Lawner, Fairview H.S., Dayton, Ohio. Teacher, Amanda Baldwin.

Jane Spaeth, Middletown (Conn.) H.S. Teacher, Agnes G. Drennan.

William Seabright, Mount Clemens (Mich.) H.S. Teacher, Mary R. Grase.

Judith B. Scott, Horace Greeley School, Chappaqua, N. Y. Teacher, Sylvia M. Kurson.



Albert Ellenberg



Donald de Lisle

Basketball Game

Can you make a wildness out of this play,
Drag it back to arboreal flight
When cousin of our flesh played with hoops
Of sky-vaulted light, arcing them into dreams
Preserved for this time, this sweaty moment?

Call the tall boys to play with brands of speed
And make a fever of the onlookers,
Each flinged curve across a twisted shoulder
A crucifix of throbbing prayer,
A fanatic's cry for the hot present.

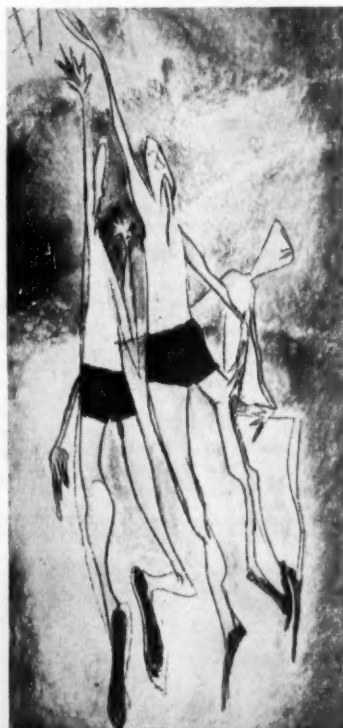
Here primitive in fierceness of their fight
And sophisticate in grace of movement,
Making a chapel of gymnasium,
Each player close to God and antique lust.
Here, patriots of school, lovers of heat

Cheer the closing darkness hoarse, wave their tongues
With the tempo of each team's longing sweep
Back and forth, across, beyond the heaving gym.
Death the stillness before the final
Break of sphere into the air—life the shout

Bursting the confines of this frozen time
When, like a curing pill, the ball falls through.

Albert Ellenberg, 17

DeWitt Clinton H.S.
New York, N. Y.
Teacher, Marcella Whalen



Award in Pastel, Gp. II, by Bernard Aptekar, from Abraham Lincoln High School, Brooklyn, New York.

Memory

The things we do, and say, and see,
Are not concluded then,
But locked away in memory:
A wisp of wind,
Or a snatch of song,
Brings them rushing back again.

Along the roads of oh-so-long-ago,
We walk the old familiar paths along
The railroad track,
The swimming hole,
The lane.
We kiss the rain and wish that we were young.
Too late; our youth is gone,
But not in vain.
We file away for future use
Each memory where it belongs
And love again,
And laugh anew . . .

on a wisp of wind . . .
or a snatch of song.

Donald de Lisle, 16

Albany (N. Y.) H.S.
Teacher, Louise D. Gunn



Award, Ceramics, Gp. II, by Judith Morgan, Lincoln H.S., Bridgeville, Pa. Shown at Kaufmann's.

Medieval Angel

There is an angel carved in stone,
Of sweet demean and gentle charms;
Through centuries' passage grace remains
In his devout and homely face.
Yet beautiful indeed: of flowing lines,
Straight-falling robes and glorious arching wings,
Hair gently blown, and hands most deftly curved,
Each chiseled line perfection to its type.

What man has fashioned this, or poured such love
Into a craftsmanship of beauty so naive?
It matters not his name, the work still stands,
Holding in truth his love for God and man.

Lois Anne Glass, 17

Western H.S.
Baltimore, Md.
Teacher, Lucille L. Haley

"Lines to a Cocker Spaniel"

When in disgrace with parents and my school,
I'm sent in exile to my lonely room.
I wring my hands and call myself a fool
And wonder how I can evade my doom;
Wishing I had a slide rule in my brain,
Or else a faculty for writing books,
Or wit, or wealth, to ease my parents' pain;
Or, failing that, at least a little looks.

And thinking thus, my future years despairing,
I watch your shortened tail dispel the gloom
With wagging, and I find myself past caring
About the agonies outside my room.
For in your eyes I find the truth unfurled—
That I'm the greatest guy in all the world.

Gregory S. Horne, 17

Coral Gables (Fla.) Senior H.S.
Teacher, Mary C. Ions

HONORABLE MENTION

First Love

He took me where the dogwoods snow
Across the fragrant springblown air;
He told me how the violets grow
And twined their blossoms in my hair.

He walked with me and took my hand,
Caught me fish from flashing streams,
Sat with me on shining sand
And filled my head with foolish dreams.

He spoke to me of all the wild,
He told me where the fairies hide,
He laughed and kissed me when I smiled
And held me when I cried.

Then one morning he was gone,
And through the empty golden day
I waited, patient, all alone.
"No use," they said. "He's gone away."

But he told me where rain-clouds go,
And he twined the violets in my hair;
He taught me all the love I know—
How can I say I do not care?

Carolyn Bennett, 16

University H.S.
Baton Rouge, La.
Teacher, Margarete Teer



Lois Glass



Gregory Horne



Carolyn Bennett

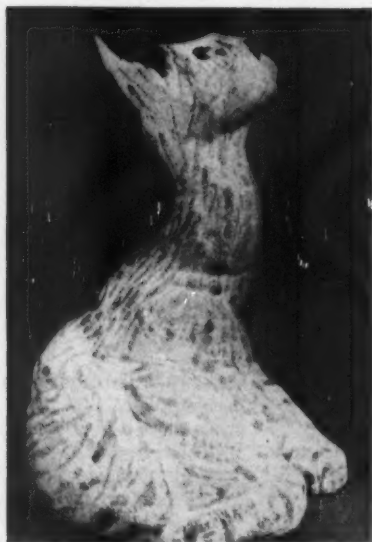


Place in Show, Oils, Gp. II, by John Schwieger, Gering (Nebr.) H. S. Shown at Brandeis', Omaha.



Award, Colored Ink, Gp. II, by Geeming Lin, Roosevelt H. S., Washington, D. C. First shown at Jelleff's, Washington, D. C.

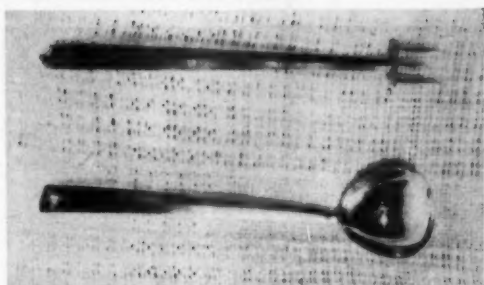
1953 Art Awards Winners



Place in Show, Ceramics, Gp. III, by Loretta Davis, Jeff Davis H. S., Houston, Tex. Shown at Foley's, Houston.



Award, Fabric Design, Gp. III, by La Verne Nixon, Chicago Vocational High School, Chicago, Ill. First shown in regional exhibit at The Fair, Chicago.

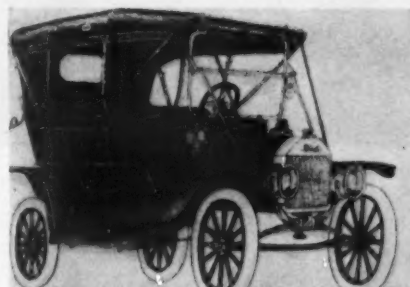


Award, Applied Design, Gp. II, by Carl Schaier, St. Margaretta H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. Shown, Kaufmann's.

Place in Show, Trans. Water Color, Gp. II, by Patricia Rasmussen, Wichita (Kans.) H. S. First shown at Allen Hinkel Co., Wichita.



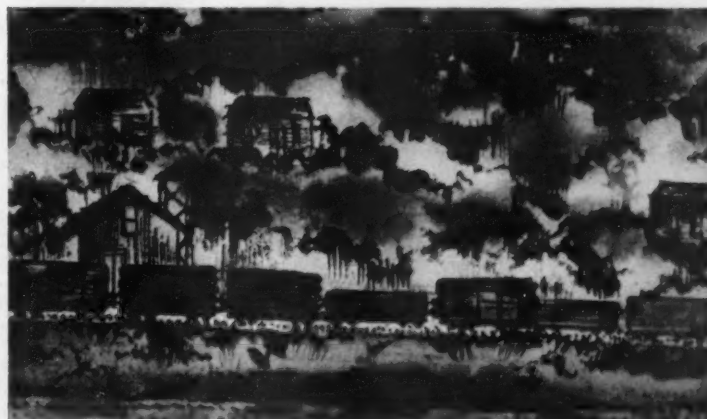
● On these pages—and throughout this issue—we present selections from the 1953 Scholastic Art Awards. Our selections are made from the 1,460 art pieces now on display in the 26th National High School Art Exhibition at Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh, Pa.—May 2 to May 31. Over 150,000 art pieces were entered in this year's Art Awards. Thousands of these received Gold Achievement Keys in regional exhibits throughout the country. Regional winners, and entries from non-sponsored areas, were sent to Carnegie Institute for final judging. A total of 546 entries received \$25 awards, and 109 seniors won tuition scholarships to art schools and colleges. The complete listing of all Art Awards winners is published in the Teacher Edition, Part II, of this issue of *Literary Cavalcade*.



Award, Colored Ink, Gp. II, by George Versteeg, Romulus (Mich.) H. S. First shown in regional exhibit, Crowley, Milner, Detroit.



Award, Black Ink, Gp. II, by Alice Benjamine, Southwest H. S., Minneapolis, Minn. Shown at Dayton Co., Minneapolis.



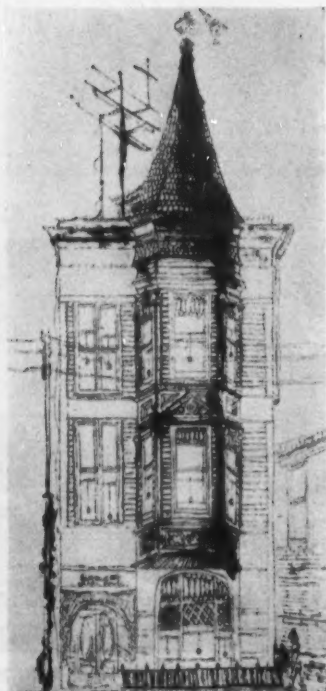
Award, Transparent Water Color, Gp. III, by Ethel Leung, Cass Tech. High School, Detroit, Mich. First shown in exhibit at Crowley, Milner, Detroit.



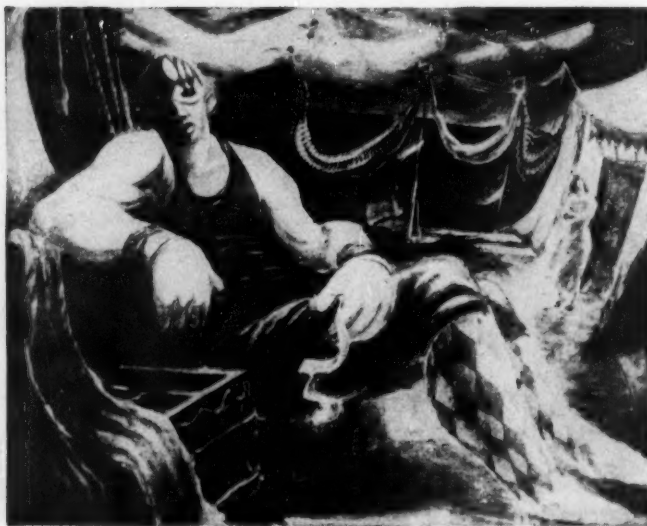
Place in Show, Sculpture,
Gp. II, by Joe Gonzales, Vista
(Calif.) High School. Shown
at Bullock's, Los Angeles.



Place in Show, Opaque Water Color, Gp. II, by Mall
Timusk, Windham H. S., Willimantic, Conn. First shown
in regional exhibit sponsored by the Hartford Courant.



Place in Show, Black Ink, Gp. III,
by Carl Kock, Lane Tech. H. S., Chi-
cago, Ill. First shown at The Fair.



Award, Opaque Water Color, Gp. II, by Don Schweikert, Glenville H. S.,
Cleveland, O. First shown in regional exhibit at Halle Bros., Cleveland.

Scenes from the Judging

Here's a glimpse of some of the 31 national judges at work. The scene—Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh:

Right: Preliminary Jury (which evaluates entries from areas which have no regional sponsors)—(l. to r.) art educators: Ronald Day, Cleveland, O.; Ethel Bray, Washington, D. C.; Genevieve Anderson, Hartford, Conn.

Lower left: Sculpture Jury—(l. to r.) Kenneth E. Smith, ceramist, educator; Janet de Coux, sculptor; William McVey, resident sculptor, Cranbrook Academy of Art.

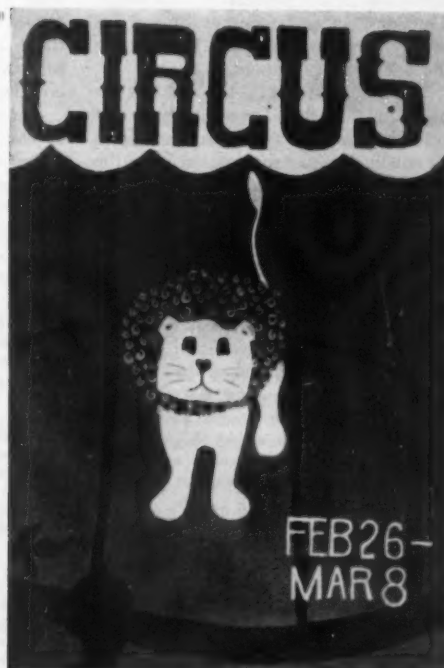
Lower right: Costume Design Jury—(l. to r.) Ardenia Chapman, Drexel Inst.; Bonnie Cashin, fashion designer; and Doris Anderson, fashion coordinator. Kit Mason of *McCall's Patterns*, sponsor of costume design, looks on.



Place in Show, Carnegie Institute, Opaque Water Color, Gp. II, by Bill Bristow, Thomas Jefferson H. S., San Antonio, Tex.



MAY, 1953



Award, Poster, Gp. I, by Ann Jemdahl, St. Louis Park (Minn.) H. S. Shown at Dayton Co.

AWARD—SHORT STORY

By Gaye Harpster, 16

West Seattle (Wash.) H. S.
Teacher, Belle McKenzie

REWARD

THE big room seemed empty in its heavy darkness, but I knew it wasn't. I could hear the stifled breathing all around me, as tense and as labored as my own. The masked floodlights overhead glared brilliantly at the row of targets fifty feet across the concrete floor, but little light was reflected back, and I could see only the foggy outline of those around me, lying prone on the dusty mats. I slid my hand up and down between the glossy rifle stock and the leather sling, and flipped the latch on the wooden cartridge box.

Then a blaring voice knifed through the silence, and the sergeant at arms shouted, "Five minutes for sighting; ready on the right!"—a short pause, and the metallic clicks of bolts being checked. "Ready on the left!"—a strained stillness as a row of hands tightened on the smooth wood of the guns.

Then the final warning: "Ready on the firing line! . . . Load." Another pause as each hand shoved a cartridge into the chamber and closed the bolt . . . a chorus of clicks . . . a flash of chromium in the dimness . . . a single movement as each shooter braced his feet against the mat and gripped his rifle with sweaty fingers.

"Commence firing!"—the last signal, the indication that I was independent and alone, beyond any instructions from my coach, completely isolated from the rest of the team for the first time.

A loud crack rang out through the range, sharp and clear—the first shot—mine. I felt the shooter beside me jump involuntarily and then stiffen in concentration on his own firing. Why did my shot have to be first? It was a sign of bad luck. I pushed the absurd thought out of my mind and looked through the spotting scope, screwing the eyepiece half-way around into focus. My fingers trembled, and I clenched them into a fist to stop their shaking.

My other hand found the cartridge box, and I pushed another cartridge into place and slammed the bolt in hard against it. My eyes were blurred with perspiration, and the bulls'-eyes were elliptical specks on the white background. I uncured my finger from the trigger guard and balanced it against the trigger for the shot.

Four sharp reports echoed down the firing line, and I waited for them to fade before shooting. They died on the sultry air and I fired, forcing my eyes to remain on the target without blinking, and holding the gun motionless and loosely cradled in my hands. Then I relaxed as much as my throbbing pulse would allow, and remembered to breathe again. The telescope showed that the bullet holes were grouped slightly to the left, and I adjusted the windage sight to correct the error. I took a deep breath for the third shot and squeezed the trigger quickly. It tore through the center of the bull, and I was satisfied.

"Twenty shots all together and a twenty-minute time limit." I fought down a sudden panic as a dozen doubts raced through me, and waited for the range officer to call time on the sighting. Then, at the command, I settled with a thankful prayer into the unbelievable wave of calmness that enveloped me.

A large man in a bluish gray suit, with a huge cigar dangling from the corner of his lips examined the score sheet anxiously. His son looked fearfully at him and winced as the man criticized the boy's score.

The officer finished posting the results of the first relay, and I squeezed between a group of spectators to glance at them. My throat was dry from the clouds of gunpowder that filled the narrow hall behind the firing line, and the

thick heat made my tense uneasiness more unbearable. I made my eyes follow up the sheet to my own name, dreading to see my score and discover that the months of strain and practicing might have been for nothing. The inked figures stood out purple against the white paper—one hundred and ninety-five points out of a possible two hundred. I blinked in disbelief. The score was much higher than my average. There must have been a mistake in scoring—or the targets had been mixed. My head burned with a combination of fear and hope.

But then a sharp jab of reality flashed before me and I realized that four or five more relays were waiting to fire. It was certain that out of twenty teams from all parts of the state someone would edge out my score by a few points and take the trophy. I looked around the room and saw the coach smiling at me in approval. "It's the highest so far."

"It won't last," I answered, wishing suddenly that I had waited until the end of the day to shoot, so that I would at least know the score I needed.

The changing of relays was an endless ceremony. The familiar rhythmic staccato of rifle shots was soothing, but the mingled talking, the rustle of tired impatience, and the high-pitched protests and disputes were agonizing. My nerves felt hot and brittle, and not even quiet, reassuring voices could make me relax. I concentrated on not showing my restlessness and I walked outside into the bright, indifferent sunshine to escape from the uproar. When the relay had finished, and time was called for lunch, my nervous exhaustion melted and was substituted for by a merciful flow of dull numbness.

The team members assembled in front of the cafeteria with miraculous swiftness, and I was carried and pushed inside by the hungry crowd. The stale, tasteless hamburger that my parched mouth could barely swallow, the warm Coke whose sickening sweetness further drugged my senses—these were vague events that held no meaning at all. Only one thought was forceful enough to make an imprint on my dazed brain: the deep desire to win the trophy, and

Gaye Harpster knows her gunmanship—as her essay suggests. A target-shooting and hunting fan, Gaye has earned the National Rifle Association Expert and Distinguished Rifleman titles. Last May, she won the High Individual State Trophy.

At West Seattle (Wash.) H. S., Gaye's favorite subjects are composition, physics, French, and history. Writing rivals shooting as her main hobby, and several of her poems have appeared in newspapers and have been read over local radio programs. Her short story "The Decision" appeared in *Cavalcade Firsts* this year (Jan. 1953).



Award, Black Ink, Gp. III, by Carl Kock,
Lane Tech H. S., Chicago. Shown at The Fair.



the haunting insistence that I couldn't have it.

I couldn't take my eyes away from the growing list of scores. I read the names over and over without comprehending. The endless hours that followed were only a blur. The final relay finished and the last shooters replaced their guns on the racks, some with eager hope, some with indifference, some with utter dejection.

The crowd in front of the score sheet was too big to contend with. I watched them with bewilderment and confusion, as they struggled to find the high score on the list. Then my team members and the coach turned and looked at me, and slowly, the rest of the crowd turned with them.

"I knew you could do it," the instructor shouted.

I couldn't tell them that it was impossible for me to win. My score might be highest now, but something fateful would happen at the last minute. An error would be discovered, or I would be disqualified by some remote law in the tournament rules. All I wanted to do was get away from the chorus of congratulations, but I couldn't escape. I was taken blindly to the arena where the awards were to be presented, and shoved before the same radiant floodlights. The sponsor's deep-voiced speech filled the room and his words were meaningless to me. I waited for him to say that a mistake had been found but he continued his flow of congratulations.

Then he picked up the gold cup and held it toward me. It was beautifully engraved and its edges sparkled in the reflected light—but it couldn't be real. Winning a trophy was something only in indistinguishable syllables. It took seconds for his words to make sense. I had it. It was mine—my reward for the long hours of anguished suspense. The warmth that surged through me wasn't from the heat of the room. And it wasn't anxiety that made my fingers tighten around the shiny gold base.

Essay Awards

ALLISON SEKAQUAPTEWA, Phoenix (Ariz.)
Union H. S. Teacher, Doris Delap.
SONDRA GOODSITE, Nott Terrace H. S.,
Schenectady, N. Y. Teacher, Alice M. Abel.
LORNA L. PRICE, West Phoenix (Ariz.) H. S.
Teacher, Elizabeth Titzworth.
SUSAN BRIGHAM, Coral Gables (Fla.) H. S.
Teacher, Mary C. Ions.
GLEN WALKER, H. S. of Commerce, Detroit,
Mich. Teacher, Marie Marti.
DAVID BENDER, Mt. Lebanon H. S., Pitts-
burgh, Pa. Teacher, Virginia A. Elliott.
ALBERT KINGSTON, Burlington (N. J.) H. S.
Teacher, Louise Kershner.
HOWARD ORENSTEIN, Hartford (Conn.) Pub-
lic H. S. Teacher, M. Gertrude Conway.
CHRISTA SEEGER, Grasse Pointe (Mich.) Coun-
try Day School. Teacher, Anna M. Atkinson.
ROGER ARMSTRONG, Chagrin Falls (Ohio)
H. S. Teacher, Elsa Carroll.

HONORABLE MENTION

Barbara Ann Goldin, Oak Park (Ill.)-River
Forest H. S. Teacher, Mildred Linden.
Marilyn Grant, Mt. Lebanon H. S., Pittsburgh,
Pa. Teacher, Virginia A. Elliott.
Philip Webster, George Washington H. S.,
Alexandria, Va. Teacher, Eunice Guill.
Paul McCarthy, North Plainfield (N. J.) H. S.
Teacher, Marie O'Brien.
Jerry Fitzgerald, Oak Park (Ill.)-River Forest
H. S. Teacher, Mildred Linden.
Candace Rogers, Roxbury H. S., Succasunna,
N. J. Teacher, Mae S. Call.
Peter Sternfels, A. B. Davis H. S., Mount Ver-
non, N. Y. Teacher, Kenneth H. Smith.
Penny Smith, Charlotte (N. C.) Central H. S.
Teacher, Helen Mac Manus.
Patrick Fischer, Ann Arbor (Mich.) H. S.
Teacher, Robert Granville.
Charlene Krohn, Shaker Heights (Ohio) H. S.
Teacher, Edith B. Malin.



Award in Crayon, Gp. I, by Richard Bobby, Lincoln H. S., Cleveland, O. Shown at Halle Bros.

JOURNEY

THIS is a story about a girl who grew up too fast. Her mother said so, her father said so, even her teachers at school said so; in fact, everybody said so, except her friends, and they had all grown up too fast too—or had something else wrong with them—so their opinions don't count.

Growing up too fast is not an ailment immediately apparent to the eye. It isn't the kind of thing that makes people turn to look after you in the street and whisper, "See that girl over there? No, the one in the green coat. She grew up too fast." Nevertheless, the symptoms are there. In this particular girl it wasn't too obvious at first. Maiden aunts, after seeing her for the first time in several months, were apt to look at her sharply and say, "The girls today certainly grow up much faster than in my day!" But then, did you ever know a maiden aunt who didn't say that?

This abnormality—for such, indeed, it was—showed itself in small ways. The girl was much alone, occupied with reading, thinking, and other suspicious pursuits.

Her mother was quite upset about the whole thing. She wanted her little girl to be like the other little girls.

"Why don't you have more friends at school, dear?" her mother would say.

But the girl would say, "Oh, Mother!" and go upstairs to her room to think. Which, in itself, can cause complications.

One day she fell in love. Let us not be too harsh on her; it could happen to the best of us. It was spring, and growing up too fast is no protection against that—makes it worse, if anything. Like measles.

The young man was older than she was; almost too old, as time is reckoned by anxious parents. He was a strange young man with crinkly eyes and a slow grave smile, and more than a little startled to find himself pursued by a girl who had grown up too fast. But after the first brief panic he turned and smiled, waiting for her to catch up.

She almost did. All through that strange and wondrous spring, all through the deep warm summer, they stood, hand in hand, watching this thing that had happened to them. It

Candace ("Candy") Rogers has landed in the top group of Awards winners for the second time this year, and has done so in two categories—short story and essay.

"Candy" is editor of the yearbook and art editor of the newspaper at Roxbury H. S., Succasunna, N. J. Her hobbies are writing (Number 1), painting, interior decorating, and ceramics. She says she began writing "at about ten, when I started at least 13 long novels, never finished any of them."



AWARD—SHORT SHORT STORY

By Candace Rogers, 17

Roxbury H. S.
Succasunna, N. J.
Teacher, Mae S. Call

grew and grew into a great and shining thing, and they built it strong, walking through soft rain-dripping nights, laughing on bright beaches and boardwalks, swimming under great hot stars. They built it with all the music they heard and with every gay and foolish thing they did. And still it grew.

She was growing with it; faster and faster, farther and farther, struggling and straining up to meet him.

The young man had a strong and burning ambition. There were many things he had to do, and many places he had to see, and he wondered how he could take her with him.

"I don't know, honey," he would say, smiling and perplexed. "I just don't know. What am I going to do with you!"

"We'll think of something," she said, growing and growing as fast as she could. Too fast, but not fast enough.

Fall came, and this thing that had happened to them swelled and billowed until they looked at it and said, laughing, "Why fight it?" They could laugh at anything.

The young man looked at his strong and burning ambition, and he looked at this great and billowing thing they had created. He looked at the girl who was growing up too fast, running to meet him through a tangle of things she too had to do, through a barrier of years, through a maze of things to be learned and lived. And he looked at himself, who could not stop to wait.

And so he picked up this bright thing that was his strong and burning ambition, and weighed it in his two hands; and slowly, painfully, he wrapped it up, put it under his arm, and went away.

The girl? She was left far ahead of herself, running toward something that was no longer there. And for the first time in her life she dreaded spring.

There are people who would say, and perhaps they are right, that none of this need have happened at all, if she had been content to live in the cage of not-quite-old-enough until the right and proper time. At least she and the young man would never have been frightened by the great and billowing thing they had created. Perhaps the thing they had created was not worth that frantic run to nowhere. There are people who would say so, but she was not one of them.



Place in Show, Oils, Gp. I, by Arthur Rosenbaum, Shortridge High School, Indianapolis, Ind. First exhibited at Block's.

MEAT CLEAVER

HE is a big man with a fat face and a large belly. His body is covered with soft rolling flesh. His uncombed hair is thick and black; his complexion dark and greasy. His teeth are yellow behind unsmiling lips. Fat hangs on his face, giving it the dreary look of one who is alive to nothing. In one of his surprisingly supple hands (with dirt under the fingernails) is a meat cleaver. His once white apron is streaked with dirt, and his shirt sleeves splotted with the hardened blood of animals. He smells of the meat he works with. He is a butcher.

He learned the trade from his father. One day, long ago, he stopped at his father's small meat market, on his way from school, to chat with the old man. He put his schoolbooks down, and watched his father slicing meat. After a while the man cleared his throat and said, without looking up from the chopping block, "Soon you must go to work. It will be good if you become a butcher, so I can teach you."

The boy was stunned. This news came as a complete surprise.

"But I'm going to go to college, to be a surgeon . . ."

"College! A lot of foolishness!"

"But Papa . . ."

"I cannot wait for you to go to college! You are almost grown; you must work!"

A pained look came to the boy's face. "A butcher . . .?" He asked it incredulously.

"Yes, a butcher!" his father stormed. "It is good enough for me. . . . Do not talk any more. It is settled!"

And so it was.

But, then, the boy's sister, Stella, had a bad appendix. And times were bad. His father couldn't afford to keep an almost grown boy in school.

And so the boy dropped out of school and each day would work at his father's meat market, and when his father wasn't busy, the boy would be instructed in the art of butchery.

"Now cut!" his father would say to him, impatient when he didn't learn immediately. "No! Not so close to the bone! Here, let me show you. . . ."

The boy learned, but he was sullen.

AWARD—SHORT STORY

By Efreml Perlis, 16

Central H. S.
Detroit, Mich.
Teacher, Esther Nau

Something besides a butcher, he thought. Anything but a . . . a butcher. What good is a butcher?

But it was no use. His grandfather was a butcher, his father was a butcher and he would be a butcher. He had a quick mind, and agile hands. He learned very quickly. His father watched admiringly as the boy handled the meat cleaver. "Yes sir," he nodded his aging head, "you'll be an okay butcher. Yes sir."

School, college, a surgeon? They were all gone. The boy was a butcher.

He was seventeen when he got his first job. So young. And such a smart boy. But his sister . . . and prices so high . . . his father grows old . . . it is a shame, but . . . aah! What can we do?

So he worked as a butcher. A good

one, too. Those hands, so strong! Look how quickly he slices. . . . He will be a fine butcher.

But he didn't like it.

A butcher!

And, besides, the work was so dull . . . aaah! The breaks have gone against him.

Time passed, and slowly he learned the tricks that butchers have. He automatically added a bit of fat to the cuts, and learned to make the scales rise higher than was accurate.

Every morning the alarm clock beside his bed woke him at six-thirty, and he left for the butcher shop.

He would open the shop, and check to see that the meat disposal company had carried away yesterday's waste. Then he would spread sawdust on the cement floor, and start cutting meat for that day's sale.

Day in and day out.

He earned good money for a boy so young, and every Friday he would take his pay home, and give it to his father. His sister had her appendix out. The operation cost much money; too much. And she still needed expensive medicine, and times were still bad. The boy resigned himself to working.

One day his father came to the market to see how the boy was getting along.

"He is doing fine," the boy's boss told the old man. "A natural butcher."

The boy's father nodded, and went to the room where his son was chopping meat, and stood watching the boy for a moment. The boy sliced the meat, automatically, in rapid strokes.

"You are doing fine," the man said.

The boy looked up. "Hello, Papa. What are you doing here?"

"I just came to see how you are getting on."

"Oh," the boy resumed his cutting of meat.

"Your boss says you're pretty good, and you are. Pretty soon you'll be a first-class butcher."

"Thanks," the boy said, without looking up from the meat.

"Yes sir. I am only a fair butcher, and so was my father, but you—you'll be the best butcher in town!"

High praise, coming from his father, but the boy only mumbled, "Yeah," and his shoulders sagged, and he let the meat cleaver fall on the block. Until now he had thought of butchery as a part-time job, something to earn a little money for the family while times were bad; but now he realized that his father intended it to be his life's work.

"The best butcher in town . . . ?" the boy asked weakly.

His father didn't notice the strain in the boy's voice.

"Yes sir! The best butcher in town!"

After his father was gone, the boy was hazy for a while. "A butcher . . . a butcher . . . a butcher . . ." he mumbled, and he dug the meat cleaver into the meat, in a sawing motion that ripped off some of the dead animal's flesh. "I'll be the best butcher in town . . . and what does it matter! Aah!" He shoved the meat away, and disgustedly took off his apron and threw it on the chopping block, and strode out of the room. "What does chopping meat matter?"

But he soon went back to work.

Days and weeks passed; he went on chopping meat—expertly holding the meat in position, slamming the cleaver down in just the right place. Aah! Uhm! Aah! Sweat poured over his body, streaking his clothes and his apron. Uh! Ugh! Ooof! Days and weeks passed; he chopped meat.

"I'll be leaving for lunch, now," he said to his boss one day, as usual, and started to open the door, but stopped as he saw his mother coming towards the store. She had brought him lunch, wrapped in a brown paper bag.

He opened the bag and took out a sandwich, covered with a napkin, and a banana. "Thanks, Ma, but you shouldn't have bothered," he said, embarrassed.

"For my son it is no bother."

They went to the back of the room, and she sat in a chair placed in the corner, and glanced around the meat market.

"This is the first time I have seen the place where you work."

"Yeah." He munched on the sandwich.

"Do you like being a butcher?" She asked.

"Uh . . . sure, Mama."

"Your papa gets old. . . ."

Puzzled, he waved the sandwich jerkily up and down, without realizing he was waving it.

" . . . you wanted to be a doctor," his mother continued.

Efrem Paris is a Scholastic Awards "alumnus." Last year, he won both an Award and a Commendation in short story. He seems to get his ideas for stories by "wondering why." He says of "The Meat Cleaver," for instance, that "I wrote the story after passing a meat market several times and noticing that every time I saw the butcher he was doing his job with a look of distaste. I wondered why—and then realized that this was a good basis for a story."



"Well, yeah. Sort of. It really doesn't matter."

She sighed and looked away. "I wanted so much for my children to have what they want. I'm sorry . . ."

"I don't mind being a butcher, Mama. Honest I don't."

"Your papa and I, we would have liked for you to have better. But Stella . . . she is so sick. And your papa cannot earn as much as he once could. . . ."

Every day from then on, she brought him lunch, wrapped in a paper bag. When he tried to tell her that she needn't bother, that he didn't mind going without lunch, she answered, "It is little enough to do for my son." She said the "my" proudly. His father was growing very old—it was up to the boy to earn more and more of the family's income. But his mother appreciated what he was doing. She knew what he was going through, and he worked harder than ever, learning all he could of the trade; and his boss raised his pay and let him do some actual selling.

"Now the thing to remember," the boss explained, "is to get as much as you can for the meat."

The boy (who was fast becoming a man) nodded.

"You gotta always get the extra penny, because the extra pennies build up."

"Um-humm."

"Now hold the meat like so, so you don't show the fat . . ."

And the boy became a salesman.

The customers were women. Tall, thin, short, fat, young, old, women. He argued with them for the big penny. He held the live chicken up. "This is the finest chicken you can buy! You save money if you dress it yourself, you know that, and this"—he motioned to the jerking bird—"is the finest type chicken that your money can buy."

"But so expensive."

"No! Cheap, cheap. Seed to feed these birds costs . . . and this is the tenderest. . . ."

He argued with them in the small meat market, always striving for the extra penny.

Pages were ripped from the calendar on the meat market wall. At last he thought he was ready to buy his own butcher shop. He had enough money. He talked it over with his father. Maybe too young? Only twenty-two. Only yesterday, it seems, a boy. But he would try.

It was an adventure. He and his father checked locations and prices, and at last made their choice. The store was small and dirty, but the best they could afford. The boy, who was then a butcher, bought the equipment, supervised its installation, and entered into the whole project with a zest that he



Place in show, Photography, Community Life, Gp. II, by Phyllis Tannenbaum, Glenville H. S., Cleveland, O. First exhibited regionally at Halle Bros.

had forgotten. Whether the store would be a success or not was entirely up to him. His father was aged, and could not help him.

The store finally opened for business, and for a while making the store pay was a struggle, a struggle with a purpose, and it was exciting work; a challenge; at least until the store was making money.

But after the store was paying, the adventure started to fade. The challenge was gone. He was just a butcher again.

His father died soon after that.

After the funeral, the butcher walked aimlessly, and found himself in front of his store. He looked in the window at its small and dirty interior and thought of the work he had put into it. So much work that he had had time for little else. He thought of his father, who had been a butcher all his life. What had his father accomplished?

He looked at his own reflection in the glass, and held his hands under his belly. Starting to put on weight. He stroked his cheek, and watched the

flesh quiver. I'm getting fat, he thought.

He opened the door and went inside. Might as well get some work done, now that I'm here. He took off his jacket and his scarf and threw them on the counter. He rolled up his sleeves as he walked to the storage room. He took a pig from a rack and placed it on the chopping block. He started to get his apron, but stopped. Too much trouble. He picked up the cleaver and began chopping the pig. And now, the old man's dead. Up to me to support mother and Stella. OOmph! Oh, well—(as he chopped meat). And he spent the rest of the day working in his store.

Each day he worked in his store, chopping meat, selling meat.

"That's a lot for bacon," the woman said.

"Prices are up everywhere. This bacon is Grade A. The positive finest," he answered.

"Prices are so high."

"Yes, yes. What can I do? This bacon, now . . ."

Selling meat in his small store.

Time, it flew so quickly. The fat

began to pile on him, for he had no exercise besides chopping meat, and he found more time to eat his meals, and also to eat between them. He stopped combing his hair, for what did it matter? He wore his clothes longer, until finally they stank of meat, and were splattered with grease. Who cared how he looked?

"Why didn't I have the money I have now when I was young?" he sighed. "But now . . . it is too late to be anything but a butcher."

And he worked minute by minute, day by day, week by week, year by year in his store.

A butcher! What does a butcher matter? What use is a butcher? And the same routine, day after day bored him unbearably.

Maybe a new store? He had money, and his present store oppressed him. He remembered how happy he had been when he was trying to make this store a success. Yes, a new store; that was it.

He bought the store, and it was a wonderful one. A triumph of modernism and cleanliness. Tile covered the walls. The meat was kept in a separate freezing room. The floor was clean and gray. His name was on both large plate glass windows, in red and green neon lights. There was a modern display counter of white enamel, and a mirror which ran the length of the shop.

But, somehow, he didn't find any thrill from having the new store; it was just the same routine in a different setting.

The customers were also the same; always haggling for the extra penny, always saying that the prices were too high.

He became very fat, and also unwashed and ungroomed. For what did it matter how he looked?

His daily actions, after years of repetition, carved into his mind, until they were more of a habit than a routine.

No chance, now, to learn another job.

The brain cell which once held the yearning to be a surgeon was covered by layer after layer of fat.

He argues and cajoles to get the most he can for his meats, but it is mostly automatic now. In fact, sometimes he daydreams and haggles at the same time.

All he remembers is that he must get the extra penny; he cares for nothing else.

He has taken an apartment near the market, so he can do some work whenever he has nothing else to do.

His mother has died; his sister has married, and moved from the city.

There is nothing left but meat.



Entry in Charcoal, Gp. III, by Joan Kessell, Parkersburg (W. Va.) High School. First shown at The Diamond.

BIG SIS

AWARD—ESSAY

By David Bender, 17

Mt. Lebanon H. S.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Teacher, Virginia Elliott

LOREEN would come home about five-thirty and drop into the nearest chair, stretching her legs out, exhausted. But she never stayed there long. She would get up, throw off her black coat and scurry upstairs. In a few moments she had stripped off her working clothes, wrapped herself in her Chinese housecoat and was flying down again announcing, "I'm famished!"

She'd help Mother put the food on the table. When we'd sit down for dinner, it was Loreen who livened up the conversation with chat about how the boss got mixed up on the invoices or how nice the new ventilating system of the office was. Her speech was filled with familiar slang: "He didn't like it *too* much! Not *very*!" or "John! I don't know what to do—cookamacho!!" I'd smile or laugh, depending on my mood. It happened every day. But now she's gone to college and I miss having her at home. I miss a lot of things!

I remember when we were kids; we used to pal around a lot together. Even back when we lived in Reading, Pennsylvania, when Loreen was nine and I was seven, the two of us would go down to Baer Park together. After tiring our legs on the swings and collecting sand in our shoes as we built sand castles, we'd go over to the field house for checkers.

We'd play game after game tirelessly, and game after game it seemed I'd lose. After the eighth, I'd burst into tears. Then Loreen would say, "Let's play one more game!" I'd dry my eyes on my already dirty T-shirt and we would set up the checkers to begin again.

Nearly always, this was the game I would win. But I know I never really won. Loreen's sighs when she missed a double jump were never quite loud enough, and she was never too truly depressed when she'd lose a king. But even though I knew she'd really won, I'd go around and brag that I had beaten my sister in a game of checkers, and she'd smile but never say a word about all the preceding games she'd won.

Many times my parents would go out in the evening, putting their three children to bed before they left. When they had gone and the house was dark and quiet, I'd sneak out of my bed, wrap my woolen bathrobe around me and creep down from my third floor bedroom. But I could never scare my two sisters when, yelling, I'd jump into their room, because they'd always have heard the steps creak as I came down.

Lois, my older and bossier sister, would try to make me go back to my room, but Loreen would tell me to come up to her part of the double decker

bed. Kicking off my slippers, I'd crawl up the ladder to the upper deck and lie on the taffeta-covered down comfort. I'd stick my feet in the air and try to keep them warm by massaging them, while she'd tell me spooky stories of goblins and ghosts and dead people, realistically screaming and whispering out the stories. I'd picture witches flying across the moon and skeletons lurking behind every tombstone in the old cemetery near our house. Most times I'd be too scared to go back to bed after those thrilling tales and so I'd go to the other end of the bed, and we'd put our cold feet against each other's, trying to see who could make the other's legs bend first.

Sometimes we'd play hide-and-go-seek, but that was tiring because there weren't many good hiding places on the second floor.

It was the same way when we were older. We went many places together; I was proud of her. Even when we both were in high school, she a senior and I a sophomore, and I'd see her coming down the hall, I was proud of her. She'd make the rest of the girls wait for her while she stopped and talked to me as if I were important, and after she'd leave, the guys would say, "Gee, who's that?" or "Is that your sister?" I was plenty glad to tell them it was.

I liked to go out with her; we often used to go downtown. She'd link her arm in mine and act as if she were my date. And I liked to go walking around the streets that way because I could feel everybody's eyes on us as we went

David Bender is the author of the 1952 Award-winning short story which some of you have read this year in "Cavalcade Firsts." This spring it is his essay, "Big Sis," which wins the honors.

Dave's senior year at Mt. Lebanon H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa., has been a busy one. He's edited the school magazine, served as announcer on the school P. A. system, and appeared as a musicale soloist. After attending college, he hopes either to work in advertising or to write.



Award, Costume Design, Group I, by Evelyn Carelock, Francis Jr. H. S., Washington, D. C. Shown at Jelleff's.

by, and now and then I'd hear a low whistle behind us.

I'd always be sure I was buying the right sweater or shirt when she was around, and she always asked me if I liked these shoes or if this skirt fitted right. Sometimes she'd joke around with the clerk, which made going with her a lot more fun. I remember she once told the clerk in the men's department at Horne's that we had just come through from California. He said he used to live there, too. For nearly half an hour we talked about things in Hollywood and "L.A." before he finally realized we had never been in California at all. I had fun going with her.

Loreen always had energy; she never seemed to settle down. It was either a triple-trio singing engagement, a banquet stunt rehearsal, going out with the gang, or a date. Nearly every evening she went out. And when she came home she'd come upstairs and call for me from her room. Sometimes I'd be in bed, but I'd get up and go over. She'd be sitting on her bed in a slip holding a plastic glass between her knees. She'd be putting up her hair—wrapping a few hairs around her finger, pushing the

curl against her head, and jabbing a bobby-pin over it. I'd jump on the bed and lie on my back, staring half-asleep at the green ceiling. Then she'd tell me what she had done that evening—how she'd gone down to the *Rec*, "and Jack was there. . . . And guess what? He asked me out! Cookamacho! I never expected that!" Or how she was having trouble with Bobby. It didn't matter much. I'd listen till she got through, then I'd add a few words of advice from a boy's point of view or I'd ask questions. If she still hadn't finished with her hair, I'd tell her what I'd done that evening, or we'd discuss some "parent" problems.

You see? I miss it. I miss her talking and her bustling around the house. It's really half empty now that she's gone. But she writes, which helps, that she's having a terrific time in college and that she's in a trio or something, and she likes this guy, but the other's cuter—same old stuff. And when I stare at her college photo, her auburn hair fluffy around her face, her round cheeks with deep dimples in them, and her brown eyes looking away half melancholy, I miss her more.

Morning...

Noon...



...and Night

(Music: theme up and under)

ANNOUNCER: The Kenney family who live at 313 ——— St. have finally settled down into the familiar routine of daily home life. Mary G, away at college, has written that all is well. Everyone is pretty much in the groove at school as well as at home. Mom and Dad are looking forward to a quiet week end, this Friday night, as they sit with the five children in the living room. Michael and Jerry are playing checkers; Muriel is absorbed in the first issue of *Art in the Home*; and the youngest, Sally Sue, is contentedly playing with Bootsey, the cat, and Bootsey's newest litter of kittens. It promises to be a dull evening for the family. But you never can tell . . . morning . . . noon . . . and night!

DAD: Sort of quiet around here tonight, Margaret.

MOM: Mmmmmmm. Nice this way for a change.

(Sound: phone ringing)

MURIEL: I'll get the phone, Dad. Marleen said she'd call me. (Ten second pause) Hello . . . Kenney residence. Oh, hi, Marleen. I hoped it was you. What? . . . Just a minute, I'll close the living-room door.

(Sound: door closing)

MURIEL: Hello, Marleen. I can talk now.

MARLEEN (over telephone): I asked my mother if she'd let me redecorate our living room. She said no. Have you asked yet?

MURIEL: No, but I'm going to. I'm gonna ask if I can do my own room over first.

MARLEEN: Well, I couldn't. My room was just done over for my big sister, last month. Painted and everything.

MURIEL: That's tough luck. Then you won't be doing that manual experiment for extra credit in art.

MARLEEN: No, I guess not.

MURIEL: Maybe we can ask Mr. Tremayne on Monday if you can help on mine. And, ohhh, I've just been read-

ing an article called "Your Home Must Be Modern." It says that black is the ideal basic color for any home.

MARLEEN: You know Professor Tremayne told Betty that he thought people who didn't love modern art were resisting progress. . . .

(Sound: door opening)

DAD: Muriel, are you still on that phone?

MURIEL: I'll be off in a minute, Dad. I was talking to my father, Marleen. I have to hang up now. He's waiting to use it and you know how impatient men get . . . good-bye!

DAD: Impatient, eh? How long do you think you've been talking, young lady?

MURIEL: Uhh . . . Dad, would you and Mom mind very much if I fixed my room up?

DAD: As long as you don't burn it down. What do you want to do, sweetheart?

MURIEL: Oh, just monkey around with some new drapes and paint.

MOM: New drapes will cost money, Muriel.

MURIEL: I'm making them myself. I stopped in at the department store after school and bought some material with my allowance.

MOM: All right, dear, I'm glad to see you take an interest in your room for a change. If I can help, just ask me.

MURIEL: I'd like to have the black paint from the garage, and all our

AWARD—RADIO DRAMA

By Patricia Dei, 16

St. Joseph H.S.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Teacher, Sister M. Rosalie

Key in Regional, Black Ink, Gp. II, by Katherine Cee, Madeira H.S., Greenway, Va. Shown, Jelleff's, Wash., D.C.

empty tin cans, and may I please have the key to the attic?

MOM: Of course, dear, but whatever are you going to do?

DAD: Leave her alone, Margaret; she has to live in it, not us.

MURIEL: Thanks, Dad, you're a dear.

(Music: light, gay bridge)

ANNOUNCER: Well, who said it would be a dull week end! It's Saturday morning now at the Kenney home. A very busy morning. We find Muriel working at redecorating the old homestead, with the enlisted efforts of Sally Sue and Jerry.

MURIEL: Jerry, help me move my bed over to the wall opposite the window.

JERRY: O.K., Muriel. Push. Harder. Uhhh.

(Sound: bed scraping across the floor)

MURIEL: Whew! Okay, that's all for now, twerps. Take my rug with you, please.

JERRY: Okay, Muriel.

SALLY SUE: Are you going to paint your room all black, Muriel?

MURIEL: No, sill. Just the floor and the wall with the window.

SALLY SUE: What color are the other walls going to be?

MURIEL: The two side ones are going to be gray and the one opposite the window white. The frames are going to be white, too.

SALLY SUE: When's Marleen coming over to help?

MURIEL: You're a little question box. Pretty soon. She's hemming my drapes.

SALLY SUE: What color are they?

MURIEL: Red with black designs.

(Sound: knocking on the door)

MARLEEN (through door): It's me, Marleen. Open up.

MURIEL: Just a minute.

(Sound: door opening and closing)

MARLEEN: I got the drapes finished. Oh, hi, Sally Sue.

SALLY SUE: Hi, Marleen. Gee . . . it looks like snakes all over the drapes. They're awful creepy.

MARLEEN: Are you going to stay and help?

MURIEL: No, she's just leaving. Aren't you, Sally Sue?

SALLY SUE: Not that I know of.

MURIEL: Sally Sue, I think I hear mother calling you. Don't you hear her, Marleen?

MARLEEN: No, I don't . . . ohhh . . . yes, I do believe I hear her. NOW!

SALLY SUE: S'funny. I don't hear a thing.

MURIEL: You'd better find out what she wants.

SALLY SUE: Okay.

MURIEL: Quick, close the door and turn the key. She'll be back in two seconds.

(Sound: door closing)

MARLEEN: Gee, I like that little bit of wall black like that. Got another brush? I'll help you paint.

MURIEL: Over there on the floor by the window. You know, I found some of the most interesting things in our attic. A lady with no arms or head and some wonderful picture frames with old pictures in them. I painted the lady black; she's about three feet tall. They're down in the living room drying off.

MARLEEN: I brought the water color I did of Prof. Tremayne with me, too. I left it downstairs. We can get it afterwards. My mother says it reminds her too much of Mrs. Piney. She wouldn't let me keep it in the house.

MURIEL: Maybe we can hang it in the living room.

MARLEEN: Maybe.

(Music: light, brief transition)

ANNOUNCER: Well, that's how things are going in the Kenney home upstairs. Let's go down for a while and watch the progress there.

MICHAEL: Hey, Mom, where did you put the vacuum cleaner?

MOM (off mike): It's in the living room, Michael.

MICHAEL: Atwk! IT'S AUNT AGATHA! SHE'S COME TO HAUNT US!

MOM: Whatever's the matter?

SALLY SUE: What happened, Mommy?

MICHAEL: It's Aunt Agatha!

MOM: Why! OHHH, it's only a painting.

MICHAEL: Why! Yipe! I never knew anybody would want to paint anything that gruesome.

MURIEL (off mike from upstairs): What's going on down there?

MOM: Did you leave a painting down here, Muriel?

MURIEL: Yes, Marleen's water color of Prof. Tremayne.

MOM: It's just scared Michael out of his wits. Come down and get it out of the hallway this minute.

MURIEL: All right, Mom.

JERRY: Hey, Mom, Dad says where did Michael go with that vacuum cleaner for the car. He wants to use it today. Ulp! Aunt Agatha!

MOM: No, it's just a painting. (Calling) Muriel!

MURIEL (still off mike): Coming.

JERRY: Where's that vacuum?

MOM: In the living room, Jerry.

JERRY: I'll get it. (Fade off) Where in the world could . . . (bursting on mike abruptly) Hey, Mom, there's some naked woman in our living room.

MOM: Another masterpiece of Muriel's, I suppose. Where, Jerry?

JERRY: Right there.

MOM: It's only a statue. Oh, no, that's the one my mother gave me for a wedding gift and I've been trying to get rid of since. Pick it up and put it somewhere where nobody will see it.

JERRY: Okay, Mom. Yipe, it's wet!

SALLY SUE: Look at Jerry! He's all black. You look like Black Sambo.



Leisser Award, Environment, Gp. III, by Sharon Lee Wells, Amundsen H.S., Chicago, Ill. Shown first at The Fair.

MOM: Oh, dear.

JERRY: Uggh! Muriel must have repainted it!

MOM: Leave it alone. Michael, take that vacuum out to your father, before he comes in here and sees that statue. He thought I gave it way ten years ago. Hurry up.

MICHAEL: Okay, Mom.

MOM: Jerry, go on down in the cellar and get some turpentine and clean yourself off. Muriel! Muriel!

MURIEL: Yes, mother. I moved the painting.

MOM: All right, dear. I put all those tin cans you wanted out in the kitchen by the door. Please get them soon!

MURIEL: Thanks a lot, Mom. How did you like Marleen's painting?

MOM: Well, uh . . . it's quite reactionary.

MURIEL: All modern art is. Mother, don't you feel a need for an outlet? An outpouring of soul?

MOM (*incredulously*): Me?

MURIEL: Yes, your life is so humdrum. My, even this house! Look around. Not one iota of modernism. Just plain old house. Wouldn't you just love to have a home of romance? Where you could really LIVE?

MOM: This house has plenty of life for me . . . and romance.

MURIEL: Wouldn't you just love to have a home like a big sweep of dreams? A cloud that could take you anywhere you'd like to go. A ticket at home to all the wonderful dreams . . . and lands . . . and adventure.

MOM: We could always buy a trailer if you wanted to travel.

MURIEL: No, mother, not like that. Imaginary travel . . . through realms yet unknown . . . to places yet unseen.

MOM: Oh, how would we do that? Buy a rocket ship and tour Jupiter?

MURIEL: No, just appreciate modern art. Make your home modern!

MOM: Oh, I see.

MURIEL: For instance, move out all this unnecessary furniture, paint the walls black, and let yourself go! Free

Drama Awards

RONALD C. NEUBERT, Denby H.S., Detroit, Mich. Teacher, Jackson L. Rosecrance.

SUE McCLUSKEY, Helena (Mont.) H.S. Teacher, Doris Marshall.

PATRICIA DEI, St. Joseph H.S., Pittsburgh, Pa. Teacher, Sister M. Rosalie, S. C.

ANN DE LAVAL, Mt. Lebanon H.S., Pittsburgh, Pa. Teacher, Nelson Mills.

JAMES KALISH, Cleveland Heights (Ohio) H.S. Teacher: Zora Rashkis.

HONORABLE MENTION

Thomas J. Walsh, Gonzaga H.S., Washington, D. C. Teacher, John Berte, S.J.

Barbara Leiman, Port Richmond, H.S., Staten Island, N. Y. Teacher, Anna M. Meine.

Barbara Coop, Burlingame (Calif.) H.S. Teacher, Fern Harvey.

Robyn Linton Co'ner, Wilmington (Ohio) H.S. Teacher, Esther L. H. Williams.

Carol Luse, Redford H. S., Detroit, Mich. Teacher, Donna Dilsworth.

F. David Turchik, Fairfield (Conn.) College Preparatory School. Teacher, F. W. Blatchford, S.J.

Janice Kay Speight, Burlingame (Calif.) H. S. Teacher, Fern Harvey.

Myrna Lois Hage, Metropolitan Vocational H. S., New York, N. Y. Teacher, Jack A. Weiser.

David L. Mitchell, Bethlehem Central H. S., Demar, N. Y. Teacher, Gludys M. Skevington.

John Edward Anderson, Warren Central H. S., Indianapolis, Ind. Teacher, Lola L. Pence.

Joan Gancher, Central Catholic H. S., Reading, Pa. Teacher, Sister Rene, S.C.C.

to travel wherever your mind takes you.

MOM: No kidding, Muriel. With you five children along?

MURIEL: Mother, you're so practical. You just don't understand me. I'm going up and help Marleen again.

MOM: Well, maybe I'm missing something at that. Art seems so . . . so . . .

SALLY SUE (*bursting in breathlessly*): Mommy! You should see Muriel's room. The one wall is black and the other one's gray. And there's white streaks all through the black wall. They put 'em there on purpose Marleen said.

MOM: Well, we don't have to sleep there, Sally Sue; only Muriel does. Where did you leave Bootsey?

SALLY SUE: I must have left her upstairs. I'll call her. (*Off mike*) Bootsey! Bootsey!! Come here, Bootsey. (*Fade on*) Mommy! Bootsey turned colors. She's mostly black.

MOM: Oh, dear. Here we go again. Jerry (*calling*) Jerry! Bring up some turpentine. Bootsey got into the black paint, too.

JERRY (*off mike from depth*): There's none left. I used it all.

MOM: And Muriel thinks *my* life is humdrum! Sally Sue! Are you letting that cat roam around with all that

paint on her? She'll be dripping it all over the place.

SALLY SUE: She's not dripping. Just making footprints, that's all.

MURIEL: Mom, what's the matter?

MOM: Bootsey must have gotten into the paint upstairs and she is now a sticky black cat!! AND she's tracking it all over my house, young lady.

MURIEL: Yes, look, Mom; isn't it a unique design she's making though?

MOM: You will be unique, too, if your father finds those footprints there. You'd better get them cleaned away before he finds them.

MURIEL: Gee whiz, Mother, (*Fade off*) it's Sally Sue's cat, not mine.

MOM: One more mishap with modern art and I'll scream. Sally Sue, where did you take that cat?

DAD: Margaret! Humm. Living room's empty. She must be resting. Say what's this? Must be something new . . . wait a minute . . . that thing is familiar. Ohhh, no! It's that gruesome statue Margaret's mother gave us for a wedding present. Gee, Margaret must like it more than I thought. I'll surprise her and put it on the mantelpiece.

MOM (*off mike*): Dick, is that you in the living room?

DAD: Yes, dear. Come in. I have a surprise for you.

MOM (*fade on*): Oh, what is it?

DAD: Look . . . on the mantelpiece.

MOM: Wh . . . what . . . ohhhhhh.

DAD: Margaret, what happened? Are you all right? Michael, Muriel, get some water. Your mother's fainted!

(*Music: transition*)

ANNOUNCER: Well, it's later now as we return to the Keeney home. Mother is feeling much better with the removal of the statue from the living room and everyone is in bed. The house is very quiet and still. . . .

(*Sound: knocking lightly on door, snoring in background*)

DAD: Annk . . . Huh! Who's there?

MURIEL (*whispers off mike*): It's me, Dad. Muriel. May I come in?

DAD: Yes, what do you want at this hour?

MOM: Are you sick, dear?

MURIEL: No, I'm all right. It's just that . . . I'm scared. Those white streaks we painted on my black wall keep chasing each other around and I can't sleep. May I sleep on the day-bed in here?

MOM: Of course, dear. Don't you like your "modern room"?

MURIEL: It's all right in the daytime, but at night . . . well. Maybe we could modernize the living room instead, huh, Mom? G'night.

MOM: Not a chance. Good night.

(*Music: Them up and under*)

Patricia Dei's "Morning, Noon, and Night" script is one of a series she has been writing for the weekly "Voice of Education" broadcasts in Pittsburgh, Pa. Though only a junior at the St. Joseph H. S. in Pittsburgh, Patricia has already written 39 scripts in this series in between her script-writing activities. Patricia finds time for her hobbies of watercolor painting, sketching, and writing poetry.





First Prize in Photographs of Pets, Gp. I, by Ronnie Edwards, Fair Haven H. S., Jennings, Mo.
First shown in the regional exhibit sponsored by Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis, Missouri.

THE warm June sun shines straight down, but the big wind-breakers shade the drive. The sun, unable to shine through the trees onto the drive, except in the late afternoon, leaves it cool. This coolness feels good on my hot, red skin. Through the trees, I catch glimpses of my friend's house as I come up to the back door.

School was over about two weeks ago for the summer. This gives us more time to see each other at our homes. I come over here often, because Bud's dog, Lady, has a batch of puppies. I love animals; I guess I just plain like anything that has to do with the out-of-doors. Right now, I don't exactly look the type, seeing as I'm still much thinner and shorter than my brothers. But then, I hope to be big and tall like them when I'm as old. Maybe even about six feet, three. I'm only eleven now.

"Buddy, hey Bud!" I shout. My

THAWNY

mom says I'll split a gasket yelling so loud.

"He's out in the barn, Bert," a woman's voice comes through the open window. I leave the cool shade of the driveway and hurry to the barn. As I enter, the odor of the many things hits me. The dry hay and ground grain smell as always, but the naturally strong odor of animals is even stronger now, with the heat collecting in the straw which covers the floor. I can't see in the dim light at first; I can only hear pig-like squeals and groans, mingling with laughter. As my eyes become accustomed to the dim light, I see Buddy rolling on a clean bed of straw, puppies wiggling all over him. Lady, the mother, just sits to the side surveying the situation in all her dignity and pride. Jeepers, but she is pretty!

"Hi," Buddy says when he stops rolling around long enough to notice me. His eyes shine with fun. He wrinkles up his nose at a pup that's reaching to lick his face. After we tussle, we sit back to

laugh. "Ya told your ma and pa yet," he chuckles, "or are ya jist going to kinda surprise 'em?"

"I guess so," I answer.

"Which one ya choosing?" he asks, looking at the six rolly puppies covered with fuzz-like hair.

"Well, I've been watching them grow and everything, and all along I've liked this one." I nod down at the little pup in my arms. She feels soft to my arms. Her little whiskers tickle my neck where she's buried her cold nose. "But she's a female, and I don't know." I pause in indecision.

Lady stands tall and graceful on good straight legs, covered with fine, white hair. She has strength, but looks dainty. Her sable hair is trimmed with a thick, white ruff around her neck and stands out smoothly from her body. Bud bought her through an ad in the paper; she came from a rich man whose hobby is raising purebred collies.

"Sheer foolishness," my dad had told me then. "Any old dog's as good as another, and that's good for nothing. Dogs are for sheep owners and no one else. They'd just be a nuisance around a cattle ranch like ours." He spoke of the ranch with pride. "A dog barks and

AWARD—SHORT STORY

By Lynne Nelson

Ogden (Utah) H. S.
Teacher, W. R. Thornley

scare cattle; so don't get any hankering for an expensive dog like that, son. Or any other kind, for that matter," he added as an afterthought.

Our ranch is about the biggest spread around here. We raise mostly Herefords, but have about ten good Jerseys for milk. We sell that to the store in town for the people there who haven't room to raise their own milk cows. Next to our house, which is large and of red brick, is a small pasture not much bigger than the corral. The saddle horses and old Bessy, the family milk cow, are kept there. The corral and feed corrals, sheds for saddles, silos, and a big barn are all located at the back of the house. The Jerseys stay in the lower pasture, down by the Blue Creek, until milking time.

After Bud helps me fix a bed for my new pup in the saddle shed, he leaves. As I enter the house I smell meat and cabbage cooking. "Soup's on," my sister sings out. Boy, what welcome words! I hurry to the kitchen, but she stops me before I enter: "You'd better be careful what you say, you know how Pop hates dogs. I sure feel sorry for you." At that she turns and leaves me to my thoughts.

FOR some reason my appetite seems to leave me. If he'd only let me bring her in where he could see her, he couldn't help but like her. She looks so cute, her pretty little white feet, black nose, and fuzzy hair. Then I wonder what she's doing at that moment. "Bert, ask the blessing," Dad interrupts my thoughts, not sounding a bit pleasant.

When I finish, everyone dives in as if he were starved. All my food stays in lumps in my throat. Usually at the dinner table the day's happenings and tomorrow's plans are discussed, but not tonight.

When my two older sisters and my mother start to clear the table, my father clears his throat. I don't look up, but I don't need to, I already know what he looks like. His brows are drawn together and his forehead is wrinkled.

My older brothers sit back in their chairs, some pushing back till the front legs of the chair come off the floor and the back rests against the wall, their long legs dangling. All have blond curly hair and blue eyes. I do too, but my hair is very unruly. I know they want to hear the explosion so they can tease me later. The bums! It comes with full impact.

"Son," my father says, "I have no use for dogs."

"But, why, dad?" I ask. "You've told me that, but never why."

"They're a nuisance. And don't be

asking me why," he adds, because he doesn't like to explain.

"Won't you give me a chance to prove otherwise?" I finally ask. At this, my brothers let out a roar that's supposed to be laughter. The saying goes, though, those who laugh last laugh best. "Anyway," I continue, "that doesn't mean all dogs are bad." My father looks at my brothers and then back at me.

"All right, son, I'll give you one year. If in that time you don't prove up, she goes"—he puts emphasis on the *don't* and *goes*—"and we hear no more about dogs. Understand, no more." At this my brothers laugh harder, but I keep repeating the saying, hoping that it's true. Even so it doesn't seem to help my pride any right now.

I climb out of bed the next morning and before I do any of my morning duties I go out to the shed. Sure enough, I hear the pup whining; I open the door and pick her up as she comes over to me. "There, there," I say, and she cuddles down with her nose buried in the crook of my arm.

For the rest of the summer I can play with her. This thought makes me happy. I put her down and I hear her start to whine again as I close the shed, but I can't stay any longer because somebody's calling me for breakfast.

During the summer, Bud and Lady, me and Thawny—the name I've decided on for her—spend as much time together as we can. Then when school is about to begin again I start Thawny's training. She is old enough now, I think. First she should learn to come when I call her and not just when she wants to. . . .

So I call her, now while she's playing with me, but for some reason her tail interests her more. I tempt her with a tid-bit, but she doesn't seem hungry. Since I can't wheedle her away from her play, I start to leave in despair; I hadn't thought there was anything to teaching a pup but I seem to have been mistaken.

"Ouch!" I look down and there is Thawny, hanging by her sharp puppy teeth from my pant legs; she's tall enough to grab above my boots. When I don't lean down to play, she lets loose and sits down to look at me. "O! you funny pup," I exclaim and bend down to pet her, but she scampers out of reach and sits down again. I start to leave again, and the same as before she comes to me. This time I've called her name at the same time. After many days of repeating this, finally I have her coming without having to pretend to leave.

So we practice every day before breakfast for fifteen minutes. She learns to respond to "sit," "down," "lie," "stay,"

and "heel." She is five months old and very gangly and quite big. I think she'll be bigger than her ma; when Bud brings Lady over, she stands as tall as Lady. After school one night, I decide to take her out with me to bring the cows in from the lower pasture. I wonder what she'll do. Will she obey my commands? I pray that she will.

"Come, Thawny," I call as I open the door of the shed where she sleeps. Instantly she comes and I give her a hug, but she squirms and wiggles out of my arms. Then she jumps all around me and barks with joy; she hasn't seen me since I went to school earlier that morning.

"Heel," I command with great authority and she settles down. Then puffed with pride at this obedience, I lead off toward the lower pasture. Thawny has seen cattle at a distance, but I have never let her near them before. As we leave the pasture she still walks quietly at my left side, and does so until the cows are out on the road and I'm hooking up the barbed wire gate.

"Woof, woof," she suddenly lets out, and all blazes breaks loose. Startled, I drop the gate and turn to see the cows heading in all directions. "Woof, woof," she continues. I see her chase a couple of cows down the road. They turn and go into a hay field where there is no fence. Oh dear, what damage will they do? Others run into fences and stop.

"Thawny, Thawny!" I shout, running after her, coming to my senses. She looks back and stops a minute. But, oh, no, this is too much fun and off she trots again. "Thawny!" It will take me an hour to get them collected together again. "Thawny, get over here," but now that she's had a few minutes of this fun she runs for home. I mutter after her, shaking my fist and kicking a rock. I wonder what Dad will say about this.

IT'S an hour later when I get home. I milk the cows and wash their cuts. Finding Thawny, I give her a good scolding, maybe more, I'm too mad to really know, then put her to bed.

"Come in—you're just in time to do the dishes," one of my older brothers greets me as I enter the house.

"Why, my goodness, are you going to a ball? Your hair looks spectacular with those burrs to hold it out of your eyes," continues another.

"And those clothes—the holes and dirt and such!" another adds, holding out the legs of his tight-fitting pants and waltzing around in mockery.

To hide my tears I go to my room. As I leave I hear my father say, "That's enough, boys," and their laughter quiets

Lynne Nelson, of Ogden (Utah) Senior H. S., speaking: "I have always had a great interest in animals, especially in dogs and horses. . . . I have studied them and taught myself to draw them. I paint textiles . . . enjoy music of all types and play the piano. I also enjoy sports—both watching and participating. My ambition is to become a registered nurse."



A creative writing course during the past year helped Lynne discover the fun of writing: "I didn't really like to write until I had been in the class for a couple of months and had done the assignments."

down. I sure am glad that he didn't get after me, though I can tell by the sound of his voice that he isn't pleased. He sticks to his words like glue to paper though, so I guess he won't say anything about her conduct till next spring but I'll bet he keeps track of everything she does like a book.

When I go out to feed the cattle from then on I always take Thawny. I keep her tied on a short rope and tie a rag about her nose. I don't want a repetition of the first time she saw the cows close up. I take her through all the big steps of bringing the cows to me, hoping that she may learn to bring them in that way. Sometimes when we circle about the large corral she leads me to a calf caught in the ditch—ditches become slippery in the winter and almost impossible for a calf to get out of. This makes me very happy. With the aid of the big work horses hitched to the wagon which I ride to bring in the hay, I can get the calf out. When I tell Pa, he acts as if he doesn't believe me, but I think he does.

"Well, Thawny, now that I've got the gate closed and the cows are all safely on the road headed for home, I'm going to let you loose, but I'm not going to take the rag off that long, noisy nose, though." I talk to her as I reach down to untie the rope about her neck. "Fetch the cows home, fetch!" I repeat the same command that I have been giving all winter.

She leads them down the road in the direction I have them headed, and then when she comes to where they're to go in, I stop her and drive them in so she will not lead them too far. She goes so fast I have to run, but she keeps them together and that's about all that's necessary. This is spring and the first time the cows have been pastured since winter, so bringing them in is really news. She could lead the cattle into the corral but I'm not yet sure what she would do. "Good girl," I call to

her with pride as she comes back to me. I shut the gate and after I put Thawny in the shed, I head for the house feeling as if I could jump the highest mountain.

I can smell home-baked bread as I enter and I realize how hungry I am. "All right," says the oldest brother, "we watched Thawny bring in the cows and we're willing to admit it looked pretty good. We really didn't think you could do it; in fact, we thought you were a little nuts," he adds. This pleases me very much, since he is sometimes hard to please; besides I envy his good build—over six feet and strong. Why this even makes up for all the jeering given me in the past year.

"You won't tell Pa, will ya?" I ask. "In a week I have to prove it to Pa, remember, so I sort of want it as a surprise. Anyway," I add, "this is only the first time she's done that; I don't know what she'll do tomorrow."

When the morning for the test arrives, the sky seems to be extra blue. And do I ever feel good. "Come Thawny, come, heel," I call to her as I open the door to her shed. After her usual vigorous morning greeting of jumping on me and running in circles, she settles down and in perfect order we head for the lower pasture. She pushes her long nose under my left hand where she walks at heel. I pat the top of her head, scratch her ears, which, in collie fashion, stand half up and half forward. Then I curl my fingers in the long ruff about her neck that's become so pretty and white.

The trip out to the pasture that my dad has designated for the test seems much shorter than usual.

"Hurry, son," Dad calls to me. He has been up for hours, and he told me to meet him out here when I got up. "Now then, if you can prove to me that she is worth keeping, I'll let her stay. If not, you know the bargain; she goes, and we hear no more about dogs."

Bending down, I give Thawny a hug around her nicely shaped neck, and while I'm down I pray that she will do as Pa wants. I've grown to love her more and more after the whole year we've spent together; I don't know what I'd do without her.

"Okay," I say as I look around the pasture, which from the late spring rains is a carpet of rich green grasses. The air smells of grasses; and the dew, not yet vaporized by the warm morning sun, shines on the top of the many weed buds. The breeze feels cool coming across the field, but not cool enough to feel cold. "See those three cows on the other side, the ones standing by the aspen; I'll send her after them, but you can't expect perfection from one

that's as young as Thawny here still is.

"Fetch, Thawny, fetch," I command her. She looks around a minute, then I point in the direction of the cows on the other side of the pasture. "Fetch," and she runs straight and swiftly toward the cows. They see her coming and start to move uneasily. These cows might make it hard for her, because they aren't used to dogs, I think to myself. Outwardly I try to act as though there isn't a thing to worry about. But inside things feel all out of place and my fingers are cold and sweaty, even though the sun shines right on me.

First, I watch Thawny, who runs with ease and beauty. As she nears the cows, she slows down and goes carefully and without noise to their heads. One comes toward her, head down, but she lightly side-steps and the cow misses her. Then she trots in a large circle around them, finally coming in slowly toward them. They start off and she follows, but they seem determined to make it hard for her; they turn and go in all directions. Since she can't use swift and noisy motions nor bite their heels as she can with sheep, she circles out and comes to the side of one of them, keeping the same pace as the cow, and slowly crowds her into making a turn.

Feeling proud, I turn to Dad, to see if he might be impressed. He gives no word or outward sign, but he doesn't seem to be displeased either. Thank goodness for that. In ten minutes she brings the cows up to us, and I feel so relieved and happy, I think I could sit down and cry, if it weren't for Dad's being there.

"Well, son," he says, and comes over to put his hand on my shoulder. "I didn't think anyone could teach a dog to do that, let alone my own boy, only twelve years old. She can stay now for as long as she lives, if you want." He leans down, and I see him for the first time actually give Thawny a pat on her head. He looks at her a minute then adds, "I might even consider having a few more four-legged hands around here, if you will teach them." Thawny wags her bushy tail in friendliness.

"Gosh," is all I can seem to think of to say, as I answer Dad. I call Thawny, but she doesn't come. Then I catch a glimpse of her.

"Woof, woof," she barks as she bounds off chasing the cows in all directions. I look at my pop in horror, but to my surprise he is laughing. "Let her go, son," he says with a twinkle in his grey-blue eyes. "Let her go," and we both put our heads back and hold our sides in laughter.

"Woof, woof."

HONORABLE MENTION SHORT STORY

By Patsy Steiger, 16

Westfield (N. J.) Senior H. S.
Teacher, Gertrude F. Foutz

THE CHEAT

AT LAST the long awaited Thanksgiving dance was in full swing, and as Bill deftly guided Laura over the dance floor, she couldn't help thinking how lucky she was to be Bill's girl. No one else could make her so happy just by being with her. As the music stopped Laura was carried out of her reverie, and hand in hand she and Bill walked over to a group of their friends who were talking near the band stand. Laura saw Marge in the crowd and as they neared the group, Marge called out to her. "Hi, we were just talking about the Fullbright contest. Have you got your story ready for it?"

Bill heaved a sigh and answered, without giving Laura a chance, "When do you think Laura would have time to write a short story? I haven't seen her all week because of those blasted cheerleading practices, and last night was Writer's Club; the night before, 'Y' Teens."

Marge grinned sympathetically, "Well, anyway, Laura, you will have to go some to beat Sally Snyder's story. It is really marvelous. She has worked like a dog on it and it is simply terrific. But then, if I know you, you'll wait till the last minute and turn out one twice as good. Have you started yet?"

"No—" Laura felt a sudden sinking in her stomach. "Bill's right. I haven't had time to think for the last week."

"The contest closes a week from Wednesday," Marge continued, "but Miss Andrews has set our deadline on Friday. Wish you luck! . . ."

The music had started and as Marge and her date danced off, Bill turned to Laura, and thoughts of the Fullbright contest vanished from her mind.

The next few days passed quickly for Laura, and suddenly she realized she would never have time to write a story that would be suitable to send to the Fullbright contest. Laura racked her brain for a plot but nothing that came to her mind seemed good enough. She looked through newspapers and magazines for ideas, and then suddenly it came to her. Why not submit an obscure story from one of the books on the library shelves? Nothing could be simpler. Just change the wording where the writing seemed more adult than she would write, change the title, copy it—and how could she lose?

The Tuesday before her story was to be turned in, Laura skipped Dramatic Club and went to the Public Library to find a story that she could use. She had decided not to tell anyone of her plan, for she knew that it was really a very unfair thing to do, but she felt there was no other way to turn in an adequate story in the short time she had. It didn't take long to find a story that would do the trick. She did just as she had planned, but her conscience bothered her even as she was typing it, and she wondered what Bill would do if he suspected her of such a trick.

Monday morning Miss Andrews called Laura into her room, and when she arrived she saw Sally standing beside Miss Andrews' desk. Miss Andrews was talking but stopped as Laura entered the room, and Laura wanted to turn around and run: had she been discovered? Then she realized that Miss Andrews was smiling and Sally was smiling too, a smile of disappointed resignation. Miss Andrews said, "Congratulations, Laura. Mr. Wilson and I have chosen your story to be sent to the contest."

Sudden relief engulfed Laura for a moment—they hadn't recognized the story! Just as suddenly her throat tightened and she couldn't swallow. For the first time she realized the immensity of what she had done. Sally started to leave. "Congratulations, Laura, I really hope your story wins."

Why was Sally so nice? Laura couldn't look at her as she muttered a vague "Thank you." As the door closed she would have given the world to be on the other side of it. But Miss Andrews was unaware of the conflict within Laura's confused mind and was explaining the difficulty she had had in making a decision between the two stories.

"I could never have decided alone, Laura; both stories were excellent. Both were well written and showed deep understanding and sensitivity. I think Sally's vocabulary was a little better on the whole, but your story seemed a little more mature. The thing which Mr. Wilson pointed out was that the appeal of your story is in the simplicity of style which you used. I think you have a winner."

Laura had a difficult time getting through the school day. She knew that what she had done was wrong, but she kept trying to forget it by concluding that it was *done, finished*, and that there was nothing she could do about it now.

She arrived home from school just before dinner time and after dinner excused herself from the table early, skipped her homework, and went to bed, hoping that tomorrow would be a brighter day and that she would feel better. But she couldn't sleep. It had been like being congratulated for robbing a bank when her friends had come up to her and expressed their pleasure at her success. Bill had been so happy and proud. What would he do—what would he say if he knew the truth? She remembered the time Bill's best friend had been caught smoking several times while he was co-captain of the football team. Bill, the other captain, was terribly disappointed to find that Johnny had broken training. Bill never seemed so close to Johnny after that. Bill had such high ideals. She simply could never tell him how deceitful she had been.

Then the image of Sally's sensitive face came to Laura. Sally had been so sincere, so sweet in her generous congratulations. Miss Andrews had said that Sally's story was practically as good as the one she had submitted. Sally might have won the contest. It would mean so much to the shy girl who always tried so hard to succeed.

Another ugly idea kept breaking in on her thoughts. Could a previously published story, no matter how obscure, possibly pass such an experienced board of judges? It didn't seem possible, yet

"Patsy" Steiger has no time for boredom! At Westfield (N. J.) Senior H. S., you might find her rehearsing a singing part in a play, functioning as vice-president at a meeting of the Forum Club, or as squad leader in a physical education class. As for her after-school life, Patsy's family has just bought a small farm, and "right now," she says, "we are deeply involved in cleaning the place up."



maybe . . . She made another vain effort to drift off into the precious land of dreams, but her thoughts persisted and finally she got out of bed and went downstairs to the friendly kitchen in search of a snack.

Laura usually found consolation in a glass of milk and a piece of her mother's devil's food cake, but they offered no consolation tonight. Even her devoted pup, Brownie, seemed aloof. She wished he would come over and beg for a treat tonight, but he had just looked up when she turned on the light—then gone back to sleep.

Suddenly Laura felt terribly alone and helpless. She tried to say that it was *done*, let "well enough" alone, but "well enough" would not let her alone! She finally realized that the only solution was to confess and pray for the best. It was the only way to live with herself. She felt better after reaching her decision and went back upstairs to bed, and finally drifted off into a rest-less sleep.

The next day dawned bright and crisp, a typical fall morning. Laura woke early, rose, dressed, and went down to breakfast. Brownie scampered over to her and gayly wagged his tail against her legs.

"Hey, Brownie, you're goin' to knock me over if you don't watch out!"

Laura felt wonderful. Bill *must* understand. She would make him understand. If it were necessary she would take Sally's story to New York herself to be sure it met the deadline. And what if Miss Andrews got mad at her? She deserved it, didn't she?

When Laura's mother came downstairs, Laura told everything to her, and Mrs. Jansen agreed that she must admit what she had done. Soon Bill would be coming for her in his famous red Chevy. She would tell him first. When she heard the familiar "Beep," she grabbed her coat, her books, took a deep breath, and ran out to the car.

. . . .

That day had been a day that Laura would never forget. But now, three weeks had passed and as Laura looked back on it, she fully appreciated how understanding the faculty had been about the whole affair. So had Bill and so had Sally.

Laura had withdrawn her story from the contest and submitted Sally's in person after a seemingly endless number of telephone calls between Miss Andrews and the Contest office. Explaining the whole affair to a grouchy old man with horned-rimmed glasses and a conspicuous lack of hair, Laura had given Sally's story to him. Mr. Pinnyweather was the only person who didn't seem at all sympathetic; he didn't

smile and he made her ill at ease. It was he who had pointed out that Laura should be punished and that she was getting off too easily. Laura felt that she didn't need his pointing this out, for she realized it already.

Laura sighed in memory and settled down to doing her chemistry assignment, losing herself in the complexities of ionization. Suddenly she heard the familiar "Beep." She jumped up and as she glanced out the window she saw Bill climb out of the car and run up the walk. She hurried to the door.

"Laura, have you seen tonight's paper? Look!"

Bill flipped to a full page devoted to the Fullbright contest. Laura scanned the winner's list, but found no one she recognized. Then her eyes lighted on the cause of Bill's excitement. The heading of the article was "Pinnyweather Lauds City High School" and Laura grabbed the paper and started to read.

"It may seem strange that I, as one of the judges of the Fullbright contest, have requested space to compliment a

school which has no finalist on the winner's list. It seems to me that since much space has been given in the past two or three years to incidents of bribery, collusion, and cheating in our high schools and colleges, it is only just to give space to the brighter side. The City High School faculty is to be complimented on the understanding manner in which it handled a case of plagiarism. The student who was responsible for submitting, as her own work, an obscure short story published in 1932 confessed her guilt so that the second place winner in City High School might have her story entered in the contest. Both this student and the faculty at City High deserve our respect for demonstrating that our educational system is still expecting and stimulating high moral standards."

Laura looked up at Bill through eyes bright with tears.

"That's it, Bill—they 'expected' me to be honest—you 'expected' me to be honest—Mother 'expected' me to be honest—and I almost let you all down."



Award, Crayon, Group I, by Ramon De la Cruz, Belvedere H. S., Los Angeles, Calif. First shown regionally at Bullocks.

The Peaks Call You

AWARD—ESSAY

By Christa Seeber, 16

Grosse Pointe (Mich.) Country Day
Teacher, Anna Margaret Atkinson

SKIING in the majestic mountains of my country is my passion. I love the snow-covered mountains, the high peaks and the ice breaking down their sides. When the sun shines over these ice fields, the snow blown up by the wind seems to dance. The sky is so blue and the mountains invite you to climb. The mountains look friendly and seem to sleep. You feel impelled to conquer them. You feel you must look down on the other side of the world or you'll never be happy again. In these mountains I like to ski.

In conquering a mountain, with all the difficulties to overcome, you can feel in one moment so much like a king, and again, like nothing. If you believe in God, there is no place you feel so near to Him as in the mountains. Did you ever feel so lonely and so happy at the same time? These are the mountains of my country.

Last winter my father and I went skiing together for one week in the mountains of Tyrol. We packed our "rucksack" and left Vienna. After a day's journey from Vienna we arrived in a little village high up in a lonely valley. We put our skis on our shoulders and started to mount. Around us was nothing but woods and sometimes tracks of a bird on the snow. We usually don't talk too much, because you can't breathe and talk and mount at the same time. It is in those silent hours when you walk and walk without stopping that you learn most about yourself. It is a wonderful sensation to walk for



Place in Water Colors, Gp. II, by Wayne Angel, Klamath Falls (Ore.) H. S.

hours without talking and to know all the time that the other person is thinking thoughts similar to yours. It is an experience that gives you a wonderful peace in your heart.

But not always do you find this peace in the mountains. When clouds suddenly cover up the sunny peaks and your surroundings start to look 'ghostly and strange, you feel fear and you long for another person to cling to. You vow you won't ever return to the mountains, but you cannot stay away. The mountains have the same power as the sea. If they once hold this power over you, they will never let you free.

These thoughts went through my mind as I was mounting up and up behind my father. Sometimes he turned around and gave me an encouraging smile as if to say, "Soon we will have made it, don't worry." The mountains can make you more yourself. Standing before the mountains you can't hide yourself; you can't lie. The mountains are majestic. The mountains are a steady force which will never change.

If all the people of the crowded cities would go out once in a while and try to conquer the mountains, they would be more themselves. Americans have a wonderful habit of driving up in a car, turning on the radio and saying, "I had a fine time." But going this way you do not learn to know the mountains as they really are. To me, mountains are a symbol of freedom, of peace and

of all the good ideas that were ever thought. They reach so high in the sky; they are not false. They remain undaunted while the people around them fight in bitterness. They are the eternal calm. If you ever experienced them you would always remember it, and perhaps if you just wanted to lead the right way of life, the mountains would remind you.

In the meantime we were climbing up higher and higher and we did not meet anyone; only a few birds flew by high up in the sky. It was past noon and we were still walking, but we did not think of having a rest. Then suddenly the peak seemed to be much nearer; we would be there soon.

On the highest tip of the peak of our mountains at home you will find a cross standing lonesome and waiting for somebody to pass by. That cross is held by cables and will not fall. It is a kind of protection from the highest point. If you ever stood there, you couldn't believe any longer that there is no God, because all the beauty around you just can't be made by itself. If you ever stood there and looked out, you just couldn't understand why there are ever fights or quarrels. The whole world seems created for love.

Then, with a pain in your heart you decide that you must go back. You put your skis on and slide down with the reflection of sunshine and snow in your eyes.

Christa Seeber is an American Field Service exchange student from Austria this year. Upon returning to Austria, Christa hopes either to become a journalist or to enter the foreign service of her country. Of her year in the U. S., Christa says: "I would like to express my gratitude to every single American who helped one more European to look with confidence for a brighter future."



CavalQUIZ • Test Yourself on This Issue of Literary Cavalcade

Reading Comprehension Quizzes • Topics for Composition and Discussion
Vocabulary Building • Evaluating Standards and Ideas • Literary Appreciation

NAME _____

CLASS _____ MAY, 1953

WE CHALLENGE YOU . . .

We know that you will enjoy the student writing presented in this issue. We hope that many of you will do more than enjoy it—that you will say, “Next year I’ll enter the Scholastic Writing Awards with something of my own.”

The stories, poems, and essays that appear in this issue can help to start you on your way. By seeing how other young writers put their ideas into written form, you can pick up many tips for your own use.

The “Cavalquiz” exercises which follow have a double purpose: to increase your enjoyment of this issue, and to offer suggestions that will help you in your own writing later on.

Mapping a Story

Suppose you had taken a trip West—and had come home with about 200 camera slides of places you had seen and people you had met. Suppose, too, that you were asked to show a dozen of these slides—not more—to a club or social group. The idea would be to give the group a definite impression of what your trip was like. Your problem would be to select the slides that would most vividly put that impression across.

The selection of 12 slides from 200 would require quite a bit of thought, wouldn’t it? You’d probably want to pick at least one slide that illustrated the beginning of the trip—showing who went along and where you started from. You’d then have to decide which of the places you visited were most important and striking, and include pictures of those places. Another picture might be a “must” because it suggested the amusing side of your experience; another, because it showed something that would have to be seen to be believed.

Getting Ready . . .

When you begin to write a short story, you’re faced with many of the same problems that you’d encounter if you were picking the ideal 12 slides for a showing!

Just as the slide-shower begins with the trip he’s taken, you begin with an idea—an experience you want to put into story form. You must then decide on the events, the characters, the descriptions, and explanations that will best “get this idea across” to the reader.

Efrem Perlis, author of “The Butcher” (p. 31), chose his “slides” so as to illustrate his story idea in terms of the

passage of time. We have one “snapshot” from the butcher’s youth—another from his young manhood, etc. By the time the story ends, the combined “snaps” add up to the complete story of his life.

Getting Set . . .

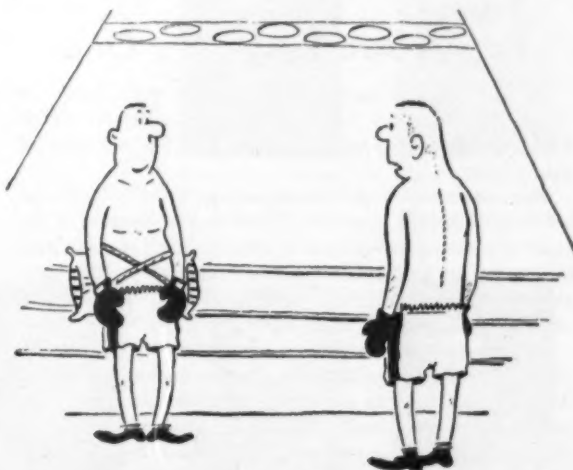
In each of the stories which appear in this issue, you can see the choices the writers made as they thought through the problem of what events and descriptions would best “bring home” the story idea they had in mind!

When Patsy Steiger wrote “The Cheat” (p. 42), she began with the idea of plagiarism. The theme of her story was to be centered around an actual case of plagiarism, and what the consequences were for the people involved. Then she set about selecting the incidents and descriptions which would transform this idea into a story.

A. In *Column A*, you will find a list of “pictures” which Patsy might have included. Some of them she *did* include; others she *did not* include. Circle the numbers of those she *did* use—write “X” opposite those which she *did not* use. (In the next question we’ll take care of the blanks.)

Column A

- 1. The color of Laura’s hair, her age, height, general appearance.
- 2. Laura and her friends talking together at a dance.
- 3. Laura at the public library; her decision to plagiarize.



Place in Show, Cartoon, Gp. II, by Richard Beckman, Redford H. S., Detroit, Mich. First shown, Crowley, Milner, Detroit.

- 4. Laura learning from Sally and Miss Andrews that her story is first—Sally's second.
- 5. A summary of Sally's story, with quotations.
- 6. Laura worrying about what she's done, fighting with her conscience.
- 7. Laura's parents' reactions to her plagiarism.
- 8. Three weeks later.
- 9. Exactly what Laura said to Bill when she explained what she had done.
- 10. Laura and Bill, a year later, agreeing that they will get married upon finishing high school.

B. Now compare *Column A* with *Column B* below. *Column B* lists some of the reasons which may have been in Patsy's mind when she selected the *Column A* scenes that she used. In the blank before each circled number in *Column A*, write the letter of the *Column B* reason which you think best applies.

Column B

- a. Letting the reader know that there are other people affected by Laura's action, thus underlining its seriousness.
- b. To give an idea of the social life at Laura's school.
- c. To introduce Laura, to inform the reader about the writing contest naturally and conversationally.
- d. To give the reader some insight into *why* Laura plagiarized the story.
- e. To "wind up" the plot by showing how the incidents recounted in the story finally "added up."
- f. To give the reader a chance to appreciate Laura's better nature, and to see the kind of suffering that results from having done something you know is wrong.

What Do You Think?

Do you have the two columns matched up? The next step is to evaluate the choices this writer made:

- 1. Did each *Column A* incident which Patsy Steiger included in her story serve a real purpose in helping us to understand Laura and the situation she was in? Is there any case in which it seems to you that *another* incident might have better served the purpose?
- 2. Did the events in this story add up to the strong statement against plagiarism that the author meant to convey? Or do you think Laura "got off" too easily?

Essays Are Easy—Try One

Do you ever find yourself put off by the word *essay*? Do you have a tendency to expect that any form of writing called an "essay" is somehow going to be less entertaining than a "story"?

The selection of award-winning essays in this issue should help you to change your mind if you've ever thought of the essay as a dull, colorless form of writing. You'll chuckle with the be-deviled trayboy ("American Trayboy," p. 13), learn about the amazing history of "Slangage" ("The Decline and Fall of the English Language," p. 8), etc.

As you read these selections, you'll discover for yourself the particular appeal of the essay. Here is the form of writing in which, more than in any other, the writer can speak to us personally and informally. He has no plot to advance, no characters to work in and out of difficulties. By and large, the essay-writer is just "chatting." He's giving us his own first-hand observations about people, places, and ideas.

In Detail

I. In "Big Sis" (p. 34), we are given the writer's personal reactions to his fun-loving, appealing teen-age sister. This type of essay is sometimes referred to as a "character sketch." Undoubtedly, you've written character sketches yourself. And if you're like most people, you've started out by outlining *general* points you wanted to make about the person you were describing. For example, you decide—in general terms—that you want to tell the reader that this person is amusing, generous, loyal, considerate, etc.

This general type of outline is a good starting point. But no reader would stick with you long if your essay itself dealt with such generalities. Suppose, for instance, that David Bender had begun his essay as follows:

"My sister Loreen is an extremely active, energetic person. She's lively, talkative, and gay. . . ."

Your reaction to such a beginning would probably have been a big "ho-hum." Why? Because this beginning makes flat, *general* statements that do very little to give us a first-hand picture of Loreen.

But now look at David Bender's opening paragraph. It *tells* us no more about Loreen than the two general statements above. It's *how* David gets these generalizations across that makes the difference.

Instead of listing generalizations, David gives us the kind of factual detail that enables us to *see* and *hear* Loreen!

We *see* that Loreen is active and energetic. She comes home from work—flops into a chair exhausted—but is up again in a minute. A quick change of clothes—then she flies downstairs to help her mother set the table.

Instead of saying, "She's lively, talkative, and gay," David gives us a chance to *hear* Loreen, and draw this conclusion for ourselves. "John!" Loreen exclaims. "I don't know what to do—cookamacho!!" Loreen's no longer just a person the writer is talking *about*; she is someone we are getting acquainted with ourselves.

Prove It

II. Below you'll find a numbered list of further general impressions which David gives us about Loreen. Following this list are quotations actually included in the essay. Write opposite each impression in the first list the letter of the quoted detail which David used to make his point.

- 1. Loreen is generous.
- 2. Loreen is a charming companion.
- 3. Loreen's brother is proud of her.
- 4. Loreen has a sense of humor.

a. "I remember she once told the clerk in the men's department that we had just come through from California. He said he used to live there, too. For nearly half an hour we talked about things in Hollywood and 'L.A.' before he finally realized we had never been in California."

b. "I'd go around and brag that I had beaten my sister in a game of checkers, and she'd smile but never say a word about all the preceding games she'd won."

c. "She'd tell me spooky stories of goblins and ghosts and dead people, as she realistically screamed and whispered out the stories."

d. "She'd make the rest of the girls wait for her while she stopped and talked to me as if I were important, and after she'd leave, the guys would say, 'Gee, who's that?' or 'Is that your sister?'"



Kimball Flaccus (Poetry)—poet, teacher, former Awards winner.



Gwendolyn Brooks (Poetry)—poet; author two volumes poetry.



Robert P. Tristram Coffin (Poetry)—author of books of poetry and prose. Prof. at Bowdoin.

1953 Scholastic Writing Awards Judges

The authors and editors who picked the 1953 winners



Jesse Stuart (Short Story)—poet, novelist, former teacher.



John D. Weaver (Short Story)—short-story writer and novelist.



J. Frank Dobie (Essay)—author, professor, expert Texas folklore.



Wanda Orton (Essay)—author, former Eng. teacher, Minneapolis.



Henry Beetle Hough (Essay)—essayist, ed. Vineyard Gazette.



Gladys Schmitt (Short Short Story)—novelist, former Awards winner.



Jessamyn West (Short Story)—novelist, author of *The Friendly Persuasion*, *The Witch Diggers*.



Bernadine Kielty (Short Short Story)—ed. fiction anthology.



Harry Sylvester (Short Short Story)—writer, Latin America expert.



Gertrude Broderick (Drama)—radio expert U. S. Office of Ed.



Phil Leslie (Drama)—writer network, radio and TV shows.



Lucile Fletcher (Drama)—author film, radio (*Sorry, Wrong No.*).

Chucklebait



HONORABLE MENTION SHORT SHORT STORY

By Shirley Joan Wangler, 18

John J. Pershing High School
Detroit, Mich. Teacher, Ruth Bachtel

The Vow

HOW long he had sat in the blackness of the room he did not know. It seemed as if it had been years, but reason told him that it could not have been more than an hour. As he sat there he wondered what had brought him here. What factors, what trick of fate had led him to the misery he was now enduring? Why had he answered "Yes" to the innocent question asked of him? Why? Why?

But then he stopped, he knew why: money. He had needed money to buy a gift for his girl. Not an ordinary gift, but an extra special something that would show her how much he cared. He had expected trouble when he accepted the offer, and yet the agony he was now experiencing was more than he had bargained for.

Suddenly his body stiffened, and his hands grasped the arms of the chair in which he was sitting. As if dead he sat there, his body erect and his ears strain-

ing against the darkness. Had there been a whimper? He sat waiting. Would it come again? But when all remained calm and still, he started to relax. It was then he came to a decision; he must get out of that room!

Twice before he had tried and twice before a cry had pierced the night, freezing him in his tracks.

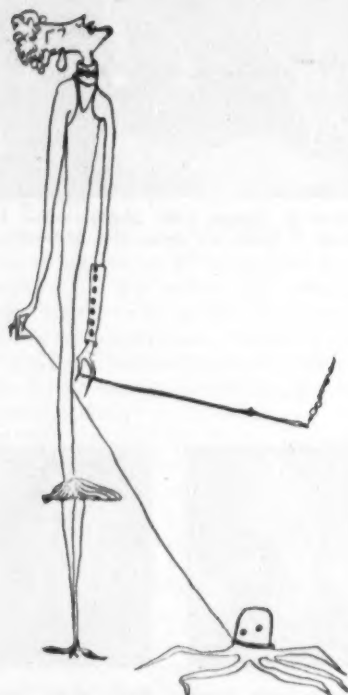
It was funny, he thought; the door was only a few feet away. Yet it seemed an insurmountable distance, one he had been trying to cover for the last hour or so. He wondered if he would ever see light again, ever be able to walk freely, not having to weigh and carefully plan each step.

He decided to try again. His hands reached out and grasped the arms of the chair. Slowly, ever so slowly, he started to push himself up. One tiny squeak of the chair might mean disaster. Finally he was out of the chair. He stood there contemplating his next move. From past experience he knew that there was one board in the floor, about two feet from the door, that had a terrific squeak.

He raised his foot; it felt like lead. Slowly he placed it down on the floor. One step! He had taken a step and there had been no outcry to stop him in his tracks. Another step, and then another. His hand reached out and grasped the knob. He stopped for a moment, beads of perspiration standing out on his forehead. He had come this far without a mishap; would he finally make it?

The knob turned silently in his hands and he pulled the door open. The light which showed through the opening seemed like a thousand flares to his eyes, which had become accustomed to the darkness of the room. He opened the door wider, wider, until the opening was large enough for him to slide his body through. For a moment he paused. He was near freedom; it was too good to be true. Then without further hesitation he slid through the narrow opening and quickly shut the door.

The click of the door closing sounded like the roar of cannons. He held his breath. Would the cry come again, forcing him back into the room? He waited. After a while, when all had remained still from within, he relaxed and began to walk into the living room. But first he gave one long look at the closed door of the nursery and vowed that never, absolutely never, would he baby-sit again.



"Come, Henry."

Award Cartoon, Group II, by Robert Nathan, Lamar H. S., Houston, Texas. First shown at Foley's in Houston, Tex.



Place in Show, Cartoon, Gr. II, by Bill Shinkai, Lewis and Clark H. S., Spokane, Wash. Shown, Frederick & Nelson.

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PART II • TEACHER EDITION • MAY, 1953 • VOL. 5, NO. 8

1953

Scholastic Art Awards Winners

26th National

High School Art Exhibition

FINE ARTS GALLERIES, CARNEGIE INSTITUTE
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Place in Show, Ceramics
by BETTY BAKER
Peabody H. S., Pittsburgh



MAY 2 through
MAY 31, 1953

1953 National High School Art Exhibition

FOR the 26th year Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh serves as the setting of the National High School Art Exhibition held under the auspices of *Scholastic Magazines*. To thousands of students Carnegie Institute has become the symbol of a great national honor, for winning a place in this show is a real achievement for a high school student.

Extending from May 2 through May 31, the exhibition is the climax of the 1953 Scholastic Art Awards school-year program, with preliminary regional exhibitions held in 37 areas earlier this year.

Forwarded to Carnegie Institute for national judging were those pieces which had been awarded gold achievement keys by regional juries. For areas where there were no regional shows, entries were carefully screened in Pittsburgh by a Preliminary Jury, who followed the same high standards as the regional juries in selecting the work for the final judges.

Scholastic Art Awards are truly a school program. Supervisors and directors of art education serve as regional chairmen and with their committees of art

teachers advise the department stores and other institutions who sponsor the regional exhibitions (see back cover). Entries are the best of work done regularly in the classrooms of junior and senior high schools.

Students submitted about 150,000 entries for Scholastic Art Awards this year from all 48 states and U. S. possessions. About 30,000 pieces won places in regional exhibitions. A total of 1,460 entries have won places in the national show, representing 26 different classifications in pictorial art, graphic arts, commercial art, design, sculpture and ceramics, and crafts.

The 546 outstanding art pieces in this national show received cash awards of \$25 each, donated chiefly by leading concerns in the art industry. In addition, 109 seniors won scholarships to art schools and colleges on the basis of their outstanding portfolios.

It is apparent that winning a place in this exhibition may rightly be considered a great honor. *Scholastic Magazines* and the national co-sponsors are proud to announce in these pages the results of the national judging for the 1953 Scholastic Art Awards.

Juries for 1953 Scholastic Art and Photography Awards

Scholarship Jury

Dr. Royal Bailey Farnum

Consultant in Art Education, Former Exec. Vice Pres., R. I. School of Design

Herbert P. Barnett

Painter, Dean of Art Academy of Cincinnati

Edwin C. Rust

Sculptor, Director, Memphis Academy of Arts

Preliminary Jury

Genevieve D. Anderson

Supervisor of Art, Hartford, Conn.

Ethel Bray

Director of Art Ed., Washington, D. C.

Ronald Day

Ass't Supervisor of Art, Cleveland; Supervisor, Education Program, Cleveland Museum

Design Jury

Dorothy Liebes

Textile Designer, San Francisco and New York

Lili Blumenau

Designer, Weaver, Teacher, New York

Mildred Fischer

Painter, Weaver, Chairman of Art Dept., Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo.

Dr. Royal Bailey Farnum

Bonnie Cashin

Fashion Designer, New York

Ardenia Chapman

Dean, College of Home Economics, Drexel Institute of Technology, Philadelphia

Doris Anderson

Director, Doris Anderson Sewing Schools Fashion Coordinator, Chicago, Ill.

Pictorial Art Jury

Fred Conway

Painter, Teacher at St. Louis School of Fine Arts

Charles LeClair

Painter, Head of Art Dept., Pennsylvania College for Women

Iver Rose

Painter, New York

Lillian F. von Storch

Consultant in Art Education, Rhode Island State Dept. of Education, Dir. of Art Education, Rhode Island School of Design

Dr. Edwin Ziegfeld

Head, Dept. of Fine and Industrial Arts, Teachers College, Columbia University

Sculpture, Ceramics, Crafts

Janet de Caux

Sculptor, Gibsons, Pa.

William McVey

Resident Sculptor, Cranbrook Academy of Art, Bloomfield Hills, Mich.

Kenneth E. Smith

Ceramist, Educator, Manager Ceramic Div. of American Art Clay Co., Indianapolis

Frederic C. Claytor

Goldsmith and Silversmith, Assoc. Professor, College of Fine Arts, Carnegie Tech

Charles B. Jeffery

Teacher of Arts and Crafts, Enamelist Shaker Heights, Ohio

Miss Blumenau

Miss Fischer

Miss Liebes

Graphic Arts, Commercial Art

Edward J. Bennett

Illustrator, Director Jamesine Franklin School of Professional Arts, New York

Edward R. Burroughs

Painter, Designer, Printmaker, Dean of School of Dayton Art Institute

Alex Steinweiss

Consultant on Design, Atlantic Beach, N. Y.

Virginia E. Lewis

Ass't Professor of Art and Curator of Exhibitions, University of Pittsburgh

Cy Hungerford

Cartoonist, Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

Ralph Reichhold

Editorial Cartoonist, Pittsburgh Press

Strathmore Awards Jury

Walter Read Hovey

Professor, Art Critic, Head of Dept. of Fine Arts, University of Pittsburgh

James S. Storey

Art Dept., Pennsylvania College for Women

Photography Jury

Jacob Deschin, Chairman

Photography Editor, New York Sunday Times

Arthur Rothstein

Director of Photography, Look Magazine

Irving Desfor

Director of Photography, Associated Press

Mark Mooney, Jr.

Editor, Camera Magazine

Camille Pelletiere

Picture Editor, Photography Magazine

Herbert Keppler

Associate Editor, Modern Photography Magazine

Byron Dobell

Editor, American Photography Magazine

Mary Jane Dunton

Art Director, Scholastic Magazines

Eric Berger

Editor, Senior Scholastic

Herman Masin

Sports Editor, Scholastic Magazines



Scholarship Jury studies portfolios. L. to R.: Herbert P. Barnett, Dr. Royal B. Farnum, Edwin C. Rust.

Art and Photography Scholarship Winners

ACADEMY OF ARTS, Newark, 2 scholarships: Lucas J. Klikas, Amundsen H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Blanche Breit; Arline Erdrich, School of Industrial Art, New York, N. Y. T-Domenick A. Massaria.

AD-ART STUDIO SCHOOL, Pittsburgh: Bill Bradley, San Jacinto Sr. H. S., Houston, Tex. T-Hazel Thompson.

ALABAMA POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE, Auburn: Scott Mead, Shades Valley H. S., Homewood, Ala. T-LaNeil Wilson.

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ART, Chicago: Robert J. Buckley, Oak Park (Ill.) & River Forest H. S. T-A. L. Pelz.

ART ACADEMY OF CINCINNATI, 3 scholarships: Herbert Beard, Erie (Pa.) Tech. H. S. T-Joseph M. Plavcan; Leroy J. Smith, Erie (Pa.) Tech. H. S. T-Joseph M. Plavcan; Betty Jo Perry, Charleston (W. Va.) H. S. T-Agnes Huston.

ART CAREER SCHOOL & COMMERCIAL ILLUSTRATION SCHOOL, New York: Richard E. Mabe, Beaumont H. S., St. Louis, Mo. T-Martha B. Humphrey.

ART CENTER SCHOOL, Los Angeles. Art Department: Sara J. Davis, Northeast H. S., Kansas City, Mo. T-Audrey G. Miller. *Photography Department:* Larry Silverstein, School of Industrial Art, New York, N. Y. T-Raymond I. DeSantis.

ART SCHOOL OF DETROIT SOCIETY OF ARTS AND CRAFTS: Diane Bull, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Elizabeth Bates.

ART STUDENTS LEAGUE OF NEW YORK: Gerald Wartofsky, Roosevelt H. S., Washington, D. C. T-Norma Bose.

ATLANTA ART INSTITUTE: Alice Gaskill, Roosevelt H. S. Atlanta, Ga. T-Mrs. Lucia G. Corbin.

BRADLEY UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF FINE ARTS, Peoria: Ronald A. Maier, Lane Tech. H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Joseph Young.

BURNLEY SCHOOL OF ART AND DESIGN, Seattle: Richard Parker, Klamath Union H. S., Klamath Falls, Oreg. T-Richard B. Reinholtz.

CALIFORNIA COLLEGE OF ARTS AND CRAFTS, Oakland: Jack Craig, Fremont Union H. S., Sunnyvale, Calif. T-John S. Lott.

CALIFORNIA SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS, San Francisco: Leonard Kahan, Abraham Lincoln H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T-Leon Friend.

CAMBRIDGE SCHOOL OF DESIGN, Mass.: Stephen Chop, Norwich (Conn.) Free Academy. T-Margaret L. Triplett.

CARNEGIE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, Pittsburgh, 2 scholarships: Ethel Leung, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Blossom G. Cohoe; John Nelson Kestner, Erie (Pa.) Tech. H. S. T-Joseph M. Plavcan.

CARTOONISTS AND ILLUSTRATORS SCHOOL, New York, 2 scholarships: Thomas Nicholas, Horace C. Wilcox Tech. School, Meriden, Conn. T-Ernst Lohrmann; David C. Baer, Mirabeau B. Lamar Sr. H. S., Houston, Tex. T-Norma Henderson.

CHICAGO ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS: Thomas Brow, Glenville H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T-Charles S. Ford.

CHOUNARD ART INSTITUTE, Los Angeles, 3 scholarships: Paul Wenzel, Herbert Hoover H. S., Glendale, Calif. T-Bertha Knox Foster; Beverly Van Dusen, Wichita (Kans.) H. S. East. T-Watson Bidwell; William R. O'Brien, Gladewater (Tex.) H. S. T-Bill Neale.

CLEVELAND INSTITUTE OF ART, 2

scholarships: Donald E. Schweikert, Glenville H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T-Charles S. Ford; Joseph Sierota, Erie (Pa.) Tech. H. S. T-Joseph M. Plavcan.

COLORADO SPRINGS FINE ARTS CENTER: Eleanor Davy, Central H. S., Tulsa, Okla. T-Hubert R. Hogue.

COLUMBUS ART SCHOOL, Ohio, 2 scholarships: Hubert Gaither, Jr., Tupelo (Miss.) Sr. H. S.; Wayman E. Brown, Norwood (Ohio) H. S. T-J. P. Olmes.

CORNISH SCHOOL, Seattle: Delores J. Picha, Salem (Oreg.) Sr. H. S. T-Mrs. Douglas H. Stearns.

FAMOUS ARTISTS COURSE: Leroy S. Reese, East Tech. H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T-Nicholas G. Livaich.

FORT WAYNE ART SCHOOL: Richard W. Fanolio, Northeast H. S., Kansas City, Mo. T-Audrey G. Miller.

FRED ARCHER SCHOOL OF PHOTOGRAPHY, Los Angeles, 2 scholarships: Irwin Grossman, Long Beach (N. Y.) H. S. T-Paul Feinman; Bill Siebert, Clintonville (Wis.) H. S. T-Raymond Pisarek.

GEORGE PEABODY COLLEGE FOR TEACHERS, Nashville: Lawrence W. Rosing, Wayzata (Minn.) H. S.

HARTFORD ART SCHOOL, Conn., 2 scholarships: Irene Roade, Hartford (Conn.) Public H. S. T-Geraldine Squarey; Janet Minnich, Roslindale (Mass.) H. S.

ILLINOIS WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, Bloomington: William Wartmann, Oak Park (Ill.) & River Forest H. S. T-Arthur L. Pelz.

JACKSON-VON LADAU SCHOOL OF FASHION: Catherine Lawrynowicz, Lake View H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Esther B. Roeth.

JAMESINE FRANKLIN SCHOOL OF PRO-

PROFESSIONAL ARTS, New York, 2 *scholarships*: Lou Ann Cohn, Norwich (Conn.) Free Academy. T-Margaret L. Triplett; Kenneth Munowitz, H. S. of Music and Art, New York, N. Y. T-Anna M. Seipp.

JOHN HERRON ART INSTITUTE, Indianapolis, 2 *scholarships*: Sharon Wiley, Wichita (Kans.) H. S. North. T-Margie Goodwin; Norman Williams, Newark (N. Y.) H. S. T-Richard Hawver.

KANN INSTITUTE OF ART, W. Hollywood, 2 *scholarships*: Esther Schwartz, Susan Miller Dorsey H. S. Los Angeles, Calif. T-Edna A. Jones; Karen Quickstad, Roosevelt H. S., Seattle, Wash. T-L. M. Fulton.

KANSAS CITY ART INSTITUTE & SCHOOL OF DESIGN: Bernard O. Stone, Topeka (Kans.) H. S. T-Harry B. Nelson.

LAYTON SCHOOL OF ART, Milwaukee: Robert Cody, Catholic H. S., Oklahoma City, Okla.

MARY HARDIN-BAYLOR COLLEGE, Belton, Tex.: Virginia Huck, Wichita (Kans.) H. S. North. T-Margie Goodwin.

MARYLAND INSTITUTE, Baltimore: Patricia J. Muschinski, Pulaski H. S., Milwaukee, Wis. T-Ruth Lassen.

MEINZINGER ART SCHOOL, Detroit: Robert Sallade, Hower Voc. H. S., Akron, Ohio. T-Michael Milidonis.

MEMPHIS ACADEMY OF ARTS, 2 *scholarships*: Wanda D. Logan, Tuscaloosa (Ala.) Sr. H. S. T-Mrs. Harriett Brown Stogrin; Nadara A. Tollison, South Side H. S., Memphis, Tenn. T-Cornelia Wolfe.

MEXICO CITY COLLEGE: Richard Eshkanian, Highland Park (Mich.) Sr. H. S. T-Cyril Miles.

MINNEAPOLIS SCHOOL OF ART: William F. Rossoll, Norwich (Conn.) Free Academy. T-Margaret L. Triplett.

MOORE INSTITUTE OF ART, SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, Philadelphia, 2 *scholarships*: Elizabeth Curtis, Erie (Pa.) Tech. H. S. T-Joseph M. Plavcan; Mildred Marilyn Wolf, Erie (Pa.) Tech. H. S. T-Joseph M. Plavcan.

MUSEUM ART SCHOOL, Portland: Ronald Tore Janson, Klamath Union H. S. Klamath Falls, Oreg. T-Richard B. Reinholtz.

NATIONAL ART SCHOOL, Washington, D. C.: Victor Kord, Shaker Heights (Ohio) H. S. T-Charles B. Jeffery.

NEW YORK-PHOENIX SCHOOL OF DESIGN: Nancy E. Skeele, De Ruyter (N. Y.) Central School. T-Gordon Muck.

NEW YORK SCHOOL OF INTERIOR DESIGN: Dixie Brandt, Northside H. S., Atlanta, Ga. T-James L. Smith.

PARSONS SCHOOL OF DESIGN, New York: Estelle R. Krasnow, Abraham Lincoln H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.

PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS: Raymond Saunders, Schenley H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Daniel L. Kuruna.

PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM SCHOOL OF ART: Thomas Smucker, Lower Merion Sr. H. S., Ardmore, Pa. T-Wm. C. Bahmermann.

PRATT INSTITUTE, Brooklyn, 2 *scholarships*: Albert Amatulli, Abraham Lincoln H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T-Leon Friend; Bernard Aptekar, Abraham Lincoln H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.

RHODE ISLAND SCHOOL OF DESIGN, Providence, 2 *scholarships*: Julie Siegel, East H. S., Denver, Colo. T-Esther L. Wickham; Stephen Rosenthal, Woodrow Wilson H. S., Washington, D. C. T-Margaret L. Mulford.

RINGLING SCHOOL OF ART, Sarasota, Fla.: Donald T. Allison, Theodore Ahrens Trade H. S., Louisville, Ky. T-Richard Pope.

ROCHESTER INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY: Donna M. Nardozi, Lafayette H. S., Buffalo, N. Y. T-Janice G. Smith.

RUDOLPH SCHAEFFER SCHOOL OF DESIGN, San Francisco: Rosealee Sanchez, Phoenix (Ariz.) Union H. S. T-Julia McCann.

SCHOOL FOR CREATIVE WORK, Hartford: Gordon Westphal, Dearborn (Mich.) H. S.

SCHOOL OF THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO, 3 *scholarships*: Richard Kline, Technical H. S., Miami, Fla. T-K. E. Bare; Mary McClure, Decatur (Ill.) Sr. H. S. T-Justean Bleeks; Richard Gordon Stout, Beaumont (Tex.) H. S. T-Grace Hunter.

SCHOOL OF THE DAYTON ART INSTITUTE: Vivian Snyder, Richmond (Ind.) Sr. H. S. T-Edward L. Loar.

SCHOOL OF FINE AND APPLIED ART, Portland, Maine: Elspeth White, Los Alamos (N. Mex.) H. S. T-Mrs. Elizabeth Hoyt.

SCHOOL OF THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, Boston: Jayne Richards, Norwich (Conn.) Free Academy.

SCRIPPS COLLEGE, Claremont, Calif.: Renie Sussman, North H. S., Denver, Colo. T-Mrs. Jeanette Lacey.

SILVERMINE GUILD SCHOOL OF ART, Norwalk, Conn., 2 *scholarships*: Joyce Thompson, De Ruyter (N. Y.) Central School. T-Gordon F. Muck; Susie R. Bloch, H. S. of Music and Art, New York, N. Y. T-Herman A. Bloomstein.

STETSON UNIVERSITY, DeLand, Fla.: Barbara Hoel, Phillips H. S., Birmingham, Ala. T-Garnet Leader.

SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF ART, 2 *scholarships*: Roslyn Oelnicker, Midwood H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T-M. Mandell; Anthony Cipriano, Lafayette H. S., Buffalo, N. Y. T-Janice G. Smith.

TRAPHAGEN SCHOOL OF FASHION, New York: Donald Brown, Cass Tech. H. S. Detroit, Mich. T-Bernadine Sether.

TYLER SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS, TEMPLE UNIVERSITY, Elkins Park, Pa.: Lynn Robinson, Abraham Lincoln H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T-Leon Friend.

UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA, Tuscaloosa: Robert L. Hassler, Ensley H. S., Birmingham, Ala. T-Caroline Dick.

UNIVERSITY OF DENVER SCHOOL OF ART: John A. Schwieger, Gering (Nebr.) H. S. T-Nellie Cowell Pattison.

UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA, Athens: Stanley Abercrombie, La Grange (Ga.) H. S. T-Thomson Salter.

UNIVERSITY OF IDAHO, Moscow: Richard Bennett, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Donald Thrall.

UNIVERSITY OF LOUISVILLE, ALLEN R. HITE ART INSTITUTE: Jacqueline Alper, East H. S., Memphis, Tenn. T-Mildred Keith.

UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI, Coral Gables: Eileen Broser, Abraham Lincoln H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T-Leon Friend.

UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA, Norman: William A. Jones, Jeff. Davis Sr. H. S., Houston, Tex. T-Genevieve Filson.

UNIVERSITY OF TULSA: Layman H. Jones, Jr., Central H. S., Tulsa, Okla. T-Hubert R. Hogue.

UNIVERSITY OF WICHITA: N. David Johnson, Wichita (Kans.) H. S. North. T-Margie Goodwin.

VESPER GEORGE SCHOOL OF ART, Boston: Wendell Hall, West H. S., Aurora, Ill. T-Helena M. Sauer.

WHITNEY SCHOOL OF ART, New Haven, Conn.: Marlene Zavala, Hirsch H. S. Chicago, Ill. T-Mrs. Katherine B., Parker.

SPECIAL SCHOLARSHIPS

NATIONAL ART HONOR SOCIETY: Judith Shuman, Jeremiah E. Burke H. S., Dorchester, Mass. T-Florence F. Cooper.

FAMOUS ARTISTS COURSE REGIONAL SCHOLARSHIPS IN COMMERCIAL ART & ILLUSTRATION: Allen A. Aster, Kelly H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Mrs. Verne Sturmer Role; Oliver Jackson, Vashon H. S., St. Louis, Mo. T-Houston E. Chandler; Shirley Little, Phoenix (Ariz.) Union H. S. T-Julia McCann; Ben Lee Mahmoud, Stonewall Jackson H. S., Charleston, W. Va. T-E. B. Meyer; Edward Mikenas, South Boston (Mass.) H. S. T-Josephine Mahoney; Frederick J. Pito Morton, El Paso (Tex.) H. S.; Nina Prosen, Lower Merion Sr. H. S., Ardmore, Pa. T-Wm. C. Bahmermann; William Wallace, Denby H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-K. E. Haines; Richard Weaver, East Tech. H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T-Nicholas G. Livaich.



Award in Pencil Drawing, Group II, by Barbara Monroe, McAlester (Okla.) H. S.
First shown at the John A. Brown Co. Regional Art Exhibition in Oklahoma City.

National High School Art Exhibition

CONDUCTED BY SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINES

AWARD WINNERS

Entries numbered 1 through 546 all received cash awards. The awards are uniform (\$25 each) with the exception of the Supplementary Awards (#476 and #477). Entries beginning with #547 won places in the show but no cash awards.

1-OILS

(F. Weber Co., sponsor)

GROUP I

- 1—Richard Bobby, 15, Lincoln H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T-A. W. Eterovich.
- 2—Renee Camp, 13, Robinson School, Birmingham, Ala. T-Mrs. Lila J. Wells.
- 3—Eliseo DeHerrera, 14, Antonito (Colo.) Jr. H. S. T-Sister M. Gratia, O.S.B.
- 4—Herbert Olds, 14, Tappan Intermediate School, Detroit, Mich. T-R. T. DeVieschouwer.
- 5—Arthur Rosenbaum, 14, Shortridge H. S., Indianapolis, Ind. T-Mrs. Marjorie Sidman.

GROUP II

- 6—Bill Allan, 16, Columbia H. S., Richland, Wash. T-J. McGrath.
- 7—Leo Bassett, 18, McKinley H. S., Washington, D. C. T-Mrs. M. E. Walcott.
- 8—Mary C. Bostock, 18, Montclair (N. J.) H. S. T-Vernon Maxham.
- 9—Stan Crawford, 17, North Phoenix High School, Phoenix, Ariz. T-Allan Dutton.
- 10—Robert Disch, 18, Lincoln H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T-A. W. Eterovich.
- 11—Pat Henderson, 17, Marion (Ill.) H. S. T-W. R. Youngman.
- 12—Larry R. Hughes, 18, Glendale (Calif.) H. S. T-Clyde Johnson.
- 13—Joyce Klein, 16, Glenville H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T-Charles S. Ford.
- 14—William Koski, 18, H. S. of Commerce, Worcester, Mass. T-Lincoln Levinson.

- 15—Robert Leonard, 17, West View (Pa.) H. S. T-John T. Petruna.
- 16—Geeming Lin, 17, Roosevelt H. S., Washington, D. C. T-Norma Bose.
- 17—Jane McCarty, 16, Central H. S., Tulsa, Okla. T-Hubert Hogue.
- 18—Joan Prath, 17, North H. S., Sheboygan, Wis. T-John Bergman.
- 19—David Quigley, 17, West Philadelphia H. S., Philadelphia, Pa. T-Selden M. Cary.
- 20—Gloria Reiner, 17, H. S. of Music and Art, New York, N. Y. T-Herman Bloomstein.
- 21—Bernard Stone, 18, Topeka (Kans.) H. S. T-H. B. Nelson.
- 22—Jane Wickstrom, 17, Lowell H. S., San Francisco, Calif. T-Tryphon Nichols.

GROUP III

- 23—James Cross, 17, Monrovia-Duarte H. S., Monrovia, Calif. T-Dorothy Clemmons.
- 24—William Jones, 19, Jefferson Davis H. S., Houston, Tex. T-Genevieve Filson.
- 25—Carl Kock, 18, Lane Tech. H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Joseph S. Young.
- 26—Jayne Richards, 17, Norwich (Conn.) Free Academy. T-Joseph Gualtieri.
- 27—Richard Stout, 18, Beaumont (Tex.) H. S. T-Grace Hunter.
- 28—Carol Wald, 17, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Donald Brackett.
- 29—Gerald Wartofsky, 17, Roosevelt H. S., Washington, D. C. T-Norma Bose.
- 30—Mildred M. Wolf, 17, Erie (Pa.) Tech. H. S. T-Joseph M. Plavcan.

2-TRANSPARENT WATER COLORS

(The American Crayon Co., sponsor)

GROUP I

- 31—Bill Both, 16, Burroughs School, Detroit, Mich. T-Leonard Johnson.
- 32—Robert Hopkins, 14, Myron T. Herrick Jr. H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T-Mrs. Peggy L. Rood.

- 33—H. Michael Lynch, 14, Hibbing (Minn.) H. S. T-Elizabeth Prichard.
- 34—Kenny McCray, 14, Harding Jr. H. S., Oklahoma City, Okla. T-Melcena Sampson.
- 35—Bill North, 13, Falls Church (Va.) H. S. T-Mrs. Crum.
- 36—Walter Paccia, 15, Goddard (Mass.) School. T-Ethel F. Murray.
- 37—Bob Sefton, 14, Mellon Jr. H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Ruth Harling.

GROUP II

- 38—Wayne Angel, 17, Klamath Union H. S., Klamath Falls, Oreg. T-Richard B. Reinholdt.
- 39—Jim Bacon, 15, Lyons Twp. H. S., LaGrange, Ill. T-Lois Cheesman.
- 40—Greg Beisel, 16, Oxnard (Calif.) Union H. S. T-Robert H. Halsebo.
- 41—Dick Clay, 18, North Kansas City (Mo.) H. S. T-Porter Price.
- 42—Richard Eshkanian, 17, Highland Park (Mich.) H. S. T-Mrs. Cyril Miles.
- 43—Jess Ferguson, 15, Blairsville (Pa.) H. S. T-Frank Ross.
- 44—Glenn Hamm, 16, Fairview H. S., Dayton, Ohio. T-Julia Sharkey.
- 45—Melvin Hanson, 14, Santa Maria (Calif.) Union H. S. T-George Muro.
- 46—Layman Jones, 17, Central H. S., Tulsa, Okla. T-Hubert R. Hogue.
- 47—James M. Mathies, 18, Perry H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Mrs. Rose Lundgren.
- 48—Michael Pawlosky, 19, Cortland (N. Y.) H. S. T-Mrs. Ruth Allison.
- 49—Hank Shultz, 17, Hamilton H. S., Los Angeles, Calif. T-Grace Haynes.
- 50—Margaret Smith, 17, El Dorado (Kans.) Sr. H. S. T-Victor Porter Smith.
- 51—Rita Sperber, 17, Central H. S., Minneapolis, Minn. T-Rosalie Bireline.
- 52—Ted Yee, 21, Cleveland H. S., Portland, Oreg. T-Mrs. Phyllis Ryder.

GROUP III

- 53—Richard Bennett, 19, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Donald Thrall.

- 54—Stuart Bratt, 18, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Donald Brackett.
 55—Donald Brown, 18, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Donald Thrall.
 56—Arlene Erdrich, 17, School of Industrial Art, New York, N. Y. T-Mrs. Daisy Miller.
 57—Ethel Leung, 17, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Donald Thrall.
 58—Thomas Nicholas, 18, Horace C. Wilcox Tech. School. T-Ernest Lohrmann.
 59—John Wise, Tamalpais Union H. S., Mill Valley, Calif. T-Henry Boussey.
 60—Mildred M. Wolf, 17, Erie (Pa.) Tech. H. S. T-Joseph M. Plavcan.

3-OPAQUE WATER COLORS

(The American Crayon Co., sponsor)

GROUP I

- 61—Ted Behle, 13, Henry B. Manly School, Louisville, Ky. T-Mrs. D. Ackerman.
 62—Robert Behrenott, 14, Walnut Hills H. S., Cincinnati, Ohio. T-A. Glenn Volz.
 63—Jack Butler, 13, Dormont H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-William E. Reed.
 64—Sara Crew, 13, Whittier School, Oak Park, Ill. T-Jane Patton.
 65—Ira Lee Jones, 12, Jordan H. S., Los Angeles, Calif. T-Milton Hirsch.
 66—John Lund, 13, Lindley Jr. H. S., Greensboro, N. C. T-Mrs. Robert Jamieson.
 67—Rosemary Pecoraro, 15, Waller H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Mrs. Elston Elston.
 68—Bill Steffy, 16, Arsenal Jr. H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Ralph H. Hickman.
 69—Blanche Watts, 13, Roosevelt H. S., Atlanta, Ga. T-Mrs. Lucia Corbin.
 70—Leo Yates, 16, Arsenal Jr. H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Ralph H. Hickman.

GROUP II

- 71—Ronald Bargar, South H. S., Youngstown, Ohio. T-Rachel T. Hopkins.
 72—Joanne Eysvogel, 17, John Marshall H. S., Rochester, N. Y. T-Mrs. Feverherm.
 73—Edward J. Hively, 19, Parkersburg (W. Va.) H. S. T-Mrs. Isabel Wilcox.
 74—Ann Hufford, 16, Columbus (Ind.) H. S. T-Karl McCann.
 75—Clay Johnson, 15, Schenley H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-D. L. Kuruna.
 76—Jerry Melega, 15, California (Pa.) H. S. T-Virginia McGregor.
 77—Audrey Nicoulin, 17, James Ford Rhodes H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T-Martha Kenyon.
 78—Richard Overstreet, 17, Richmond (Calif.) Union H. S. T-Roberta Simmons.
 79—William Petite, 18, John Adams H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T-Mary Mosgo.
 80—Donald Schweikert, 18, Glenville H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T-Charles S. Ford.
 81—Frances Swicegood, 17, Washington-Lee H. S., Arlington, Va. T-Mrs. Rosalind Earley.
 82—Philip Van Brunt, 17, Chaffey Union H. S., Ontario, Calif. T-Lurlyne Jones.
 83—William Wartmann, 16, Oak Park & River Forest H. S., Oak Park, Ill. T-Arthur L. Pelz.
 84—Sidney Zalmanowitz, 17, Simon Gratz H. S., Philadelphia, Pa. T-Annabel Hawman.

GROUP III

- 85—John Annus, 17, School of Industrial Art, New York, N. Y. T-D. A. Massaria.
 86—Elizabeth Curtis, 17, Erie (Pa.) Tech. H. S. T-Joseph M. Plavcan.
 87—John Kestner, 17, Erie (Pa.) Tech. H. S. T-Joseph M. Plavcan.
 88—Richard Kline, 18, Technical H. S., Miami, Fla.
 89—Joseph Sierota, 18, Erie (Pa.) Tech. H. S. T-Joseph M. Plavcan.
 90—LeRoy Smith, 19, Erie (Pa.) Tech. H. S. T-Joseph M. Plavcan.

4-PASTELS, COLORED CHALK, CHARCOAL, AND CRAYON

(Scholastic Magazines, sponsor)

GROUP I

- 91—Oliver Beale, 14, George Washington H. S., Alexandria, Va. T-Elizabeth Eisenberg.
 92—Patricia Bierlein, 13, Wilson School, Columbus, Ind. T-Jane Shields.
 93—Richard Bobby, 13, Lincoln H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T-A. W. Eterovich.
 94—Ramon De la Cruz, 14, Belvedere Jr.



Award in Black Drawing Ink, Gp. II, by Mary Ann Kunz, Wilson H. S., Long Beach, Calif. First shown at Bullock's Show.

- H. S., Los Angeles, Calif. T-David Ramirez.
 95—Mary Felkins, 12, Arrowview Jr. H. S., San Bernardino, Calif. T-V. P. Rascon.
 96—Martin Gant, 14, Tappan Intermediate School, Detroit, Mich. T-R. T. DeVleeschouwer.
 97—Judy Goddard, 12, Andover (Mass.) Jr. H. S. T-Frances Dalton.
 98—Mike Goldman, 13, McLean Jr. H. S., Ft. Worth, Tex. T-Mrs. Beatrice Dunning.
 99—Anita Jewett, 12, Grand Rapids (Minn.) Jr. H. S. T-Miriam Krawetz.
 100—Ivan Love, 14, Tappan Intermediate School, Detroit, Mich. T-R. T. DeVleeschouwer.
 101—Peggy Lou Pelley, 14, Wilson School, Columbus, Ind. T-Jane R. Shields.
 102—Howard Turman, 12, Minor School, Birmingham, Ala. T-Jean de Yampert.
 103—Peggy Westfall, Milledge Avenue School, Athens, Ga. T-Mrs. Jack Rowland.

GROUP II

- 104—Stanley Abercrombie, 17, LaGrange (Ga.) H. S. T-Thompson Salter.
 105—Bernard Aptekar, 17, Abraham Lin-

- coln H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T-Leon Friend.
 106—Anthony Cipriano, Jr., 17, Lafayette H. S., Buffalo, N. Y. T-Janice Smith.
 107—Augusta Cobbs, 17, Greensboro (Ala.) H. S. T-Evelyn Anderson.
 108—Charles Dubuis, 17, Paschal H. S., Ft. Worth, Tex. T-Creola Searcy.
 109—Donald Heidel, 17, Charles F. Brush H. S., Lyndhurst, Ohio. T-Mrs. Blanche Cartwright.
 110—Ted Karbacz, 17, Fordson H. S., Dearborn, Mich. T-Katherine Evans.
 111—Margaret Kepner, 17, Northeast H. S., Kansas City, Mo. T-Audrey G. Miller.
 112—Victor Kord, 17, Shaker Heights (Ohio) H. S. T-Charles B. Jeffery.
 113—William A. Koski, 18, H. S. of Commerce, Worcester, Mass. T-Lincoln Levinson.
 114—Geeming Lin, 17, Roosevelt H. S., Washington, D. C. T-Norma Bose.
 115—Martin Schmidt, 17, Oakland (Calif.) Tech. H. S. T-Harry Donlevy.
 116—Ruby Small, 15, Grossmont (Calif.) H. S. T-Marjorie G. Hyde.
 117—Sidney Zalmanowitz, 17, Simon Gratz H. S., Philadelphia, Pa. T-Mrs. Annabel Hawman.

GROUP III

- 118—Brent Kingten, 18, Topeka (Kans.) H. S. T-H. B. Nelson.
 119—Kenneth Phillips, 19, East Tech. H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T-Nicholas G. Livaich.
 120—William Rossoll, 17, Norwich (Conn.) Free Academy. T-Joseph Gualtieri.

5A-BLACK DRAWING INK

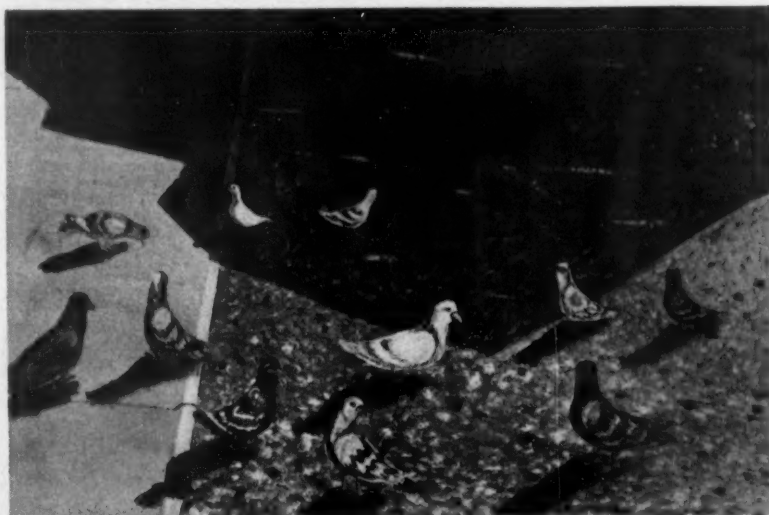
(Higgins Ink Co., Inc., sponsor)

GROUP I

- 121—Robert Benz, 14, Shaker Heights (Ohio) Jr. H. S. T-Frank Rood.
 122—Richard Bobby, 15, Lincoln H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T-A. W. Eterovich.
 123—Philip Deutchman, 15, Moses Cleveland Jr. H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T-Lillian M. Wilkens.
 124—Bill Dickey, 13, Presidio Jr. H. S., San Francisco, Calif. T-Mrs. Esther Ross.
 125—Beatrice Myers, 13, Borel School, San Mateo, Calif. T-Mrs. Robert Hains.
 126—Theodore Stafford, 14, Garfield School, Detroit, Mich. T-Gertrude Hoberman.

GROUP II

- 127—Bernard Aptekar, 17, Abraham Lincoln H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T-Leon Friend.
 128—Dorrit Bauer, 16, H. S. of Music and Art, New York, N. Y. T-Gertrude Pferdt.
 129—Alice Benjamine, 16, Southwest H. S., Minneapolis, Minn. T-Mrs. Lillian Hastings.
 130—Marion Densmore, 15, Woodlawn H. S., Birmingham, Ala. T-Lucile Hambrick.



Award in Opaque Water Color, Group II, by Ronald Bargar, South H. S., Youngstown, Ohio. First shown at The Halle Bros. Co. Regional Art Exhibition in Cleveland.

- 131—Richard Eshkanian, 17, Highland Park (Mich.) H. S. T-Mrs. Cyril Miles.
 132—Marilyn Geske, 17, Hirsch H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Mrs. Katherine Parker.
 133—Marian Imberman, Hinsdale (Ill.) Twp. H. S. T-Mrs. Emily Fleischman.
 134—Mary Ann Kunz, 17, Woodrow Wilson H. S., Long Beach, Calif. T-Mrs. Ruth Burdell.
 135—Geeming Lin, 17, Roosevelt H. S., Washington, D. C. T-Norma Bose.
 136—Ann McEwen, 16, Wichita (Kans.) H. S., North. T-Margie Goodwin.
 137—Robert Musulin, 16, South H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Viola C. Broskey.
 138—J. Louis Ojeda, 19, Central H. S., Fort Wayne, Ind. T-Loretta Acker.
 139—Dorothy L. Parks, 17, Maple Heights (Ohio) H. S. T-W. F. Whitsett.
 140—Stephen Rosenthal, 17, Woodrow Wilson H. S., Washington, D. C. T-Mrs. M. Mulford.
 141—Donald Schweikert, 18, Glenville H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T-Charles S. Ford.
 142—Thomas Smucker, 17, Lower Merion Sr. H. S., Ardmore, Pa. T-William Bahmermann.
 143—Joel Szasz, Abraham Lincoln H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T-Mrs. Beatrice J. Todes.
 144—Sandra Wethal, 15, South H. S., Minneapolis, Minn. T-Mrs. Pauline Forsythe.

GROUP III

- 145—Elaine Booth, 17, Prospect Heights H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T-Mrs. Ella Jackson.
 146—Eileen Broser, 17, Abraham Lincoln H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T-Leon Friend.
 147—Carl Kock, 18, Lane Tech. H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Joseph S. Young.
 148—Ethel Leung, 17, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Elizabeth Bates.
 149—Jim Nelson, 17, Lincoln (Nebr.) H. S. T-Mrs. Richard Taussig.
 150—Ina-Meta Varnauskas, 20, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Elizabeth Bates.

5B-COLORED DRAWING INKS

(Higgins Ink Co., Inc., sponsor)

GROUP I

- 151—Richard Baird, 12, Rosedale H. S., Kansas City, Kans. T-Mrs. Donna Miller.
 152—Paul Bockting, 12, Sidney Lanier Jr. H. S., Houston, Tex. T-Mrs. Christine Claypool.
 153—Bobby Goza, 15, Taft Jr. H. S., Oklahoma City, Okla. T-Mrs. Winnie Murray.
 154—Jane Haffner, 15, Cleveland H. S., St. Louis, Mo. T-James Elliott.
 155—Sharon Hathaway, 14, Rossville (Ill.) H. S. T-F. R. Singer.
 156—H. Michael Lynch, 14, Hibbing (Minn.) H. S. T-Elizabeth Pritchard.

GROUP II

- 157—Jeanie Abranz, 16, Central Sr. H. S., Kansas City, Mo. T-Mrs. Fonetie V. Riley.
 158—Harvey Arden, 17, Roosevelt H. S., Des Moines, Iowa. T-Mrs. Julia Keeler.
 159—Carl Berggren, 18, Amundsen H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Mrs. Blanche Breit.
 160—John Blackburn, 17, Parkersburg (W. Va.) H. S. T-Mrs. Isabel Wilson.
 161—Charles Leon Brinkley, 17, Northeast H. S., Kansas City, Mo. T-Mabel A. Newitt.
 162—Dan Brobender, 19, Hyde Park H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Mrs. Jeannette Nichols.
 163—Esther Brownstein, 15, Roosevelt H. S., Washington, D. C. T-Norma Bose.
 164—Sara Davis, 17, Northeast H. S., Kansas City, Mo. T-Audrey G. Miller.
 165—Richard W. Fanolio, 17, Northeast H. S., Kansas City, Mo. T-Audrey G. Miller.
 166—Ann Harrison, 16, Shawnee H. S., Louisville, Ky. T-Dorothea Kurk.
 167—Margaret Jorgensen, 15, Washington H. S., Bethel, Kans. T-Rilla Stephens.
 168—Sek G. Lee, 17, Seward Park H. S., New York, N. Y. T-Mrs. Dorothy Feigin.
 169—Janet Levich, 17, Roosevelt H. S., Des Moines, Iowa. T-Mrs. Julia Keeler.
 170—Geeming Lin, 17, Roosevelt H. S., Washington, D. C. T-Norma Bose.
 171—Ray Pysker, 17, Bangor (Pa.) H. S. T-Robert E. Doney.
 172—Joyce Reichenbach, 17, Parkland H. S., Allentown, Pa. T-W. W. Swallow.
 173—Charles Schaufier, 18, William Penn Charter School, Philadelphia, Pa. T-Oliver Nuse.

- 174—Donald Schweikert, 18, Glenville H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T-Charles S. Ford.
 175—George W. Versteeg, 16, Romulus (Mich.) H. S. T-Albert Szok.
 176—William Wartmann, 16, Oak Park & River Forest H. S., Oak Park, Ill. T-Arthur L. Pelz.
 177—Barbara Watson, 17, Central Sr. H. S., Kansas City, Mo. T-Mrs. Fonetie V. Riley.
 178—Sharon Wiley, 17, Wichita (Kans.) H. S. North. T-Margie Goodwin.

GROUP III

- 179—Carl Kock, 18, Lane Tech. H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Joseph S. Young.
 180—Kenneth Phillips, 19, East Tech. H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T-Nicholas G. Livaich.

6-LEAD PENCIL DRAWING

(The American Lead Pencil Co., sponsor)

GROUP I

- 181—Richard Bobby, 15, Lincoln H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T-A. W. Eterovich.
 182—Diane Fletcher, 14, St. Mary's H. S., Phoenix, Ariz. T-Sister Mary Fidelis.
 183—Rebecca O'Neill, 13, Santa Isabel School, Los Angeles, Calif. T-Sister M. Thomasine.

GROUP II

- 184—Nancy Corcoran, 15, Oak Park & River Forest H. S., Oak Park, Ill. T-Arthur L. Pelz.
 185—Dorothy Dakin, 17, Lamar H. S., Houston, Tex. T-Norma Henderson.
 186—Victor Kord, 17, Shaker Heights (Ohio) H. S. T-Charles B. Jeffery.
 187—Pat Lambert, 15, Central H. S., Tulsa, Okla. T-Opel Thorpe.
 188—Roberta Latt, 18, Parkersburg (W. Va.) H. S. T-Mrs. Isabel Wilson.
 189—Rhoda Lee Miller, 15, Austin H. S., El Paso, Tex. T-Elsie Reeves.
 190—Barbara Monroe, 16, McAlester (Okla.) H. S. T-Elizabeth Urmston.
 191—Jack Muirhead, 16, Leadville (Colo.) H. S. T-Mrs. Silvia Stoner.
 192—John Schwiager, 18, Gering (Nebr.) H. S. T-Mrs. Nellie Pattison.
 193—Janet Stulik, 16, Herbert Hoover H. S., Glendale, Calif. T-Marian Grey.
 194—Rene Sussman, 18, North H. S., Denver, Colo. T-Mrs. Jeannette F. Lacey.
 195—Norman Williams, 17, Newark (N. Y.) H. S. T-Richard Hawver.

GROUP III

- 196—John Glenn, 16, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Roland Shuholz.
 197—George Joseph, 16, South Boston (Mass.) H. S. T-Josephine Mahoney.
 198—Carl Kock, 18, Lane Tech. H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Joseph S. Young.
 199—Thomas Nicholas, 18, Horace C. Wilcox Tech. School, Meriden, Conn. T-Ernest Lohrmann.
 200—Judith Shuman, 17, Jeremiah E. Burke H. S., Dorchester, Mass. T-Alma LeBrecht.

7-COLORED PENCIL DRAWING

(Eagle Pencil Company, sponsor)

GROUP I

- 201—Adele Bradford, Creighton School, Phoenix, Ariz. T-Frances Adams.
 202—Rochelle Gordon, 14, Gore Jr. H. S., Denver, Colo. T-John Rankin.
 203—Rosa Moura, 14, Walter T. Helms Jr. H. S., San Pablo, Calif. T-Mrs. Mary Zann.
 204—Charles North, 12, Bailey Jr. H. S., Jackson, Miss. T-Helen Lotterhos.
 205—Diane Olds, 14, Walter T. Helms Jr. H. S., San Pablo, Calif. T-Mrs. Mary Zann.
 206—Robert Pearson, 14, Walter T. Helms Jr. H. S., San Pablo, Calif. T-Mrs. Mary Zann.
 207—Eddie Pryor, 15, Citrus Grove Jr. H. S., Miami, Fla. T-Mrs. Lilly Waller.
 208—Roseline Ravas, 13, Grant Jr. H. S., Syracuse, N. Y. T-Mrs. Helvia Crook.

GROUP II

- 209—Theodore Burwell, 18, Newburgh (N. Y.) Free Academy. T-M. Irene McCord.
 210—Elaine Cohn, 17, University City (Mo.) H. S. T-Edward Menges.
 211—Nina Heredeen, 15, Central H. S., Jackson, Miss. T-Mary K. Loyacono.



Award in Ceramics, Group II, by Ann Bowser, Peabody H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. First shown at Kaufmann's Regional.

- 212—Oliver Jackson, 17, Vashon H. S., St. Louis, Mo. T-Houston E. Chandler.
 213—Janet Keener, 17, East Fairmont H. S., Fairmont, W. Va. T-Mrs. Helen Madia.
 214—Victor Kord, 17, Shaker Heights (Ohio) H. S. T-Charles B. Jeffery.
 215—James Lewis, 17, Beaumont H. S., St. Louis, Mo. T-Martha Humphrey.
 216—Donald Schweikert, 18, Glenville H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T-Charles S. Ford.
 217—Sewell Sleek, 16, Newburgh (N. Y.) Free Academy. T-M. Irene McCord.

GROUP III

- 218—Eileen Broser, 17, Abraham Lincoln H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T-Leon Friend.
 219—Diane Bull, 17, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Mrs. Blossom G. Cohoe.
 220—Kenneth Phillips, 19, East Tech. H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T-Nicholas G. Livaich.

8-CARTOONING

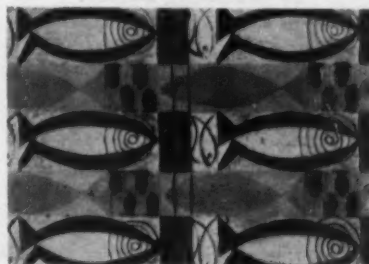
(Scholastic Magazines, sponsor)

GROUP I

- 221—David Freeman, 15, Jefferson Jr. H. S., Columbia, Mo. T-Mrs. Edith B. Mourning.
 222—Arnold Langley, 14, Mira Costa H. S., Manhattan Beach, Calif. T-Margaret Ann Gilmore.

GROUP II

- 223—Nancy Black, 16, Fulton (N. Y.) H. S. T-Mrs. Dorinda Erb Palmer.
 224—Jay Brothers, 17, Central H. S., Tulsa, Okla. T-Hubert Hogue.
 225—Elaine Brzezinski, 15, Bristol (Conn.) H. S. T-Helene Geruldsen.
 226—Donna Hall, 15, Gladewater (Tex.) H. S. T-Bill Neal.
 227—Philip Johnson, 17, East H. S., Denver, Colo. T-Miss H. L. Conesey.



Award in General Design, Gp. II, by Avis Sorenson, Chaffey Union H. S., Ontario, Calif. First shown at Bullock's Show.



Strathmore Award, Group III, by Thomas Nicholas of Horace C. Wilcox Technical School, Meriden, Conn. First shown at The Hartford Courant Regional Exhibition.

- 228—Robert Nathan, 17, Lamar H. S., Houston, Tex. T—Norma Henderson.
229—Russell Stockman, 17, Medford (Oreg.) H. S. T—Warren A. Wolf.

GROUP III

- 230—Jack Haehl, 18, West Phoenix H. S., Phoenix, Ariz. T—Mrs. Martha Macon.

9—PRINTS

(Scholastic Magazines, sponsor)

GROUP I

- 231—Marsha Essex, 14, McLean Jr. H. S., Fort Worth, Texas. T—Mrs. Beatrice Dunning.
232—Eric Faigle, 12, Charles Andrews School, Syracuse, N. Y. T—Evangeline Peters.
233—Howard Machette, 15, North Intermediate H. S., Saginaw, Mich. T—Nuncie A. Wettrich.

GROUP II

- 234—Alfred Chmielecki, 17, Norwiche (Conn.) Free Academy. T—Mrs. Blanche Browning.
235—Richard Eshkanian, 17, Highland Park H. S., Highland Park, Mich. T—Mrs. Cyril Miles.
236—Frank Marcucci, 17, Dormont H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T—William E. Reed.
237—William Rose, 17, H. S. of Music & Art, New York, N. Y. T—Helen L. Ridgaway.
238—Jack Struffeler, 17, Salem (Oreg.) H. S. T—D. E. Sterns.

GROUP III

- 239—Lois Bock, 17, Prospect Heights H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T—Mrs. Ella Jackson.
240—Ethel Leung, 17, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T—Dorothy Skewis.

10—GENERAL DESIGN

(Scholastic Magazines, sponsor)

GROUP I

- 241—Jon Bailly, 15, Parma (Ohio) Schaaaf H. S. T—B. C. Specht.
242—Jack Buzbee, 13, Woodlawn H. S., Birmingham, Ala. T—Natalie Sharpe.
243—Virginia Cook, 14, Benjamin Franklin H. S., Rochester, N. Y. T—Marian Tuthill.
244—Lillian Gargis, 12, Northwest Jr. H. S., Kansas City, Kans. T—Mrs. Carrie Fuentstueck.
245—Eugene Hansen, 15, South H. S., Minneapolis, Minn. T—P. Forsyth.
246—Shirley Ann Holland, 15, Van (Texas) Jr. H. S. T—Mildred Christie.
247—Ted Maynard, 14, Smiley Jr. H. S., Denver, Colo. T—G. Brynjulson.
248—Ellazene McBride, 15, Eldorado (Kans.) Jr. H. S. T—Victor Porter Smith.

- 249—George Molini, 15, Emerson Jr. H. S., West Los Angeles, Calif. T—Frank Lane.

GROUP II

- 250—Gerald Christian, 17, Vallejo (Calif.) College. T—Dorothy Ann Herger.
251—Florence Kaster, 17, Immaculate Conception Academy, Dubuque, Iowa. T—Sr. Thomas Aquinas, O.S.F.
252—Craig McArt, 16, Shaker Heights (Ohio) H. S. T—Charles B. Jeffery.
253—Curry Miles, 15, Southeast H. S., Kansas City, Mo. T—Martha Abbott.
254—Kathryn Milius, 15, North H. S., Des Moines, Iowa. T—Gale J. Greenwood.
255—Arthur Ostlund, 15, South H. S., Minneapolis, Minn. T—Mrs. Forsyth.
256—Barbara Russ, 17, Parma (Ohio) Schaaaf H. S. T—B. C. Specht.
257—Avis Sorensen, 17, Chaffey Union H. S., Ontario, Calif. T—Lurlyne Jones.
258—George Wagner, 17, Central H. S., Fort Wayne, Ind. T—Blanche Hutto.

GROUP III

- 259—Sophie Kirshey, 16, Prospect Heights H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T—Mrs. Mary H. Germroth.
260—William Shepherd, 17, Des Moines (Iowa) Tech. School. T—Marie Brewer.

11—COSTUME DESIGN

(McCall's Patterns, sponsor)

GROUP I

- 261—Evelyn Carelock, 15, Francis Jr. H. S., Washington, D. C. T—John Hurd.
262—Carol Ann Niemi, 14, Puget Sound Jr. H. S., Seattle, Wash. T—Anna Siegel.
263—Bill Smith, 14, Memorial Jr. H. S., Orlando, Fla. T—Mrs. Irma Pollard.
264—Ruth Smith, 15, Libby Jr. H. S., Spokane, Wash. T—Elizabeth McCann.

GROUP II

- 265—Joan Bailey, 17, West Seattle H. S., Seattle, Wash. T—Mrs. Gail McDonnell.
266—Gloria Chapman, 17, Central H. S., Minneapolis, Minn. T—Rosalia Bireline.
267—Francine Foss, 17, Newark (N. Y.) H. S. T—Richard Hawver.
268—Danny Guerrero, 18, Hollywood H. S., Los Angeles, Calif. T—Helen Howell.
269—Charles Hanford, 16, Williamsport (Pa.) H. S. T—Mary E. Geiger.
270—Deirdre Hewitt, 16, Lincoln H. S., Seattle, Wash. T—Elizabeth Poor.
271—Margie Lucchi, 16, Ridley Twp. H. S., Folsom, Penna. T—Mrs. Mary L. Jackson.
272—Lilly Mattson, 16, Washington H. S., Portland, Ore. T—Mrs. Jean Rasmussen.
273—Mary Anne Newlands, 15, The Masters School, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y. T—Mrs. M. Jackson Verdery.

- 274—Louise Ann Schultz, 17, Dominican H. S., Detroit, Mich. T—Sister Ann Pauline, O. P.

- 275—Patricia Senese, 16, Franklin K. Lane H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T—Mrs. Friedman.
276—Joan Stewart, 15, Miami (Fla.) H. S. T—Mrs. Helen Spach.

- 277—Betsy Turner, 15, Shortridge H. S., Indianapolis, Ind. T—Jane Messick.
278—Rae Ellen Warren, 17, Central H. S., Omaha, Nebr. T—Mary Angood.
279—Janet Whitten, 15, Grant H. S., Portland, Oreg. T—Mrs. Mamie Collie.

GROUP III

- 280—Jean Boback, 17, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T—Mrs. Bernadine Sether.
281—Donald Brown, 18, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T—Mrs. Bernadine Sether.
282—William Haire, 18, School of Industrial Art, New York, N. Y. T—Mrs. Olga Vecchi.
283—Frances Hundley, 17, Charleston (W. Va.) H. S. T—Agnes Huston.
284—Katherine Sarnowska, 17, Essex County Voc. Tech. H. S., Newark, N. J. T—Miss Reilly.
285—Jennie Zebri, 17, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T—Mrs. Bernadine Sether.

12—DESIGN FOR GREETING CARDS

(Munson Corporation, sponsor)

GROUP I

- 286—Joyce Anderson, 13, San Fernando (Calif.) Jr. H. S. T—Mrs. M. Glantz.
287—Jon Isenberg, 15, Hyde Park H. S., Chicago, Ill. T—Elaine Isaac.

GROUP II

- 288—Tora Becker, 17, Amundsen H. S., Chicago, Ill. T—Blanche Breit.
289—Jerry Casner, 19, East H. S., Des Moines, Iowa. T—Mrs. Roena G. Clement.
290—Richard Eshkanian, 17, Highland Park (Mich.) H. S. T—Mrs. Cyril Miles.
291—Mary Louise Lasher, 16, Central H. S., Webster, N. Y. T—Sally Posthill.
292—Karen Levin, 14, Brighton H. S., Rochester, N. Y. T—D. B. Smith.
293—Patty Loftus, 15, East H. S., Des Moines, Iowa. T—Mrs. Roena G. Clement.
294—Donna McLane, 18, Wichita (Kans.) H. S. North. T—Margie Goodwin.
295—Linda Sage, 12, Mt. Pleasant (Iowa) H. S.
296—Sharon Wiley, 17, Wichita (Kans.) H. S. North. T—Margie Goodwin.

GROUP III

- 297—Russell Anderson, 17, Chicago (Ill.) Voc. School. T—Merrill Lyon.
298—Thomas Bateman, 18, Chicago (Ill.) Voc. School. T—Merrill Lyon.
299—Ruth Browser, 16, Prospect Heights H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T—Mrs. Ella Jackson.
300—Anne Buffone, 16, Prospect Heights H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T—Mrs. Ella Jackson.
301—Renee Guillot, 17, Prospect Heights H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T—Mrs. Ella Jackson.
302—Lorell Kamer, 16, Prospect Heights H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T—Mrs. Ella Jackson.
303—Clarence Pearson, 17, Chicago (Ill.) Voc. School. T—Merrill Lyon.
304—Kenneth Rimek, 17, Chicago (Ill.) Voc. School. T—Merrill Lyon.
305—Richard Sroczyński, 17, Chicago (Ill.) Voc. School. T—Merrill Lyon.

13—ILLUSTRATION

(Famous Artists Course, sponsor)

GROUP I

- 306—Barbara Howerton, 15, School of the Brown County Ursulines, St. Martin, Ohio. T—Sr. Mary James, O.S.U.
307—Barbara Kaska, 13, O. W. Holmes School, Oak Park, Ill. T—Ruth Reinel.

GROUP II

- 308—Robert Disch, 18, Lincoln H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T—A. W. Eterovich.
309—Gordon B. Holmes, 18, Santa Monica (Calif.) H. S. T—Mrs. Nanon B. Ohman.
310—Priscilla Johnson, 16, San Gabriel (Calif.) Mission H. S. T—Sr. Mary Bernice.
311—Tom Locker, 15, Woodrow Wilson H. S., Washington, D. C. T—Mrs. M. Mulford.
312—Sally Love, 15, School of the Brown

County Ursulines, St. Martin, Ohio. T-Sr. Mary James, O.S.U.

313—Curt Robertson, 16, Hamilton (Ohio) H. S. T-Rosalie C. Jend.

314—Paul Wenzel, 17, Herbert Hoover H. S., Glendale, Calif. T-Mrs. Bertha Foster.

GROUP III

315—Bob Bowers, 17, Des Moines (Iowa) Tech. School. T-Marie Brewer.

316—Arlene Erdrich, 17, School of Industrial Art, New York, N. Y. T-Mrs. Daisy Miller.

317—Dick Hicks, 17, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Mrs. Blossom G. Cohoe.

318—Estelle Krasnow, 17, Abraham Lincoln H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T-Leon Friend.

319—Yvonne Lawrence, 17, Des Moines (Iowa) Tech. H. S. T-Marie Brewer.

320—Ethel Leung, 17, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Mrs. Blossom G. Cohoe.

321—Ronald Petrella, 18, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Mrs. Blossom G. Cohoe.

322—Leroy Reese, 19, East Tech. H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T-Nicholas Livaich.

323—Lynn St. John, 18, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Elizabeth Bates.

324—Jack Unruh, 17, Topeka (Kans.) H. S. T-H. B. Nelson.

325—Ina-Meta Varnauskas, 20, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Elizabeth Bates.

14-POSTERS

(Chicago Cardboard Company, sponsor)

GROUP I

326—Michael Halkias, 15, Sayre Jr. H. S., Philadelphia, Pa. T-Gertrude Schrot.

327—Ann Jemdahl, 14, St. Louis Park (Minn.) H. S. T-W. W. Heer.

328—Harold Jett, 13, Guilford School, Cincinnati, Ohio. T-Walter Johnson.

329—Edith Stokes, 14, Elba (N. Y.) Central School. T-Mary Tyler.

GROUP II

330—Albert Amatulli, 17, Abraham Lincoln H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T-Leon Friend.

331—Carolyn Jutzl, 17, Reagan H. S., Houston, Texas. T-Mrs. Shirley Wiley.

332—Joanne Lesko, 16, Staples H. S., Westport, Conn. T-Vivien Testa.

333—Richard Overstreet, 17, Richmond (Calif.) Union H. S. T-Roberta Simmons.

334—Carol Regan, 17, Woodrow Wilson H. S., Los Angeles, Calif. T-A. Kaelin.

335—Sheila Schatz, 15, Abraham Lincoln H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T-Leon Friend.

336—Gene Schroeder, 16, North Phoenix H. S., Phoenix, Ariz. T-Frances Kapanke.

337—Joanne Sem, 16, Lincoln H. S., Tacoma, Wash. T-Donald Tracey.

338—Lynn Steffen, 17, Franklin H. S., Los Angeles, Calif. T-Patricia Kaye.

339—Marrietta Tunnell, 17, Classen H. S., Oklahoma City. T-Mary L. Lewis.

GROUP III

340—Bob Bowers, 17, Des Moines (Iowa) Tech. H. S. T-Marie Brewer.

341—Stephen Chop, 17, Norwich (Conn.) Free Academy. T-John Gregoropoulos.

342—Estelle Krasnow, 18, Abraham Lincoln H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T-Leon Friend.

343—Lynn Robinson, 16, Abraham Lincoln H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T-Leon Friend.

344—Warren Sattler, 18, Horace Wilcox Tech. School, Meriden, Conn. T-Ernst Lohrmann.

345—Richard Sutherland, 18, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Mrs. Blossom G. Cohoe.

15-SCULPTURE

(Scholastic Magazines, sponsor)

GROUP I

346—James E. J. Goff, 14, Jane Adams Jr. H. S., Seattle, Wash. T-Harry S. March, Jr.

347—Jack Vetter, 14, Shawnee Mission H. S., Kansas City, Kans. T-Mrs. T. R. Turner.

GROUP II

348—Randolph Brozek, 17, Newburgh (N. Y.) Free Academy. T-M. Irene McCord.

349—Randy Buckford, 16, Stockton (Calif.) College. T-Blanche F. McDaniel.

350—Dolores Byrd, 17, Fleischer Art Museum, Philadelphia, Pa. T-Mr. Gasparro.

351—Roy Gossett, 18, Carter-Riverside H. S., Fort Worth, Texas. T-Mrs. Resa Oglesby.

352—Calvin Jung, 18, Technical H. S., Oakland, Calif. T-Briene Bouche.

353—Bobby Linsensee, 16, Jefferson Davis H. S., Houston, Texas. T-Anita M. Smith.

354—Nancy Walner, 15, Rufus King H. S., Milwaukee, Wis. T-Edward Boerner.

355—James Zemba, 17, Midland (Mich.) H. S. T-John Linden.

16-CERAMICS, CERAMIC SCULPTURE

(American Clay Co., sponsor)

GROUP I

356—William Haight, 14, St. Louis Park (Minn.) H. S. T-W. W. Heer.

GROUP II

357—Emma Baer, 17, Peabody H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Wesley Mills.

358—Goldie Baer, 16, Peabody H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Wesley Mills.

359—Betty Baker, 16, Peabody H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Wesley Mills.

360—Anne Bowser, 17, Peabody H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Wesley Mills.

361—Jack Boyd, Grossmont (Calif.) H. S. T-John Christenson.

362—Allan Campbell, 16, Vista (Calif.) H. S. T-James M. Holland.

363—Glen Devine, 16, Manual Arts H. S., Los Angeles, Calif. T-Bernard Kester.

364—Ellen Eardley, 15, Berkeley (Calif.) H. S. T-Mrs. Weller.

365—Caroline Ginter, 17, Peabody H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Wesley Mills.

366—William Hargate, 17, Normandy H. S., St. Louis, Mo. T-Helen Madsen.

367—Helen Lehmann, 17, Lemar H. S., Houston, Texas. T-Mary L. Brown.

368—Judith Morgan, 16, Lincoln H. S., Bridgeville, Pa. T-Thomas C. Quirk, Jr.

369—Katherine Richter, 17, Lamar H. S., Houston, Texas. T-Mary L. Brown.

370—Beverly Joan Sarvis, 19, Glendale (Calif.) H. S. T-John Basham.

371—Bud Stidham, 16, Venice (Calif.) H. S. T-Mrs. Gladys G. Finley.

372—Carolyn Walkup, 16, Lamar H. S., Houston, Texas. T-Mary L. Brown.

373—Richard Wright, 16, Polytechnic H. S., Long Beach, Calif. T-James A. Fortmann.

GROUP III

374—David Morris, 16, Arts H. S., Newark, N. J. T-Sarah E. Howe.

375—Jay Salvano, 16, New Trier Twp. H. S., Winnetka, Ill. T-Catherine Murphy.

17-FABRIC DECORATION

(The American Crayon Co., sponsor)

GROUP I

376—Margaret Ames, 15, Warren Harding Jr. H. S., Des Moines, Iowa. T-Mrs. Marjorie Rittgers.

377—Deanna Crow, 17, Callanan Jr. H. S., Des Moines, Iowa. T-Miss Bryant.

378—Virginia Gong, 12, Presidio Jr. H. S., San Francisco, Calif. T-Mrs. Esther Ross.

379—Regina Jacobson, 14, Callanan Jr. H. S., Des Moines, Iowa. T-Miss Bryant.

380—Kay Pech, 12, Franklin H. S., Cedar Rapids, Iowa. T-A. M. Painter.

381—Janet Riedel, 14, Mother of Mercy H. S., Cincinnati, Ohio. T-Sr. Mary Rosine.

GROUP II

382—Edward Beben, 17, Tuley H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-S. Greenburg.

383—Thorma Daugherty, 18, Central H. S., Fort Wayne, Ind. T-Blanche Hutto.

384—Robert Doyle, 16, East H. S., Des Moines, Iowa. T-Mrs. Roena G. Clement.



Award in Prints, Group III, by Ethel Leung, Cass Technical H. S., Detroit, Mich. First shown at Crowley's Regional.

- 385—Marilyn Frantz, 17, Wellington (Kans.) H. S. T-Bill R. Koons.
 386—Helen Gustin, 15, Austin H. S., Houston, Texas. T-Norma Lynn Wood.
 387—Richard Hunt, 17, Englewood H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-C. W. Johnson.
 388—Ralph Olson, 17, Bloomington (Ill.) H. S. T-Miss E. Stein.
 389—Wayne Olson, 16, South H. S., Minneapolis, Minn. T-P. Forsyth.
 390—Richard Parker, 18, Klamath Union H. S., Klamath Falls, Ore. T-Richard Reinholz.
 391—Carolyn Plummer, 17, Jefferson Davis H. S., Houston, Texas. T-Miss A. Smith.
 392—Phyllis K. Williams, 17, East H. S., Des Moines, Iowa. T-Mrs. Roena G. Clement.

GROUP III

- 393—Thomas Bateman, 10, Chicago (Ill.) Voc. School. T-Merrill Lyon.
 394—LaVerne Nixon, 17, Chicago (Ill.) Voc. School. T-Merrill Lyon.
 395—Joan Edna Warner, 18, Benjamin Franklin H. S., Rochester, N. Y. T-M. B. Tut-hill.

18—WEAVING

(Lily Mills Company, sponsor)

GROUP I

- 396—Jo Ann Cobb, 13, West Fulton H. S., Atlanta, Ga. T-Miss Bobby Snow.
 397—John Kimpel, 13, Memorial Jr. H. S., South Euclid, Ohio. T-Barbara L. Kuhlman.
 398—Faye Pressley, 13, Smith H. S., Atlanta, Ga. T-Mrs. Mary Fluker.
 399—Gardenia Taylor, 12, David T. Howard H. S., Atlanta, Ga. T-Jessie Belle Andrews.

GROUP II

- 400—Jane Anderson, 16, H. S. of Commerce, Worcester, Mass. T-N. Rose Balyian.
 401—Dianne Bergstrom, 17, Franklin H. S., Portland, Ore. T-Mrs. Evelyn Arnold.
 402—Carolyn Broadway, 18, DuPont Manual Training School, Louisville, Ky. T-Miss L. F. K. Green.
 403—Patsy Clemes, 15, East H. S., Des Moines, Iowa. T-Mrs. Roena G. Clement.
 404—Eddie Droze, 17, Jefferson Davis H. S., Houston, Texas. T-Anita Smith.
 405—Thomas Ellison, 16, Lincoln H. S., Philadelphia, Pa. T-G. Post.
 406—Sue Ann Freberg, 17, East H. S., Des Moines, Iowa. T-Mrs. Roena G. Clement.
 407—Patricia Freeman, 17, Austin H. S., Houston, Texas. T-Mrs. G. Brady.
 408—Jackie Gold, 16, Cleveland (Ohio) Heights H. S. T-C. J. Bachtel.
 409—Fred A. Moore, 18, Bulboa H. S., San Francisco, Calif. T-Mrs. Mathilda Camenon.
 410—Dora Mullens, 18, East H. S., Des Moines, Iowa. T-Mrs. Roena G. Clement.
 411—Merle Pugh, 17, University H. S., West Los Angeles, Calif. T-Norma McCartney.
 412—Marilyn Peterson, 18, East H. S., Des Moines, Iowa. T-Mrs. Roena G. Clement.
 413—Roger Puttcamp, 18, Milby H. S., Houston, Texas. T-Mary E. Heckman.
 414—Cleo Thrash, 18, Milby H. S., Houston, Texas. T-Mary E. Heckman.
 415—Annetta Wilson, 16, Paschal H. S., Fort Worth, Texas. T-Creola Searcy.

19—JEWELRY

(Scholastic Magazines, sponsor)

GROUP I

- 416—Donald Rice, 15, Cooley H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Miss M. L. Munro.

GROUP II

- 417—Dolores Abbott, 17, Allegheny H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Carl J. Heyne, Jr.
 418—Ronald Ashbrook, 16, South Hills H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Agnes Bittaker.
 419—Fred Bingham, 17, South Hills H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Agnes Bittaker.
 420—Susan Brainerd, 16, South Hills H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Agnes Bittaker.
 421—James Dyer, 17, Cooley H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Miss M. L. Munro.
 422—Mary Louise Izo, 17, Westinghouse H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-E. M. Kosewicz.
 423—Brent Kingston, 18, Topeka (Kans.) H. S. T-Mrs. Fayben W. Wolfe.

- 424—Robert Leech, 17, Westinghouse H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-E. M. Kosewicz.
 425—Mary Jane Mandeville, 18, South Hills H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Agnes Bittaker.
 426—Margaret McNair, 16, Wyandotte H. S., Kansas City, Kans. T-Eileen Hughes.
 427—Jim Morrissy, 16, Fairfax H. S., Los Angeles, Calif. T-Lois E. Franke.
 428—Joseph Peretic, 17, Allegheny H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Carl J. Heyne, Jr.
 429—Paul Potts, 18, South Hills H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Agnes Bittaker.
 430—Clinton Seely, 17, South Hills H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Agnes Bittaker.
 431—Victor Wrubicky, 17, Hampton Twp. H. S., Allison Park, Pa. T-Mrs. Merrie K. Auld.

GROUP III

- 432—Edward Bric, 18, Chicago (Ill.) Voc. School. T-Merrill Lyon.
 433—Dennis Gasper, 16, Chicago (Ill.) Voc. School. T-Merrill Lyon.
 434—Angela Giles, 18, John Dewey Continuation H. S., Long Beach, Calif. T-Ted Baird.
 435—Gerald Schwallie, 17, Dearborn (Mich.) H. S. T-Miss M. Carson.

20—LEATHERCRAFT

(J. C. Larson Co., sponsor)

GROUP I

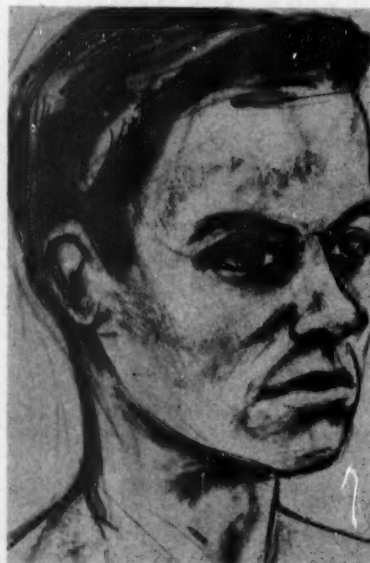
- 436—Nancy Burt, 15, Roosevelt Jr. H. S., Decatur, Ill. T-Geraldine Hodson.
 437—Creighton Decker, 13, Presidio Jr. H. S., San Francisco, Calif. T-Mrs. Esther Ross.
 438—Phyllis Payne, 13, Emerson Jr. H. S., Los Angeles, Calif. T-Mrs. Helen Luitjens.

GROUP II

- 439—Raymond Boyd, 17, Jack Yates H. S., Houston, Texas. T-Willie Lee Thomas.
 440—Sandra Lichtenberger, 17, Decatur (Ill.) H. S. T-Justean Bleeks.
 441—Don Meadows, 16, Fremont Union H. S., Sunnyvale, Calif. T-John S. Lorr.
 442—Evelyn Phillips, 18, John Marshall H. S., Los Angeles, Calif. T-Margaret Lewerenz.
 443—Gerald Teixeira, 18, Santa Maria (Calif.) Union H. S. T-George Muro.
 444—Grant Tom, 18, Los Angeles (Calif.) H. S. T-Mrs. Ethel Wardrop.

GROUP III

- 445—Margaret Von Salden, 17, San Rafael (Calif.) H. S. T-Leonard C. Fitzgerald.



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21—HANDCRAFT

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- 446—Neal Christensen, 17, Point Loma H. S., San Diego, Calif. T-Willie B. Brodie.
 447—Rosemary Chylinski, 17, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Mrs. Mabel Mustonen.
 448—Carl Schaefer, 17, Peabody H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-J. F. Scherrer.
 449—Charles Weinberger, 17, Peabody H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-J. F. Scherrer.

GROUP III

- 450—Robert Filipek, 16, Vocational H. S., Minneapolis, Minn. T-Wallace Saunders.
 451—Gilbert Hartlage, 17, Vocational H. S., Minneapolis, Minn. T-Wallace Saunders.
 452—Carl Kipp, 18, Coolidge H. S., Washington, D. C. T-Rufus Jacoby.
 453—Eleanor Mitchell, 17, Jane Adams Voc. H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T-Frances Hawkswell.
 454—Roger Panneton, 17, Coolidge H. S., Washington, D. C. T-Rufus Jacoby.
 455—Daniel Simkow, 17, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Mrs. Mabel Mustonen.

22—SCHOOL LIFE

(Devco & Reynolds Co., sponsor)

GROUP I

- 456—Nellie B. Boyd, 13, Tennyson Elementary School, Chicago, Ill. T-Mrs. Goldina Efron.
 457—Janice Lowe, 12, Roosevelt Jr. H. S., Middletown, Ohio. T-Millicent Bender.
 458—Lora Lee Patterson, 14, Horace Mann Jr. H. S., Tulsa, Okla. T-Elsa Langspecht.
 459—Kay Sanderson, 14, Central Intermediate School, Wichita, Kans. T-Mrs. Irene Carden.

GROUP II

- 460—Albert Amatulli, 17, Abraham Lincoln H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T-Leon Friend.
 461—Gail Foss, 16, North Park Academy, Chicago, Ill. T-Mrs. Lois Brown.
 462—Marvin Grossman, 15, Miami Beach (Fla.) H. S. T-Mrs. Minneana Jordan.
 463—V. Reklatus, 16, Tilden Tech. H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-M. B. Bohman.
 464—Margaret Smith, 17, El Dorado (Kans.) H. S. T-Victor Porter Smith.

GROUP III

- 465—Duane Ann Rappold, 17, W. C. Mepharm H. S., Bellmore, N. Y. T-Mrs. Dorothy Gade.

23—OBSERVATION OF ENVIRONMENT

(Devco & Reynolds Co., sponsor)

GROUP I

- 466—Sandra Erickson, 14, Carl Schurz H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Mrs. Ruth Framberg.
 467—Leon Green, 13, Barratt Jr. H. S., Philadelphia, Pa. T-Mrs. Ruth G. Yaffe.
 468—Joseph Sajdak, 12, Henderson Elementary School, Chicago, Ill. T-Milton J. Schular.

GROUP II

- 469—Norman Bradley, 17, South Side H. S., Fort Wayne, Ind. T-Mrs. Ruth Fleck.
 470—Lewis Cohen, 16, North H. S., Minneapolis, Minn. T-Mildred Read.
 471—Joan Fair, 16, Oliver H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Edith Reilly.
 472—Arlene Hougessen, 15, Amundsen H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Mrs. Blanche Breit.
 473—Leanne Leppert, 15, Carl Schurz H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Mrs. Ruth Framberg.
 474—Patricia Miller, 17, Chattanooga (Tenn.) H. S. T-Mrs. Eunice B. Kerr.
 475—Vivian Shaw, D. H. Hickman H. S., Columbia, Mo. T-Mrs. Oria F. Long.

Supplementary Awards for best examples in 22 and 23, respectively:

- George H. Clapp Memorial Award (\$50):
 476—Raymond Saunders, 18, Schenley H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Mr. Kuruna.
 Martin B. Leisser Memorial Award (\$50):
 477—Sharon Lee Wells, 17, Amundsen H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Mrs. Blanche Breit.



Award in Oils, Group II, by Leo Bassett, McKinley H. S., Washington, D. C. First shown at Frank R. Jelleff Inc. Regional.

24—CHRISTMAS SCENE

(Devoe & Reynolds Co., sponsor)

GROUP I

- 478—Sandra Magnelli, 14, Camp Curtin Jr. H. S., Harrisburg, Pa. T-Elsie M. Nixon.
 479—Sylvia Matuskey, 14, Riverside Jr. H. S., Morgantown, W. Va. T-Phyllis Core.
 480—Andrew Puckett, 15, Streater (Ill.) Twp. H. S. T-Margaret A. Hall.
 481—Adelbert Shamp, 13, Elba (N. Y.) Central School. T-Mary Tyler.
 482—Allegra Williams, 13, Tennyson Elementary School, Chicago, Ill. T-Goldina Effrom.

GROUP II

- 483—Bernard Aptekar, 17, Abraham Lincoln H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T-Leon Friend.
 484—Marylyn McCafferty, 14, School of the Brown County Ursulines, St. Martin, Ohio. T-Sr. M. James, O.S.U.
 485—Norma Satterstein, 17, Taylor Allderdice H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Jennie A. Norton.
 486—Raymond Saunders, 18, Schenley H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-D. L. Kuruna.

GROUP III

- 487—Ronald Kuchta, 17, West Tech. H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T-Paul Ulen.

25—"BETTER BREAKFAST" THEME

(Cereal Institute, Inc., sponsor)

GROUP I

- 488—Lawrence Houlihan, 14, Guilford School, Cincinnati, Ohio. T-Walter Johnson.

GROUP II

- 489—George Neundorfer, 17, South H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T-Moses P. Pearl.

26—MIXED MEDIA

(Permanent Pigments, Inc., sponsor)

GROUP I

- 490—Joyce Abbadessa, 14, Immaculate Heart H. S., Los Angeles, Calif. T-Sr. Virginia Ann, I.H.M.
 491—Nancy Boggs, 15, Thomas Jefferson H. S., Charleston, W. Va. T-Margaret Quinn.
 492—Donald Isom, 14, Morey Jr. H. S., Denver, Colo. T-Agnes Govreau.

- 493—Roy Queen, 13, Ritenour Jr. H. S., Overland, Mo. T-Mrs. Ethel H. Frew.
 494—Jim Wozniak, 16, Audubon Jr. H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T-Ada Krause.

GROUP II

- 495—Richard Herrera, 16, Helix H. S., La Mesa, Calif. T-Lawrence Helmuth.
 496—Therese Inhulsen, 17, Grossmont (Calif.) H. S. T-Marjorie Hyde.
 497—Barron Krody, 16, Purcell H. S., Cincinnati, Ohio. T-Bro. Francis Grisez, S.M.
 498—Marilyn Kurtz, 17, West H. S., Madison, Wis. T-Mrs. A. Ortmeier.
 499—Joan Moore, 17, Oak Park (Ill.) & River Forest H. S. T-Arthur L. Peiz.
 500—Margaret Ong, 18, Reagan H. S., Houston, Tex. T-Maurine Clark.
 501—Gertrude Peet, 17, Shipley School, Byrn Mawr, Pa. T-Mrs. Sara S. Burrows.
 502—Ken Price, 17, University H. S., West Los Angeles, Calif. T-Mrs. Elladora Furbush.
 503—Esther Schwartz, 17, Dorsey H. S., Los Angeles, Calif. T-Edna Jones.
 504—Judythe Winters, 15, Boulder (Colo.) H. S. T-Charles Blubaugh.
 505—Marlene Zavala, 17, Hirsch H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Katherine B. Parker.

GROUP III

- 506—Stephen Chop, 17, Norwich (Conn.) Free Academy. T-Joseph P. Gualtieri.
 507—Estelle Krasnow, 18, Abraham Lincoln H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T-Leon Friend.
 508—Jayne Richards, 17, Norwich (Conn.) Free Academy. T-Joseph P. Gualtieri.
 509—Glen Steeter, 17, Modesto (Calif.) H. S. T-Mrs. Isabelle Schrock.

THE STRATHMORE AWARDS

(A \$25 award for an outstanding pictorial entry from each sponsored region)

- 510—ALABAMA—Herbert Jones, 16, West End H. S., Birmingham, Ala. T-Lucille Ewing. (Black Ink)
 511—ARIZONA—Merilyn Wagner, 16, North Phoenix H. S., Phoenix, Ariz. T-Allen A. Dutton. (Oil)
 512—NORTHERN CALIFORNIA—Richard Overstreet, 17, Richmond (Calif.) H. S. T-Roberta Simmons. (Transparent Water Color)
 513—SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA—Mary Lou Rozales, 14, Horace Mann Jr. H. S., Los Angeles, Calif. T-Darcy Hayman. (Crayon)
 514—COLORADO—Ralph McKinnis, 13,

- University Hill Jr. H. S., Boulder, Colo. T-Jerry Kelly. (Colored Drawing Inks)
 515—CONNECTICUT—Thomas Nicholas, 18, Horace C. Wilcox Tech. School, Meriden, Conn. T-Ernest Lohrmann. (Transparent Water Color)

- 516—DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—Gerald Wartofsky, 17, Roosevelt H. S., Washington, D. C. T-Norma Bose. (Oil)

- 517—SOUTHERN FLORIDA—Richard Kline, 18, Technical H. S., Miami, Fla. T-K. E. Bare. (Transparent Water Color)

- 518—GEORGIA—Myrna Mathis, 13, Athens (Ga.) Jr. H. S. T-Mrs. Jack Rowland. (Opaque Water Color)

- 519—CHICAGO—Carl Koch, 18, Lane Tech. H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Joseph S. Young. (Oil)

- 520—OAK PARK AREA—Irene Junkunc, 17, Oak Park (Ill.) & River Forest H. S. T-Esther Robinson. (Crayon)

- 521—SOUTHERN-CENTRAL ILLINOIS—Mary McClure, 18, Decatur (Ill.) H. S. T-Justean Bleeks. (Oil)

- 522—INDIANA—Arthur Rosenbaum, 14, Shortridge H. S., Indianapolis, Ind. T-Mrs. Marjorie Sidman. (Oil)

- 523—IOWA—Leonard Coppes, 13, Horace Mann Jr. H. S., Burlington, Iowa. T-Mrs. Priscilla Reynolds. (Crayon)

- 524—KANSAS—Margaret Smith, 17, El Dorado (Kans.) H. S. T-Victor Porter Smith.

- 525—KENTUCKY—Russell Zimmermann, 14, Highland Jr. H. S., Louisville, Ky. T-Alma D. Lehnert. (Colored Chalk)

- 526—MASSACHUSETTS—Marlene Wallin, 16, H. S. of Practical Arts, Boston, Mass. T-Madeline Wicham. (Transparent Water Color)

- 527—SOUTHEASTERN MICHIGAN—David Rubello, 17, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Mrs. Edith Obel. (Transparent Water Color)

- 528—MINNESOTA—Sue Needham, 17, Washburn H. S., Minneapolis, Minn. T-Marion Trowbridge.

- 529—MISSISSIPPI—Paul B. Harrington, 15, Central H. S., Jackson, Miss. T-Mrs. Gerald Marley. (Transparent Water Color)

- 530—EASTERN MISSOURI—William Shelby, 18, Vashon H. S., St. Louis, Mo. T-Houston E. Chandler. (Opaque Water Color)

- 531—WESTERN MISSOURI—Sara Davis, 17, Northeast H. S., Kansas City, Mo. T-Audrey Miller. (Transparent Water Color)

- 532—NEBRASKA—John Daniel Linahan, 18, Technical H. S., Omaha, Nebr. T-L. Zenaide Luhr. (Colored Drawing Inks)

- 533—CENTRAL WESTERN NEW YORK—Sandra Simon, 13, Memorial Art Gallery,



Award in Crayon, Group III, by Brent Kington, Topeka (Kans.) High School. First shown at Allen W. Hinkel Co. Regional.

Rochester, N. Y. T-A. L. Melenbacher, Jr. (Transparent Water Color)

534—NORTH CENTRAL NEW YORK—Joyce Thompson, 17, De Ruyter (N. Y.) Central School, T-Gordon F. Muck. (Transparent Water Color)

535—NORTHEASTERN OHIO—Donald Schweikert, 18, Glenville H. S., Cleveland, Ohio, T-Charles S. Ford. (Opaque Water Color)

536—SOUTHERN OHIO—Dave Camele, 16, Purcell H. S., Cincinnati, Ohio, T-Francis Grisez. (Black Ink)

537—OKLAHOMA—Layman Jones, 17, Central H. S., Tulsa, Okla. T-Hubert Hogue. (Opaque Water Color)

538—SOUTHEASTERN PENNSYLVANIA—Peter Paone, 16, Fleischner Art Museum, Philadelphia, Pa. T-F. Barone. (Opaque Water Color)

539—WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA—Leroy Smith, 19, Erie (Pa.) Tech H. S. T-Joseph M. Plavcan. (Opaque Water Color)

540—WESTERN TENNESSEE—Jackie Alper, 17, East H. S., Memphis, Tenn. T-Mildred Keith.

541—NORTH CENTRAL TEXAS—Ronald Smith, 14, Bowie Jr. H. S., Odessa, Texas. T-Mrs. Anita Brookins. (Black Ink)

542—SOUTHEASTERN TEXAS—William Jones, 14, Jefferson Davis H. S., Houston, Texas, T-Genevieve Filson. (Pastel)

543—WESTERN TEXAS & NEW MEXICO—Roberto Olivas, 14, Bowie Jr. H. S., El Paso, Texas. T-Mrs. Berry Bell Crawford. (Crayon)

544—WASHINGTON—Gerald Robinson, 18, North Central H. S., Spokane, Wash. T-Kenneth C. Mhyre. (Transparent Water Color)

545—WEST VIRGINIA—William Hively, 17, Parkersburg (W. Va.) H. S. T-Mrs. Isabel Wilson. (Black Ink)

546—WISCONSIN—Joan Prath, 17, North H. S., Sheboygan, Wis. T-John Bergman. (Oil)



Place in Show, Charcoal, Group III, by Bernard Kilban, Norwalk (Conn.) H. S. First shown, Hartford Courant Regional.

PLACE WINNERS

The following students won places in the OILS Classification: 547 through 599.

547—Sam McBee, 17, Ensley H. S., Birmingham, Ala. T-Caroline Dick.

548—Taki Negas, 13, Norwood School, Birmingham, Ala. T-Mary Bradley.

549—Scott Mead, 17, Shades Valley H. S., Homewood, Ala. T-Mr. Strozler.

550—Irene Roade, 17, Hartford (Conn.) Public H. S. T-Geraldine Squarey.

551—Lou Ann Cohn, 17, Norwich (Conn.) Free Academy. T-Joseph Gualtieri.

552—William Rossoll, 17, Norwich (Conn.) Free Academy. T-Joseph Gualtieri.

553—Sarah Pietsch, 18, East H. S., Denver, Colo. T-Hero Conesny.

554—Bob Shaw, 14, Smiley Jr. H. S., Denver, Colo. T-H. Casagrande.

555—Joseph Worster, 14, Smiley Jr. H. S., Denver, Colo. T-H. Casagrande.

556—Anita Phillips, 16, Mt. Vernon Seminary, Washington, D. C. T-Mrs. Mary Orwen.

557-558—Geeming Lin, 17, Roosevelt H. S., Washington, D. C. T-Norma Bose.

559—Marvin Perlman, 17, Roosevelt H. S., Washington, D. C. T-Norma Bose.

560-563—Gerald Wartofsky, 17, Roosevelt H. S., Washington, D. C. T-Norma Bose.

564—Tom Locker, Woodrow Wilson H. S., Washington, D. C. T-Mrs. Mulford.

565—Ruth Ann Kester, 12, E. L. Constance Jr. H. S., North Miami, Fla. T-Mrs. Jessie R. Walsh.

566—Marlene Zavala, 17, Hirsch H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Mrs. Katherine Parker.

567—Paul Buck, 18, Decatur (Ill.) Sr. H. S. T-Justean Bleeks.

568—Jerry Edmonston, 18, Decatur (Ill.) Sr. H. S. T-Justean Bleeks.

569—Kay Huntley, 16, Decatur (Ill.) H. S. T-Justean Bleeks.

570—Marvin Bankston, 16, Marion (Ill.) H. S. T-W. R. Youngman.

571—Robert J. Buckley, 17, Oak Park (Ill.) & River Forest H. S. T-Arthur Pelz.

572—Muriel O'Hearn, 17, Wichita (Kans.) H. S. East. T-Watson Bidwell.

573—Robert Baker, 12, Southern Jr. H. S., Somerville, Mass. T-Norman B. Raum.

574—Kenneth Wisen, 17, Anoka (Minn.) H. S. T-Darwin Follath.

575—H. Michael Lynch, 14, Hibbing (Minn.) H. S. T-Elizabeth Prichard.

576-577—Lawrence W. Rosing, 17, Wayzata (Minn.) H. S. T-Olive Leun.

578—Paul Brown Harrington, 15, Central H. S., Jackson, Miss. T-Mrs. Gerald Marley.

579—John Schwieger, 18, Gering (Nebr.) H. S. T-Mrs. Nellie Pattison.

580—Dick Contil, 15, Auburn (N. Y.) Central H. S. T-Helen M. Sabourin.

581—Michael Powlosky, 19, Cortland (N. Y.) H. S. T-Mrs. Ruth Allison.

582—Nancy E. Skeele, 17, DeRuyter (N. Y.) Central School, T-Gordon F. Muck.

583—Richard Smith, 16, Hilton (N. Y.) Central H. S. T-Mrs. Dorothy Crosby.

584—Adrienne Bordes, 17, H. S. of Music & Art, New York, N. Y. T-Herman Bloomstein.

585—Gloria Reiner, 17, H. S. of Music & Art, New York, N. Y. T-Herman Bloomstein.

586—Karen Levin, 14, Brighton H. S., Rochester, N. Y. T-David B. Smith.

587—Leon Hill, 13, Grant Jr. H. S., Syracuse, N. Y. T-Mrs. Helvia M. Crook.

588—Emilie Fretcher, 14, Akron (Ohio) Art Institute. T-Michael Milidonis.

589—Don Schweikert, 18, Glenville H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T-Charles Ford.

590—Al Schuenger, 14, Wilbur Wright School, Cleveland, Ohio. T-Lizette Towle.

591—Joyce Udeen, 14, Roosevelt Jr. H. S., Tulsa, Okla. T-Joan Hill.

592—John Kestner, 17, Erie (Pa.) Tech. H. S. T-Joseph M. Plavcan.

593-594—Joseph Sierota, 18, Erie (Pa.) Tech. H. S. T-Joseph M. Plavcan.

595—Grace Clifton Smith, 17, Arlington Heights H. S., Ft. Worth, Texas, T-Mrs. Janie Lou Brewster.

596—Pat O'Neal, 17, Carter-Riverside H. S., Ft. Worth, Texas. T-Resa Oglesby.

597—Karen Quickstad, 17, Roosevelt H. S., Seattle, Wash. T-Lois Fulton.

598—Tom Sigman, 18, Appleton (Wis.) Sr. H. S. T-Ken Kuemmerlein.

599—Harold Remus, 17, Pulaski H. S., Milwaukee, Wis. T-Ruth Lassen.

The following students won places in TRANSPARENT WATER COLORS: 600 through 720.

600-601—Sam McBee, 17, Ensley H. S., Birmingham, Ala. T-Caroline Dick.

602—Scott Mead, 17, Shades Valley H. S., Homewood, Ala. T-Mrs. Robert A. Strozler.

603—Joan Hunsaker, 16, Mark Keppel H. S., Alhambra, Calif. T-Lester M. Bonar.

604-605—Carla Nelle, 17, Acalanes Union H. S., Lafayette, Calif. T-Barbara Nelson.

606—Sue Sweazer, 16, Acalanes H. S., Lafayette, Calif. T-Barbara Nelson.

607—Judy Topping, 18, Polytechnic H. S., Long Beach, Calif. T-Elsa Warner.

608—Robert Wendell, 18, Hamilton H. S., Los Angeles, Calif. T-Grace Haynes.

609—Richard Rikshheim, 18, Hollywood H. S., Los Angeles, Calif. T-Helen Howell.

610—Charles Gonzales, 15, Manual Arts H. S., Los Angeles, Calif. T-Louis LaBarbera.

611—Tony Delgadillo, 16, Washington Irving Jr. H. S., Los Angeles, Calif. T-Helen C. Fincke.

612—Joan Hunsaker, 16, Mark Keppel H. S., Alhambra, Calif. T-Lester M. Bonar.

613—Rochelle Merzon, 12, Woodrow Wilson H. S., Los Angeles, Calif. T-Christine Prutos.

614—Craig Hansen, 15, Technical H. S., Oakland, Calif. T-Mrs. Helen Dozier.

615—Celia Shiffler, 17, Reedley (Calif.) H. S. T-Beverly Brillhart.

616—Herman Lee, 16, Lincoln Jr. H. S., Sacramento, Calif. T-Phyllis B. Brandt.

617—Yolanda Garfas, 17, Mission H. S., San Francisco, Calif. T-Mr. Gill.

618—Sylvia Torres, 17, Santa Paula (Calif.) Union H. S. T-Richard Waller.

619—Joandell Hart, 12, South Gate (Calif.) Jr. H. S. T-Grace A. Nottage.

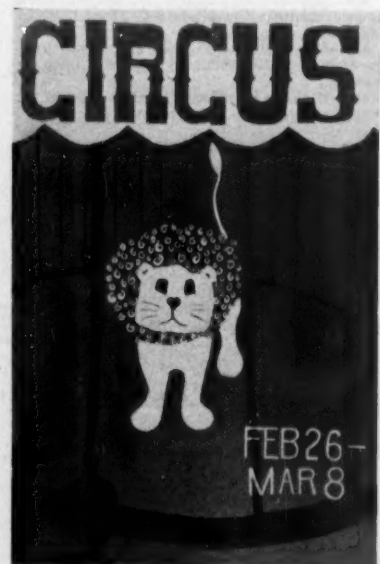
620—Jack Craig, 18, Fremont Union H. S., Sunnyvale, Calif. T-John S. Lorr.

621—Mary L. Hamilton, 17, East H. S., Denver, Colo. T-Esther L. Wickham.

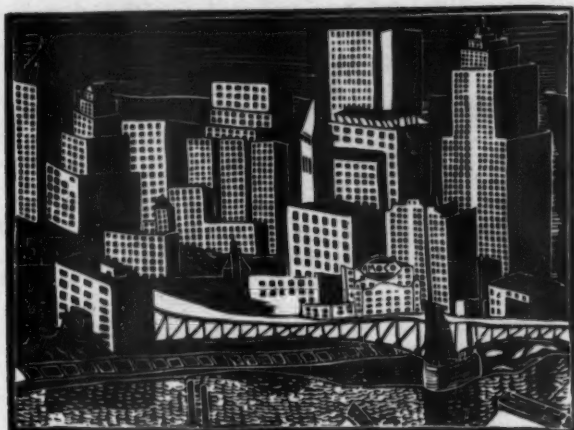
622—Vernon Wilson, 15, Lake Jr. H. S., Denver, Colo. T-Mrs. Iva M. Beck.

623—Ann Louise Mortenson, 18, Hartford (Conn.) Public H. S. T-Geraldine Squarey.

624—Thomas Nicholas, 18, Horace C. Wilcox Tech. School, Meriden, Conn. T-Ernest Lohrmann.



Award in Posters, Group I, by Ann Jemdah, St. Louis Park (Minn.) H. S. First shown at The Dayton Co. Regional Show.



Award in Prints, Group II, by Frank Marcucci, Dormont (Pa.)
H. S. First shown at Kaufmann's Regional Art Exhibition.

625—Warren Sattler, 18, Horace C. Wilcox Tech. School, Meriden, Conn. T-Ernest Lohrmann.

626—Catherine Maroney, 16, Westover School, Middlebury, Conn. T-Ethel Swantee.

627—Stephen Chop, 17, Norwich (Conn.) Free Academy. T-Margaret L. Triplett.

628—William Rossoli, 17, Norwich (Conn.) Free Academy. T-Margaret L. Triplett.

629—Nancy Plumer, 16, Stamford (Conn.) H. S. T-Lester J. Myers.

630—Martha Talmadge, 16, Athens (Ga.) H. S. T-Mrs. Jack Rowland.

631—Jimmy Black, 14, O'Keefe H. S., Atlanta, Ga. T-Miss Blackmar.

632—Betty Lockhart, 15, Decatur (Ga.) H. S. T-Sarah Hancock.

633—Nancy James, 16, Harper H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Mary K. O'Malley.

634—Lia Sayers, 17, Hyde Park H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Mrs. Jeannette Nichols.

635—Betty Robson, 15, Feitshans School, Springfield, Ill. T-Mrs. Clara Roelling.

636—Vivian Snyder, 17, Richmond (Ind.) Sr. H. S. T-Edward L. Loar.

637—Shirley Knight, 16, Amos Hiatt Jr. H. S., Des Moines, Iowa. T-Dolores Hoffman.

638—Larry Jarchow, 15, Oelwein (Iowa) Jr. H. S. T-James Nelson.

639—Marie Elder, 17, Hays (Kans.) H. S. T-Glen Howerton.

640—Rodney Jones, 17, Hutchinson (Kans.) H. S. T-Warren Brown.

641—Donald Harries, 17, Wichita (Kans.) H. S. North. T-Margie Goodwin.

642—Virginia Huck, 17, Wichita (Kans.) H. S. North. T-Margie Goodwin.

643—N. David Johnson, 18, Wichita (Kans.) H. S. North. T-Margie Goodwin.

644—Donna McLane, 18, Wichita (Kans.) H. S. North. T-Margie Goodwin.

645—Edwin Holmes, 17, Planeview H. S., Wichita, Kans. T-William King.

646—Patricia Rasmussen, 17, Wichita (Kans.) H. S. East. T-Watson Bidwell.

647—Robert Chayes, 15, Commerce H. S., Boston, Mass. T-Miss Cook.

648—Marlene Wallin, 16, High School of Practical Arts, Boston, Mass. T-Madeline L. Wickham. (Strathmore Award)

649—Cynthia Adams, 13, Hyde School, Boston, Mass. T-Josephine J. Richard.

650—Manuela Yona, 14, Cambridge (Mass.) H. S. T-Leo Prince.

651—Draper Hill, 17, Wellesley (Mass.) H. S. T-Miss R. B. W. Millner.

652—Camilla Bawol, 16, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Donald Brackett.

653—Larry Lake, 17, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Donald Thrall.

654—Ethel Leung, 17, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Donald Thrall.

657—Thomas L. Nowosielski, 17, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Donald Brackett.

658—Richard Eshkanian, 17, Highland Park (Mich.) H. S. T-Cyril Miles.

659—Jack Hennessey, 17, Eastern H. S., Lansing, Mich. T-Elsa Richards.

660—Carolyn Green, 15, Marshall Jr. H. S., Minneapolis, Minn. T-Olga Stevning.

661-666—Lawrence W. Rosing, 17, Wayzata (Minn.) H. S. T-Olive Leum.

667-668—Paul Brown Harrington, 15, Central H. S., Jackson, Miss. T-Mrs. M. K. Loyacono.

669—Hubert Gaither, Jr., 19, Tupelo (Miss.) H. S. T-Mrs. L. N. Wade.

670—Mary Lou Dooley, 16, Northeast H. S., Kansas City, Mo. T-Audrey G. Miller.

671—Jimmie Evans, 18, Northeast H. S., Kansas City, Mo. T-Mabel A. Newitt.

672—Richard W. Fanolio, 17, Northeast H. S., Kansas City, Mo. T-Audrey Miller.

673—Monty Dodd, 16, Roosevelt H. S., St. Louis, Mo. T-Evelyn A. Manheimer.

674—Patricia McDonough, 17, Webster Groves (Mo.) H. S. T-E. D. Myers.

675—Chip Reay, 15, Webster Groves (Mo.) H. S. T-E. D. Myers.

676—Billy Smith, 13, Mt. Holly (N. J.) Jr. H. S. T-Joyce Middleton.

677—Raymond Flynn, 17, Bureau For the Education of the Physically Handicapped, Brooklyn, N. Y. T-Mrs. R. Gould.

678—Michael Powlosky, 19, Cortland (N. Y.) H. S. T-Ruth Allison.

679—James Chamberlain, 15, DeRuyter (N. Y.) Central School. T-Gordon F. Muck.

680—Dorrit Bauer, 16, H. S. of Music and Art, New York, N. Y. T-Mrs. Helen Ridgeway.

681—Kenneth Munowitz, 17, H. S. of Music and Art, New York, N. Y. T-Miss Gene Redka.

682—Mimi Hoveplan, 14, School of Industrial Art, New York, N. Y. T-Ben Clements.

683—James McCarty, 17, School of Industrial Art, New York, N. Y. T-Ben Clements.

684-686—Donald Schweikert, 18, Glenville H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T-Charles S. Ford.

687-689—Robert Hopkins, 14, Myron T. Herrick Jr. H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T-Mrs. Peggy L. Rood.

690—Phyllis Friedman, 17, Shaw H. S., E. Cleveland, Ohio. T-Bruce Holderbaum.

691—Daniel Johnson, 17, Central H. S., Lima, Ohio. T-Mary Birney Kirk.

692—Beverlie Ogden, 14, Norwood (Ohio) H. S. T-J. T. Olmes.

693—Mike Bobier, 14, Shaker Heights (Ohio) Jr. H. S. T-Mrs. Mildred Eynon.

694—Bill Breshears, 17, Central H. S., Muskogee, Okla. T-Mrs. Ray C. Miller.

695—Jerry Whitsett, 17, Grants Pass (Oreg.) H. S. T-Mrs. Esther Fox.

696-698—Wayne Angel, 17, Klamath Union H. S., Klamath Falls, Oreg. T-Richard Reinholdt.

699—Richard Parker, 18, Klamath Union H. S., Klamath Falls, Oreg. T-Richard Reinholdt.

700-701—Tom Vail, 15, Cleveland H. S., Portland, Oreg. T-Mr. Hyden.

702—Hubert J. Buckel, 18, Erie (Pa.) Tech. H. S. T-Joseph M. Plavcan.

703—John Facchiano, 17, Erie (Pa.) Tech. H. S. T-Joseph M. Plavcan.

704—John Kestner, 17, Erie (Pa.) Tech. H. S. T-Joseph M. Plavcan.

705—Mildred M. Wolf, 17, Erie (Pa.) Tech. H. S. T-Joseph M. Plavcan.

706—James Passero, 17, Johnstown (Pa.) H. S. T-Mrs. Madge Rose.

707—Tom Evans, 17, Ramsey H. S., Mt. Pleasant, Pa. T-Kenneth C. Love.

708—Joann Maier, 16, Peabody H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Jean Thoburn.

709—Betty Schmitt, 17, Peabody H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Jean Thoburn.

710—Raymond Saunders, 18, Schenley H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-D. Kuruna.

711—Robert Hesser, 17, Reading (Pa.) Sr. H. S. T-Mrs. Lillian Norton.

712—Charles Dubois, 17, Paschal H. S., Ft. Worth, Texas. T-Creola Searcy.

713—Walter Russell, 12, Johnston School, Houston, Texas. T-Mrs. Kathryn Mann.

714—Francis Hewitt, 18, Springfield (Vt.) H. S. T-John Bateman.

715—Judy Kaiser, 14, Chief Joseph Jr. H. S., Richland, Wash. T-Thelma Pearson.

716—Kenneth Hoff, 13, Nathan Eckstein Jr. H. S., Seattle, Wash. T-Gordon L. Bolland.

717—John T. Tyree, 12, Boyd Jr. H. S., Charleston, W. Va. T-Arned E. Brown.

718—Ben Mahmoud, 16, Stonewall Jackson H. S., Charleston, W. Va. T-E. B. Meyer.

719—David L. Belling, 18, Boys' Tech. H. S., Milwaukee, Wis. T-Raymond Cote.

720—James Mitchell, 18, Boys' Tech. H. S., Milwaukee, Wis. T-Donald Gill.

The following students won places in OPAQUE WATER COLORS: 721 through 841.

721—Chris Ramsey, 11, Avondale School, Birmingham, Ala. T-Helen Higdon.

722—Fagan Thompson, 13, Norwood School, Birmingham, Ala. T-Mary Bradley.

723—Wanda Logan, 19, Tuscaloosa (Ala.) Sr. H. S. T-Mrs. Harriet B. Stogrin.

724—Warren Voth, 16, Grossmont (Calif.) H. S. T-Marjorie Hyde.

725—Phyllis Novins, 14, John Burroughs School, Los Angeles, Calif. T-Jane Elnor.

726—Susan Stoddard, 11, Emerson Jr. H. S., Los Angeles, Calif. T-Darcy Hayman.

727—Takeshi Nakayama, 15, Hollenbeck Jr. H. S., Los Angeles, Calif. T-Mrs. Doris S. Rasmussen.

728—Jann Batchelor, 15, Chaffey H. S., Ontario, Calif. T-Lurlyne Jones.

729—Richard Overstreet, 17, Richmond (Calif.) Union H. S. T-Roberta Simmons.

730—Eleanor Terenyi, 16, Santa Monica (Calif.) H. S. T-Mrs. Lucille B. Greene.

731—Julia Siegel, 17, East H. S., Denver, Colo. T-Esther L. Wickham.

732—Susan Banks, 17, Norwich (Conn.) Free Academy. T-John Gregoropoulos.

733—Mall Timusk, 16, Windham H. S., Wilimantic, Conn. T-Jack Allen.

734—Alice Gaskill, 18, Roosevelt H. S., Atlanta, Ga. T-Mrs. Lucia Corbin.



Award in Charcoal, Gp. II, by Augusta Cobbs, Greensboro (Ala.) High School.
First shown by Loveman, Joseph & Loeb.

735—Helen Ryals, 16, Roosevelt H. S., Atlanta, Ga. T-Mrs. Lucia Corbin.
 736—Wendell Hall, 18, West H. S., Aurora, Ill. T-Helena M. Sauer.
 737—Carol Thompson, 12, Jefferson School, Berwyn, Ill. T-Lillian Quinn.
 738—Penny Horak, 13, Lincoln School, Berwyn, Ill. T-Lillian Quinn.
 739—Joyce Hruby, 13, Lincoln School, Berwyn, Ill. T-Lillian Quinn.
 740—Nancy Widman, 13, Lincoln School, Berwyn, Ill. T-Lillian Quinn.
 741—Lucas Klikas, 17, Amundsen School, Chicago, Ill. T-Mrs. Blanche Breit.
 742—Susan Peterson, 17, Amundsen School, Chicago, Ill. T-Mrs. Blanche Breit.
 743—Zafer Zaferopoulos, 15, Austin H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Mrs. Esther Clettenburg.
 744—Eddie L. Johnson, 15, G. W. Carver School, Chicago, Ill. T-Alonzo D. Chancellor.
 745—Dean Lehman, 14, Barton School, Chicago, Ill. T-Mrs. Martin.
 746—Gloria Silver, 14, Bowen H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Florence A. Cavanaugh.
 747—Richard Hunt, 17, Englewood School, Chicago, Ill. T-C. Johnson.
 748—Allen Aster, 17, Kelly H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Mrs. Verne S. Role.
 749—Peggy Jarard, 15, Kelly H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Mrs. Verne S. Role.
 750—Ronald Maier, 17, Lane Tech. H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Joseph S. Young.
 751—Warren Stober, 12, McCormick School, Chicago, Ill. T-Mrs. Breen.
 752—Barbara Heider, 14, Roosevelt H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-E. Gretchen Bloomster.
 753—Madalyn Cohen, 14, South Shore H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Marie C. O'Hara.
 754—Ronald Freund, 15, South Shore H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Marie C. O'Hara.
 755—Roland Griswold, 16, Spalding H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Henrietta Bielenburg.
 756—Evelyn Mueller, 16, Steinmetz H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Edith E. Garis.
 757—Angelyn Anania, 16, Waller H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Mrs. Elston.
 758—Florette Mance, 13, Cicero (Ill.) Elem. School. T-Amanda Weberg.
 759—Sharon Soukup, 13, Cicero (Ill.) Elem. School. T-Amanda Weberg.
 760—Sylvester Harris, Jr., 15, Carver School, E. St. Louis, Ill. T-Alfrenia C. Young.
 761—Barbara Anderson, 17, Thornton Twp. H. S., Harvey, Ill. T-J. E. Aseltine.
 762—Terry Collier, 16, Rock Island (Ill.) Sr. H. S. T-Sara Mae McElhinney.
 763—Martha Miller, 14, New Trier Twp. H. S., Winnetka, Ill. T-Gloria Casella.
 764—Sharon Dember, 15, Central H. S., Ft. Wayne, Ind. T-Blanche Hutto.
 765—Oscar Heintzelman, 18, Central Catholic H. S., Ft. Wayne, Ind. T-Loretta Acker.



Award in Pencil Drawing, Group I, by Richard Bobby, Lincoln H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. First shown at Halle's Regional.



Award in Oils, Group I, by Arthur Rosenbaum, Shortridge H. S., Indianapolis, Ind. First shown at the Wm. H. Block Co. Regional Scholastic Art Exhibition.

766—Dennison Schladetzky, 17, McKinley H. S., Cedar Rapids, Iowa. T-Julia Crew.
 767—John Williams, 15, Washington Jr. H. S., Ottumwa, Iowa. T-Mary Louise Brady.
 768—Bernard Stone, 18, Topeka (Kans.) H. S. T-H. B. Nelson.
 770—Bobby Goodan, 14, Lexington (Ky.) Jr. H. S. T-Christine Brown.
 771—Alan Hise, 13, Lexington (Ky.) Jr. H. S. T-Christine Brown.
 772—Ted Behle, 13, Henry B. Manly Jr. H. S., Louisville, Ky. T-Mrs. D. Ackerman.
 773—Frances Johnson, 14, Southern Jr. H. S., Louisville, Ky. T-Mary W. Barnard.
 774—Donna Lloyd, 14, Western Jr. H. S., Louisville, Ky. T-Anita Harbsmier.
 775—Edith Williams, 14, Andover (Mass.) Jr. H. S. T-Frances Dalton.
 776—Edward Mikenas, 16, South Boston (Mass.) H. S. T-Josephine Mahoney.
 777—Robert Roberts, 19, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Blossom Cohoe.
 778—Richard Eshkanian, 17, Highland Park (Mich.) H. S. T-Mrs. Cyril Miles.
 779—Joyce Melconian, 17, Highland Park (Mich.) H. S. T-Mrs. Cyril Miles.
 780—Kenneth Quinn, 14, Bailey Jr. H. S., Jackson, Miss. T-Howard Cleland.
 781—Sarah Smith, 13, Bailey Jr. H. S., Jackson, Miss. T-Malcolm M. Norwood.
 782—Ted Guy, 14, John Burroughs School, Clayton, Mo. T-Fred Dreher.
 783—Kate Haven, 12, John Burroughs School, Clayton, Mo. T-Margery Dodson.
 784—Jeanne T. Bort, 15, Baldwinville (N. Y.) Academy & Central School. T-Mrs. Dorothy S. Kimball.
 785—Paul Ackerman, 16, Abraham Lincoln H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T-Phillip Frankie.
 786—Albert Amatulli, Abraham Lincoln H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T-Leon Friend.
 787—Bernard Aptekar, 17, Abraham Lincoln H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T-Leon Friend.
 788—Eileen Broser, 17, Abraham Lincoln H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T-Leon Friend.
 789—Leonard Kahan, 18, Abraham Lincoln H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T-Leon Friend.
 791—Robert Lacey, 14, Holley (N. Y.) Central School. T-Jennie Thomas.
 792—Norman Williams, 17, Newark (N. Y.) H. S. T-Richard Hawver.
 793—Jonathan Katz, 14, H. S. of Music and Art, New York, N. Y. T-Mrs. Ethel L. Kunit.
 794—Thomas Brow, 18, Glenville School, Cleveland, Ohio. T-Charles S. Ford.
 795—Joy Elaine Praznik, 15, James Ford Rhodes School, Cleveland, Ohio. T-Martha E. Kenyon.
 796—Tore Janson, 17, Klamath Union H. S., Klamath Falls, Ore. T-Richard Reinholtz.
 797—Richard Parker, 18, Klamath Union H. S., Klamath Falls, Ore. T-Richard Reinholtz.
 798—Jean Ehas, 17, Maple Hts. (Ohio) School. T-William F. Whitsett.

799—William Wright, 15, Maple Hts. (Ohio) H. S. T-W. F. Whitsett.
 800—Phyllis Smith, 15, Norwood (Ohio) H. S. T-J. P. Olmes.
 801—Delores Picha, 16, Salem (Oreg.) H. S. T-Mrs. D. H. Stearns.
 802—Sandra Diamond, 16, Shaker Hts. (Ohio) Sr. H. S. T-K. R. Caldwell.
 803—Victor Kord, 17, Shaker Hts. (Ohio) H. S. T-Charles B. Jeffrey.
 804—Herbert Beard, 18, Erie (Pa.) Tech. H. S. T-Joseph M. Plavcan.
 807—Elizabeth Curtis, 17, Erie (Pa.) Tech. H. S. T-Joseph M. Plavcan.
 809—John Kestner, 17, Erie (Pa.) Tech. H. S. T-Joseph M. Plavcan.
 812—Mae Sage, 16, Erie (Pa.) Tech. H. S. T-Joseph M. Plavcan.
 814—Leroy Smith, 19, Erie (Pa.) Tech. H. S. T-Joseph M. Plavcan.
 816—Jane Warner, 17, Erie (Pa.) Tech. H. S. T-Joseph M. Plavcan.
 817—Ted Vero, 16, Shaler H. S., Glenshaw, Pa. T-Ciaribel Ward.
 818—Hannah Clark, 14, Sayre Jr. H. S., Philadelphia, Pa. T-Mrs. Gertrude Schrot.
 819—Carol Jarmulowski, 13, Arsenal Jr. H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Ralph H. Hickman, Jr.
 820—Jack Butler, 15, Dormont H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-William E. Reed.
 821—Michael Rozewski, 15, Fifth Avenue H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Katherine R. Donaldson.
 823—Betty Schmitt, 17, Peabody H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Jean Thoburn.
 824—Roland McCullough, 16, Schenley H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-D. L. Kuruna.
 825—David Robinson, 17, Schenley H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-D. L. Kuruna.
 826—Robert Schellhardt, 15, Schenley H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Mr. Fitzpatrick.
 827—Cecilia Scott, 14, St. Francis Academy, Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Sr. M. Victoria.
 828—Larry DiFiori, 18, Upper Darby (Pa.) Sr. H. S. T-Elizabeth B. Kingsley.
 829—Rita Forcino, 12, Upper Darby (Pa.) Jr. H. S. T-Emily D. White.
 830—Jane Donaghe, 13, McLean Jr. H. S., Ft. Worth, Texas. T-Mrs. Beatrice Dunning.
 831—Roselyn Levy, 14, McLean Jr. H. S., Ft. Worth, Texas. T-Mrs. Beatrice Dunning.
 832—Bobby Lumpkin, 15, Riverside Jr. H. S., Ft. Worth, Texas. T-Ed. Curry.
 833—Ralph Stokes, 13, North H. S., Henderson, Texas. T-Ray Rayford.
 834—Bill Bradley, 17, San Jacinto H. S., Houston, Texas. T-Mrs. Hazel M. Thompson.
 835—Bill Bristow, 16, Thomas Jefferson H. S., San Antonio, Texas. T-Ruby E. Dugosh.
 836—Nancy Chick, 17, Washington-Lee H. S., Arlington, Va. T-Mrs. Rosalind Farley.
 837—Lyle Anderson, 16, Central Valley H. S., Greenacres, Wash. T-Mrs. Edith Snyder.

838—Patty Barrett, 14, Eckstein Jr. H. S., Seattle, Wash. T-Inez Stork.
839—Arthur Bacon, 17, West Seattle H. S., Seattle, Wash. T-Mrs. McDonnell.
840—Rebecca Marshall, 17, East H. S., Huntington, W. Va. T-Audra Keller.
841—Kermit Harcos, 14, Suncrest Flatts Jr. H. S., Morgantown, W. Va. T-Sam Madia.

The following students won places in the PASTELS, COLORED CHALK, CHARCOAL & CRAYON Classification: 842 through 898.

842—Judy Kelly, 13, Barrett School, Birmingham, Ala. T-Mrs. Lula Bell Black.
843—Jackie Nelson, 12, Minor School, Birmingham, Ala. T-Jean deYampert.
844—Eddie Pierce, 13, Robinson School, Birmingham, Ala. T-Mrs. Lila J. Wells.
845—Paul Wenzel, 17, Herbert Hoover H. S., Glendale, Calif. T-Mrs. Bertha Foster.
846—Carolyn Thompson, 15, Santa Monica (Calif.) H. S. T-Mrs. Nan Ohman.
847—Robert Sample, 13, Van Nuys (Calif.) Jr. H. S. T-Tom C. Harrison.
848—Kay Wheeler, 17, Boulder (Colo.) H. S. T-Charles Blubaugh.
849—Renie Sussman, 18, North H. S., Denver, Colo. T-Martha Epp.
850—Bernard Kliban, 18, Norwalk (Conn.) H. S. T-James Previtali.
851—Justine Nerrow, 15, Waterbury (Conn.) Catholic H. S. T-Mother St. Paul d'Avila.
852—Beth Akina, Barrow School, Athens, Ga. T-Frances Goodman.
853—Dixie Brandt, 18, Northside H. S., Atlanta, Ga. T-J. Larry Smith.
854—Penny Horak, 13, Lincoln School, Berwyn, Ill. T-Lillian Quinn.
855—Edna Greenfield, 13, Rock Jr. H. S., East St. Louis, Ill. T-Mrs. Virginia Degnan.
856—Bennett Johnson, 15, Evanston (Ill.) H. S. T-Jean Barnlund.
857—Frank Wayne Zwicker, 12, Riley School, North Lake Melrose Park, Ill. T-R. D. McCleary.
858—John Canfield, 15, Springfield (Ill.) H. S. T-Marjorie E. Mason.
859—Paul Helmle, 16, Springfield (Ill.) H. S. T-Marjorie E. Mason.
860—Norman Bauman, 14, Wilson School, Columbus, Ind. T-Jane Shields.
861—Philip Harlow, 13, Wilson Jr. H. S., Columbus, Ind. T-Jane Shields.
862—Ottis Hilburn, 17, Wichita (Kans.) H. S. North. T-Margie Goodwin.
863—Marilyn O'Quinn, 16, Bolton H. S., Alexandria, La. T-Mary Louise Morgan.
864-865—Diane Bull, 17, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Donald Thrall.



Award in Sculpture, Gp. II, by Randolph Brozek, Newburgh (N. Y.) Free Academy.

886—Norma Georges, 17, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Donald Thrall.
867—Charles Ivory, 17, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Mrs. Blossom Cohoe.
868—Phyllis McIntee, 18, Bentley H. S., Livonia, Mich. T-Nancy Boyer.
869—Clark Haglund, 16, Murray H. S., St. Paul, Minn. T-Marie M. Darche.
870—Ward Degler, 17, Jefferson Jr. College, Jefferson City, Mo. T-Nathaniel Cole.
871—Leonard Holbert, 14, Northeast Jr. H. S., Kansas City, Mo. T-Ronald Farmer.
872—Philip Risbeck, 13, Northeast Jr. H. S., Kansas City, Mo. T-Mrs. Lucile Jenkins.
873—Alan Jarvis, 13, North Platte (Nebr.) Jr. H. S. T-Robert Gilbert.
874—Dave Bennett, 17, Abraham Lincoln H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T-Leon Friend.
875—Estelle Krasnow, 18, Abraham Lincoln H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T-Leon Friend.
876—Norman Williams, 17, Newark (N. Y.) H. S. T-Richard Hawver.
877—Ronald Barrett, 15, School of Industrial Art, New York, N. Y. T-Ben Clements.
878—Mona Barton, 17, School of Industrial Art, New York, N. Y. T-Mrs. Smith.
879—Arvydas Babusis, 13, Benjamin Franklin H. S., Rochester, N. Y. T-Marian B. Tuthill.
880—Domenic DeFazio, 14, Benjamin Franklin H. S., Rochester, N. Y. T-Marian B. Tuthill.
881—Donald Schweikert, 18, Glenville H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T-Charles S. Ford.
882—Richard Bobby, 15, Lincoln H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T-A. W. Eterovich.
883—Raymond Tymczyszyn, 15, Lincoln H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T-Mrs. Josephine Frances.
884—Donald Miller, 14, Commerce (Okla.) H. S. T-Mrs. B. Plumlee.
885—Barbara Boterf, 17, Ponca City (Okla.) Sr. H. S. T-Gladys Main.
886—Nina Prosen, 17, Lower Merion H. S., Ardmore, Pa. T-William Bahmermann.
887—Jerry Melega, 15, California (Pa.) Community H. S. T-Virginia McGregor.
888—Mildred M. Wolf, 17, Erie (Pa.) Tech. H. S. T-Joseph M. Plavcan.
889—Adrienne Metcalfe, 17, Avonworth H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-John Karol.
890—Sandra Fountain, 13, South Jr. H. S., Abilene, Texas. T-Della Landers.
891—Richard Stout, 18, Beaumont (Texas) H. S. T-Grace Hunter.
892—Mary Ellen Branan, 15, Austin Sr. H. S., Houston, Texas. T-Mrs. Geraldine Brady.
893—Jerry Engel, 12, Sidney Lanier Jr. H. S., Houston, Texas. T-Christine Claypool.
894—James Van Patten, 13, Monroe Jr. H. S., Seattle, Wash. T-Mrs. Annabelle Riley.
895—Joseph Petta, 17, West Seattle H. S., Seattle, Wash. T-Mrs. Gail McDonnell.
896—Norma Littenal, 16, Charleston (W. Va.) H. S. T-Agnes Huston.
897—Richard Lemon, 15, East H. S., Huntington, W. Va. T-Audra Keller.
898—Patricia Muschinski, 17, Pulaski H. S., Milwaukee, Wis. T-Ruth Lassen.

The following students won places in the BLACK DRAWING INK Classification: 899 through 950.

899—Sam McBee, 17, Ensley H. S., Birmingham, Ala. T-Caroline Dick.
900—Jerry Kamstra, 18, Colton (Calif.) Union H. S. T-Mrs. Helen I. McDaniel.
901—Mary Ann Kunz, 17, Woodrow Wilson H. S., Long Beach, Calif. T-Ruth J. Burdiel.
902—Ervin Crosby, 15, Prescott Jr. H. S., Oakland, Calif. T-Mrs. Charlotte J. Chambliss.
903—Lupe Buitrago, 15, Academy of the Presentation, San Francisco, Calif. T-Sr. Mary Antoinette.
904—Bert Levine, 17, North H. S., Denver, Colo. T-Mrs. Jeannette Lacey.
905—Richard Nicholas, 18, McKinley Tech. H. S., Washington, D. C. T-Marie Walcott.
906—Randy Wright, 18, McKinley Tech. H. S., Washington, D. C. T-Marie Walcott.
907—Grace Evans, 16, Mt. Vernon Seminary, Washington, D. C. T-Mrs. Mary Orwen.
908—Gerald Wartofsky, 17, Roosevelt H. S., Washington, D. C. T-Norma Bose.
909—Lester Lashley, 17, Dunbar Trade School, Chicago, Ill. T-Clovie Fouche.
910—Dan Brobender, 18, Hyde Park H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Mrs. Jeannette Nichols.
911—Henry Stack, 18, Kelvin Park H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Mrs. Ethel A. Adams.



Award in Colored Pencil, Group II, by Elaine Cohn, University City (Mo.) H. S. First shown at Sixx, Baer & Fuller.

912—Carl Kock, 18, Lane Tech. H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Joseph S. Young.
913—Jerry Kaufmann, 17, Oak Park (Ill.) & River Forest H. S. T-Arthur L. Pelz.
914—Sandra Snell, 16, Oak Park (Ill.) & River Forest H. S. T-Arthur L. Pelz.
915—William Wartmann, 16, Oak Park (Ill.) & River Forest H. S. T-Arthur L. Pelz.
916—Roberta Wolin, 14, Oak Park (Ill.) & River Forest H. S. T-Janet L. Blundell.
917—Charlie Allen, 17, Abraham Lincoln H. S., Council Bluffs, Iowa. T-Bernice Pohl.
918—Dale Engquist, 16, Roosevelt H. S., Des Moines, Iowa. T-Julie A. Keeler.
919—Margaret Smith, 17, El Dorado (Kans.) Sr. H. S. T-Victor P. Smith.
920—N. David Johnson, 18, Wichita (Kans.) H. S. North. T-Margie Goodwin.
921—Patricia Rieveron, 16, Wichita (Kans.) H. S. North. T-Elizabeth Dunn.
922—Sylvia Zalla, 16, Andover (Mass.) H. S., T-Frances Dalton.
923—Janet Minnick, 17, Roslindale (Mass.) H. S. T-Alma Le Brecht.
924—Howard Austin, 17, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Elizabeth Bates.
925—Ina-Meta Varnauskas, 20, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Elizabeth Bates.
926—Herbert Oids, 14, Tappan Intermediate School, Detroit, Mich. T-R. DeVleeschouwer.
927—H. Michael Lynch, 14, Hibbing (Minn.) H. S. T-Elizabeth Pritchard.
928—Eva Angela Howe, 16, Edina-Morningside School, Minneapolis, Minn. T-Beryl Christesen.
929—Blair Tillisch, 15, Rochester (Minn.) H. S. T-Charles C. Rudkin.
930—Diana Clark, 18, Barstow School, Kansas City, Mo. T-Mrs. Patricia Collins.
931—Richard W. Fanolio, 17, Northeast H. S., Kansas City, Mo. T-Audrey G. Miller.
932—Charlene Williams, 17, Northeast H. S., Kansas City, Mo. T-Audrey G. Miller.
933—Monty Dodd, 17, Roosevelt H. S., St. Louis, Mo. T-Edna Braun.
934—Ronnie Platke, 16, University City (Mo.) H. S. T-D. Dillon.
935—Jim Nelson, 17, Lincoln (Nebr.) H. S. T-Richard Taussig.
936—Elspeth White, 17, Los Alamos (N. Mex.) H. S. T-Mrs. Elizabeth Hoyt.
937—Robert Iveson, 14, Brockport (N. Y.) Central H. S. T-Mrs. Myrtle Harness.
938—Marie Besida, 15, Prospect Heights H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T-Miss McEntee.
939—Norman Williams, 17, Newark (N. Y.) H. S. T-Richard Hawver.
940—Bruno Brugnateili, 17, School of Industrial Art, New York, N. Y. T-Albert Vanier.
941—Bernard Cootner, 17, School of Industrial Art, New York, N. Y. T-Mr. Seretsky.



Award in School Life, Group I, by Janice Lowe, Roosevelt Jr. H. S., Middletown, Ohio. First shown at Shillito's.

- 942—William Page, 16, East H. S. Rochester, N. Y. T-Mrs. Nancy Belfer.
 943—Robert Disch, 18, Lincoln H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T-A. W. Eterovich.
 944—Joy Elaine Prazmik, 14, James Ford Rhodes H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T-Martha E. Kenyon.
 945—Ellen Jean Price, 16, Shaw H. S., East Cleveland, Ohio. T-Bruce Holderbaum.
 946—Robert Cody, 17, Catholic H. S., Oklahoma City, Okla. T-Edward Walter.
 947—Peter Paone, 16, Bartram H. S., Philadelphia, Pa. T-N. Margolis.
 948—Sherry Stafford, 13, Bowie Jr. H. S., Odessa, Tex. T-Mrs. Anita Brookins.
 949—Lonnie Taylor, 14, Bowie Jr. H. S., Odessa, Tex. T-Mrs. Anita Brookins.
 950—Katherine Lindsey, 17, Madeira School, Greenway, Va. T-Lucile Evans.

The following students won places in the COLORED DRAWING INKS Classification: 951 through 958.

- 951—Glenna Frazier, 17, Lakewood (Colo.) H. S. T-Lorene Woodard.
 952—Martha Rose, 17, Newton (Iowa) Sr. H. S. T-Dona Mae Naughton.
 953—Sharon Wiley, 17, Wichita (Kans.) H. S. North. T-Margie Goodwin.
 954—Ethel Leung, 17, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Elizabeth Bates.
 955—Judy Way, 17, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Elizabeth Bates.
 956-957—Donald Schweikert, 16, Glenville H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T-Charles S. Ford.
 958—Robert Naujoks, 17, S. Milwaukee (Wis.) H. S. T-Audrey J. Bartlett.

The following students won places in the LEAD PENCIL DRAWING Classification: 959 through 977.

- 959—Robert Abacherli, 15, St. Bernardine's H. S., San Bernardino, Calif. T-Sister M. Leonard, I.H.M.
 960—Florence Yokol, 13, High School Annex, Stockton, Calif. T-Lois B. Williams.
 961—Genevieve Bednarz, 16, Bulkeley H. S., Hartford, Conn. T-Mildred D. Fontane.
 962—Thomas Nicholas, 18, Horace C. Wilcox Tech. School, Meriden, Conn. T-Ernest Lohrmann.
 963—Nancy Minter, 15, Oak Park (Ill.) & River Forest H. S. T-Esther Robinson.
 964—Carol Neiman, 15, Oak Park (Ill.) & River Forest H. S. T-Janet Blundell.
 965—Bill Haney, 13, Crane Jr. H. S., Topeka, Kans. T-Ellis J. Garrison.
 966—Shirley Swinney, 12, Mathewson Jr. H. S., Wichita, Kans. T-Rex Hall.
 967—Donald Harries, 17, Wichita (Kans.) H. S. North. T-Margie Goodwin.
 968—N. David Johnson, 18, Wichita (Kans.) H. S. North. T-Margie Goodwin.
 969—Gladys Rogers, 16, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Roland Schuhoitz.

970—Iris Ackland, 14, Tappan Intermediate School, Detroit, Mich. T-R. T. DeVleeschouwer.

971—Waunita Halvorson, 15, Tappan Intermediate School, Detroit, Mich. T-R. T. DeVleeschouwer.

972—H. Michael Lynch, 14, Hibbing (Minn.) H. S. T-Elizabeth Pritchard.

973—Gwendolyn Brewster, 13, Jennings (Mo.) Jr. H. S. T-Shirley Lorantos.

974—Shirley Stockwell, 18, North Kansas City (Mo.) H. S. T-Porter Price.

975—Susie Bloch, 17, H. S. of Music & Art, New York, N. Y. T-Ivan Olinisky.

976-977—Richard Bobby, 15, Lincoln H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T-A. W. Eterovich.

The following students won places in the COLORED PENCIL DRAWING Classification: 978 through 981.

978—Peggy Smith, 16, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Blossom G. Cohoe.

979-980—Theodore Burwell, 18, Newburgh (N. Y.) Free Academy. T-M. Irene McCord.

981—Victor Kord, 17, Shaker Heights (Ohio) H. S. T-Charles B. Jeffery.

The following students won places in the CARTOONING Classification: 982 through 1012.

982—Robert Reade, 12, Wm. T. Machan School, Phoenix, Ariz. T-Mrs. Sarah Raffensperger.

983—Bruce Law, 15, Phoenix (Ariz.) Union H. S. T-Mildred E. Spires.

984—Jack Haehl, 18, West Phoenix H. S., Phoenix, Ariz. T-Mrs. Martha Macon.

985—Ben Kuwata, 16, Roosevelt H. S., Los Angeles, Calif. T-George P. May.

986—Robert Messenger, 17, Lynwood (Calif.) H. S. T-Roger DeCloutier.

987—Carlo Whitson, 14, Mira Costa H. S., Manhattan Beach, Calif. T-Margaret Anne Gilmore.

988—Ted Desnica, 17, Lakewood (Colo.) H. S. T-Mrs. Lorene Woodard.

989—Warren Sattler, 18, Horace C. Wilcox Tech. School, Meriden, Conn. T-Ernest Lohrmann.

990—Frank Shulwolf, 17, Miami (Fla.) Sr. H. S. T-Mrs. Helen Spach.

991—Allen Anter, 17, Kelly H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Mrs. V. S. Role.

992-993—Stanley Jones, 17, Keokuk (Iowa) H. S. T-William Wayne.

994—Joan Thoria, 16, Wyandotte H. S., Kansas City, Kans. T-Eileen Hughes.

995—Thomas Miller, 17, Shawnee Mission H. S., Merriam, Kans. T-Mr. Shaw.

996—Jay Simpson, 17, Wichita (Kans.) H. S. East. T-Watson Bidwell.

997—Thomas Sutton, 15, Drury H. S., North Adams, Mass. T-Antoinette R. Murray.

998—Richard Beckman, 18, Redford H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Mrs. Parker.

999—Andrew Backer, 14, Scottsbluff (Nebr.) H. S. T-Clara E. Herrmann.

1000—Jane Edington, 16, Phelps (N. Y.) Central H. S. T-Joyce E. Mundy.

1001—Barbara Boterf, 17, Ponca City (Okla.) H. S. T-Gladys Main.

1002—Dale Bolen, 18, Tulsa (Okla.) Central H. S. T-Hubert Hogue.

1003—Joe Milan, Dick Dowling School, Beaumont, Tex. T-Mrs. Clara Shows.

1004—Paul Lance, 17, Austin H. S., El Paso, Tex. T-Elsie Reeves.

1005—James Hill, 18, Technical H. S., Fort Worth, Tex. T-J. B. Plangman.

1006-1007—Dave Baer, 17, Lamar H. S., Houston, Tex. T-Norma Henderson.

1008—Bill Bradley, 17, San Jacinto H. S., Houston, Tex. T-Mrs. Hazel Muhl Thompson.

1009—Frank Heizer, 17, Lamar H. S., Houston, Tex. T-Norma Henderson.

1010—Duane Pfister, 12, John Marshall Jr. H. S., Seattle, Wash. T-Robert E. Joice.

1011—William Shinkal, 16, Lewis and Clark H. S., Spokane, Wash. T-Lydia S. Goos.

1012—Roger Lynch, 18, Charleston (W. Va.) H. S. T-Agnes Huston.

The following students won places in the PRINTS Classification: 1013 through 1073.

1013—Linda Street, 14, Barrett School, Birmingham, Ala. T-Mrs. Lula Bell Black.

1014—Jimmie Cox, 13, Robinson Jr. H. S., Birmingham, Ala. T-Lila J. Wells.

1015—Kathleen Creamer, 16, St. Anthony's H. S., Long Beach, Calif. T-Sr. M. Luke, I. H.M.

1016—Janey Young, 14, Presidio Jr. H. S., San Francisco, Calif. T-Mrs. Esther Ross.

1017—Patricia Rewak, 15, Notre Dame H. S., San Jose, Calif. T-Sr. Monica Julie.

1018—Irene Roade, 17, Hartford (Conn.) Public H. S. T-Geraldine Squarey.

1019-1020—Alan Kidwell, 17, Eastern H. S., Washington, D. C. T-Leon Berkowitz.

1021—Stephen Rosenthal, 17, Woodrow Wilson H. S., Washington, D. C. T-Mrs. M. Mulford.

1022—Ronald Barr, 14, George Washington H. S., Indianapolis, Ind. T-France Failing.

1023-1024—Marjory Clark, 17, Roosevelt H. S., Des Moines, Iowa. T-Julia Keeler.

1025—Nancy Woodson, 16, Wyandotte H. S., Kansas City, Kans. T-Eileen Hughes.

1026—Larry Shoffner, 15, Salina (Kans.) H. S. T-Carl Peterson.

1027—Beverly Buchanan, 14, Allison Jr. H. S., Wichita, Kans. T-Eileen Tressler.

1028—Waunita Wood, 17, Wichita (Kans.) H. S. East. T-Dorothy Eberhardt.

1029—Janet Altie, 17, DuPont Manual H. S., Louisville, Ky. T-Laura Green.

1030—Judith Bulmer, 16, DuPont Manual H. S., Louisville, Ky. T-Laura Green.

1031—Shelby Francisco, 14, Southern Jr. H. S., Louisville, Ky. T-M. Walker Barnard.

1032—Harry Shuler, 18, Kenwood H. S., Baltimore, Md. T-Adele Jacobs.

1033—Nick Bird, 15, Puncard H. S., Andover, Mass. T-Frances Dalton.

1034—Patricia A. Greenwood, 16, South Boston (Mass.) H. S. T-Josephine Mahoney.

1035—Nancy Lingner, 17, South H. S., Worcester, Mass. T-Charlotte H. Scott.

1036—Ann Martin, 17, South H. S., Worcester, Mass. T-Charlotte H. Scott.

1037—Richard Bennett, 19, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Robert Jurma.

1038—David Rubello, 17, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-J. Wrina.

1039—Stokely Meier, St. Louis Country Day School, Berkeley, Mo. T-William C. Severson.

1040-1041—Richard W. Fanolio, 17, North-east H. S., Kansas City, Mo. T-Audrey Miller.

1042—Charles Smutny, 13, Beals School, Omaha, Neb. T-Dolores K. Dunn.

1043—Albert Amatulli, 17, Abraham Lincoln H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T-Leon Friend.

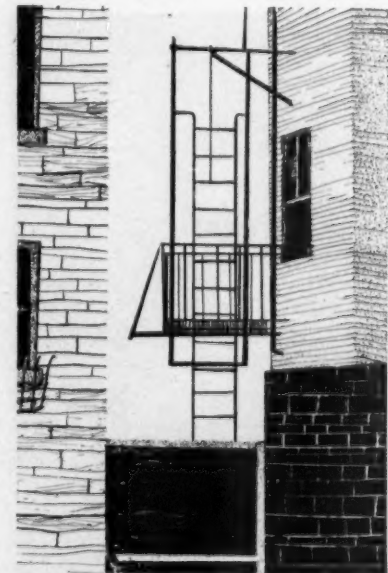
1044-1045—Bernard Aptekar, 17, Abraham Lincoln H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T-Leon Friend.

1046—Estelle Krasnow, 18, Abraham Lincoln H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T-Leon Friend.

1047—Renee Guillot, 17, Prospect Heights H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T-Mrs. Ella Jackson.

1048—Anthony Cipriano, Jr., 17, Lafayette H. S., Buffalo, N. Y. T-Janice Smith.

1049—Alice M. Lindstrom, 16, Newark (N. Y.) H. S. T-Richard Hawver.



Award in Black Drawing Ink, Group II, by Bernard Aptekar, Abraham Lincoln High School in Brooklyn, New York.



Place in Show, Black Ink Drawing, Gp. II, by William Page, East H. S., Rochester, N. Y. First shown at Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co. Regional Exhibition in Rochester.

1050—Dorrit Bauer, 16, H. S. of Music and Art, New York, N. Y. T-Gertrude Pferdt.
 1051—Gayle Homer, 17, H. S. of Music and Art, New York, N. Y. T-Herbert Ferris.
 1052—William Rose, 17, H. S. of Music and Art, New York, N. Y. T-Miss Ridgway.
 1053—Charles Gibson, 13, Bellevue Jr. H. S., Syracuse, N. Y. T-Mildred Babas.
 1054—Robert Stewart, 15, Needham Broughton H. S., Raleigh, N. C. T-R. H. Walston.
 1055—Ted Fuller, 13, West Jr. H. S., Akron, Ohio. T-Mrs. A. Nelson.
 1056—Ken Riddle, 16, Parma (Ohio) Schaaf H. S. T-B. C. Specht.
 1057—Barbara Russ, 17, Parma (Ohio) Schaaf H. S. T-B. C. Specht.
 1058—Elizabeth Brown, 17, Tulsa (Okla.) Central H. S. T-H. A. Hogue.
 1059—Layman Jones, 17, Tulsa (Okla.) Central H. S. T-H. A. Hogue.
 1060—Stephanie Hughes, 14, Lincoln H. S., Portland, Oreg. T-Henry Heine.
 1061—Gloria Bassill, 16, John Bartram H. S., Philadelphia, Pa. T-Nathan Margolis.
 1062—Bob Bernard, John Bartram H. S., Philadelphia, Pa. T-Nathan Margolis.
 1063—Bernard Harmon, 17, John Bartram H. S., Philadelphia, Pa. T-Nathan Margolis.
 1064—Peter Paone, 16, John Bartram H. S., Philadelphia, Pa. T-Nathan Margolis.
 1065—Richard Lamm, 16, Central H. S., Philadelphia, Pa. T-John F. Thompson.
 1066—William Miller, 15, Abraham Lincoln H. S., Philadelphia, Pa. T-Leonard B. Laskin.
 1067—Bill Reed, 14, Dormont H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-W. E. Reed.
 1068—James Reed, 17, Dormont H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-W. E. Reed.
 1069—Janice E. Woodson, 15, James E. Guinn Jr. H. S., Fort Worth, Texas. T-Mildred M. Anderson.
 1070—Barbara Rogers, 18, Paschal H. S., Fort Worth, Texas. T-Creola Searcy.
 1071—William Lawson, 17, Jefferson Davis H. S., Houston, Texas. T-Genevieve Filson.
 1072—Robert Crawford, 16, Lewis & Clark H. S., Spokane, Wash. T-Lydia S. Goos.
 1073—Phyllis Cohen, 17, Appleton (Wis.) H. S. T-Kenneth Kuemmerlein.

The following students won places in the GENERAL DESIGN Classification: 1074 through 1110.

1074—Nolen Hudson, 14, Barrett School, Birmingham, Ala. T-Mrs. Lula Bell Black.
 1075—Jan Burronay, 16, North Phoenix H. S., Phoenix, Ariz. T-Frances Kapanke.
 1076—Donald Cox, 12, Gardena (Calif.) Jr. H. S. T-Mary Pat Anderson.
 1077—Peter Bolstad, 14, Acalanes H. S., Lafayette, Calif. T-Barbara Nelson.

1078—Jerry Lee Baker, 11, Wilson Jr. H. S., Los Angeles, Calif. T-Christine Prutos.
 1079—Elsie Beachler, 17, Modesto (Calif.) H. S. T-Mrs. Isabelle Schrock.
 1080—Vicenta Fauella, 13, Western Jr. H. S., San Bernardino, Calif. T-Mrs. Katherine Eshelman.
 1081—Winifred Ng, 16, George Washington H. S., San Francisco, Calif. T-Mary Marshall.
 1082—Dave Scovill, 17, San Raphael (Calif.) H. S. T-E. C. Day.
 1083—Mary Smith, 17, Vallejo (Calif.) College. T-Dorothy Ann Herger.
 1084—Lucas Klika, 18, Amundsen H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Mrs. Blanche Breit.
 1085—Thadiora Turner, 16, Englewood H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Mrs. June Currin.
 1086—Carolyn Patterson, 15, Dennis Jr. H. S., Richmond, Ind. T-Eli Wells.
 1087—Carol Roberts, 15, Dennis Jr. H. S., Richmond, Ind. T-Eli Wells.
 1088—Charles Eason, 12, Northwest Jr. H. S., Kansas City, Kans. T-Mrs. Carrie Fuenfstueck.
 1089—Carolyn Krummel, 13, Northwest Jr. H. S., Kansas City, Kans. T-Mrs. Carrie Fuenfstueck.
 1090—Mary Slater, 14, Northwest Jr. H. S., Kansas City, Kans. T-Mrs. Carrie Fuenfstueck.
 1091—Margaret Joan Smith, 17, Topeka (Kans.) H. S. T-H. B. Nelson.
 1092—Beverly VanDusen, 17, East H. S., Wichita, Kans. T-Watson Bidwell.
 1093—Richard Bennett, 19, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Blossom G. Cohoe.
 1094—Brian Buckman, 16, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Donald Thrall.
 1095—Charlotte Stranaky, 14, Humboldt H. S., St. Paul, Minn. T-Mrs. Lynn Milton.
 1096—Janet Osterberg, 15, South H. S., Minneapolis, Minn. T-Mrs. P. Forsyth.
 1097—Barbara Watson, 17, Central H. S., Kansas City, Mo. T-Fonette V. Riley.
 1098—Lenore Bonner, 13, Northeast Jr. H. S., Kansas City, Mo. T-Mrs. Lucile Jenkins.
 1099—Nancy Keirns, 13, Northeast Jr. H. S., Kansas City, Mo. T-Mrs. Lucile Jenkins.
 1100—Gretchen North, 18, Los Alamos (N. Mex.) H. S. T-Elizabeth Hoyt.
 1101—Rita Dumont, 16, Prospect Heights H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T-Mrs. Mary Germeroth.
 1102—Jean Stark, 17, John Adams H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T-Mary K. Mosgo.
 1103—Elaine Cohen, 17, Heights H. S., Cleveland Heights, Ohio. T-C. J. Bachtel.
 1104—Catherine Berger, 15, Shaker Heights (Ohio) H. S. T-K. R. Caldwell.
 1105—Judith Glezen, 17, Shaker Heights (Ohio) H. S. T-C. B. Jeffery.
 1106—Barbara Levine, 15, Shaker Heights (Ohio) Jr. H. S. T-Frank Rood.

1107—Warren Luther, 13, Shaker Heights (Ohio) Jr. H. S. T-Mrs. Mildred Eynon.
 1108—Joyce Boulton, 13, Capitol Hill Jr. H. S., Oklahoma City, Okla. T-Mildred Timmons.
 1109—Barbara Rosenblum, 14, Sayre Jr. H. S., Philadelphia, Pa. T-Mrs. Gertrude Schrot.
 1110—Juanita Marshall, 16, John H. Reagan H. S., Houston, Texas. T-Mrs. Maurine Clark.

The following students won places in the COSTUME DESIGN Classification: 1111 through 1136.

1111—Shirley Darner, 16, Beverly Hills (Calif.) H. S. T-Mrs. Marjorie Z. Viau.
 1112—Jacquelyn Knuth, 16, West H. S., Aurora, Ill. T-Helena Sauer.
 1113—Rosa Lee Smith, 16, DuQuoin (Ill.) Twp. H. S. T-Irene V. Brock.
 1114—Suzanne Gerwe, 18, Shortridge H. S., Indianapolis, Ind. T-Jane Messick.
 1115—Karen Lee, 15, Shortridge H. S., Indianapolis, Ind. T-Jane Messick.
 1116—Kathie Wick, 14, Test Jr. H. S., Richmond, Ind. T-Mrs. Theodore Lyons.
 1117—Eleanor Gay, 17, Franklin H. S., Cedar Rapids, Iowa. T-Erma Oberg.
 1118—Virginia Sainick, 16, Washington H. S., Bethel, Kans. T-Mrs. Rilla Stephens.
 1119—Martha Packard, 16, Topeka (Kans.) H. S. T-Mr. Nelson.
 1120—Joan Hashoian, 16, Fordson H. S., Dearborn, Mich. T-Mrs. Mildred Lyman.
 1121—Donald Brown, 18, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Mrs. Bernadine Sether.
 1122—Joan Milchuck, 18, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Mrs. Bernadine Sether.
 1123—Gerald LaVerne Olney, 16, Northern H. S., Flint, Mich. T-Mr. McPharlin.
 1124—Gail Mahan, 14, Art Institute, Kansas City, Mo. T-Natalie Kleindienst.
 1125—1126—Norma Gieseking, 16, Wellington C. Mephram H. S., Bellmore, N. Y. T-Mrs. Dorothy Gade.
 1127—Ann Russell, 17, W. C. Mephram H. S., Bellmore, N. Y. T-Mrs. Dorothy Gade.
 1128—Laura DePersio, 16, Prospect Heights H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T-Mrs. Dnorkin.
 1129—Jacqueline Angot, 16, Christopher Columbus H. S., New York, N. Y. T-Miss Yama.
 1130—Grace Messera, 16, Prospect Heights H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T-Mrs. Rebecca Dworkin.
 1131—Penelope Eugenides, 16, School of Industrial Art, New York, N. Y. T-Mrs. Olga Vecchi.
 1132—Norma Valentin, 17, School of Industrial Art, New York, N. Y. T-Mrs. Olga Vecchi.
 1133—Gail Brough, 16, Convent School, Syracuse, N. Y. T-Sr. Mary Anita.
 1134—Roger Robinson, 18, Washington H. S., Sioux Falls, S. Dak. T-Lucile Bruce.
 1135—Janell Coley, 17, Gladewa'er (Texas) H. S. T-Bill Neale.
 1136—Doris Kubota, 16, Cleveland H. S., Seattle, Wash. T-Robert Lennon.

The following students won places in the DESIGN FOR GREETING CARDS Classification: 1137 through 1153.

1137—Betty Eya, 16, Santa Maria (Calif.) Union H. S. T-George Muro.
 1138—Catherine Braun, 16, Logan County H. S., Sterling, Colo. T-Arthur Imber.
 1139—Sara Burgess, 17, New London (Conn.) H. S. T-Y. E. Soderberg.
 1140—Pamela Price, 18, Ethel Walker



Award in Jewelry, Group III, by Dennis Gasper, Chicago (Ill.) Vocational School. First shown at The Fair Regional Exhibit.

School, Simsbury, Conn. T-Blanche Bockstoe.

1141—Catherine Lawryniewicz, 17, Lakeview H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Esther Roeth.

1142—Frank Swiatek, 14, Pulaski H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Florence Hanawalt.

1143—Linn Self, 12, Roosevelt Jr. H. S., Wichita, Kans. T-Mrs. Gloria Redfield.

1144—Richard Eshkanian, 17, Highland Park (Mich.) H. S. T-Mrs. Cyril Miles.

1145—Raymond Flynn, 17, Bureau for Education of Physically Handicapped, Brooklyn, N. Y. T-R. Keppel Gould.

1146—Estelle Krasnow, 18, Abraham Lincoln H. S., Brooklyn N. Y. T-Leon Friend.

1147—Lorell Kamer, 18, Prospect Heights H. S., Brooklyn N. Y. T-Mrs. Ella Jackson.

1148—1149—Esther Sacherson, 17, Prospect Heights H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T-Mrs. Ella Jackson.

1150—William Hilz, 17, Middletown (Ohio) H. S. T-Dorothy E. Wilson.

1151—Betty Schmitt, 17, Peabody H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Homer C. Bower.

1152—Jane Volpunte, 15, Columbia H. S., Richland, Wash. T-James McGrath.

1153—Kenneth Schmidt, 17, West Bend (Wis.) H. S. T-Miss Zukouski.

The following students won places in the ILLUSTRATION Classification: 1154 through 1168.

1154—Elaine Bright, 15, North Phoenix H. S., Phoenix, Ariz. T-Allen A. Dutton.

1155—Shirley Weber, 17, North Phoenix H. S., Phoenix, Ariz. T-Frances Kapanke.

1156—Ish Sales, 17, Phoenix (Ariz.) Union H. S. T-Cordelia M. Perkins.

1157—Carolynn Markus, 17, Central H. S., Pueblo, Colo. T-William Hartley.

1158—Thomas Nicholas, 18, Horace C. Wilcox H. S., Meriden, Conn. T-Ernest Lohrmann.

1159—Catherine Lawryniewicz, 17, Lake View H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Esther Roeth.

1160—Byron Reed, 18, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Mrs. Blossom G. Cohoe.

1161—Nina Heredeen, 15, Central H. S., Jackson, Miss. T-Mrs. Mary Loyacono.

1162—Roslyn Celnicker, 17, Midwood H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T-Mr. Mandell.

1163—Nancy Lazzara, 14, East H. S., Rochester, N. Y. T-Mrs. Nancy Belfer.

1164—Robert Sallade, 17, Hower Voc. H. S., Akron, Ohio. T-Michael Milidonis.

1165—Richard Weaver, 18, East Tech. H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T-Nicholas Livaich.

1166—Eleanor Davy, 17, Central H. S., Tulsa, Okla. T-Hubert Hogue.

1167—Bill O'Brien, 17, Gladewater (Texas) H. S. T-Bill Neale.

1168—Jimm Scogin, 17, Columbia H. S., Richland, Wash. T-James McGrath.

The following students won places in the POSTERS Classification: 1169 through 1185.

1169—Sheila Barron, 14, Audubon Jr. H. S., Los Angeles, Calif. T-Mrs. Beatrice Zimmermann.

1170—Harry Wedgewood, 17, Technical H. S., Oakland, Calif. T-Harry A. Donlevy.

1171—Alfonso Rodriguez, 19, West H. S., Denver, Colo. T-David Phillips.

1172—Bob Bowers, 17, Des Moines (Iowa) Tech. H. S. T-Marie Brewer.

1173—Sally Sprinkle, 17, Des Moines (Iowa) Tech. H. S. T-Marie Brewer.

1174—Barbara Baber, 13, Washington Central School, Webster City, Iowa. T-Miss Osborne.

1175—Anna Attwater, 15, Robinson Intermediate School, Wichita, Kans. T-Carol Ann Donovan.

1176—Donald T. Allison, 17, Ahrens Trade H. S., Louisville, Ky. T-Richard Pope.

1177—Barbara G. Harris, 17, Ahrens Trade H. S., Louisville, Ky. T-Richard Pope.

1178—William Hollingshead, 17, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Elizabeth Bates.

1179—William Wallace, 18, Denby H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-K. E. Haines.

1180—Herbert Oids, 14, Tappan Intermediate School, Detroit, Mich. T-R. DeVleeschouwer.

1181—Barbara McMahan, 15, Southwest H. S., St. Louis, Mo. T-Mrs. Grace Markman.

1182—Leonard Kahan, 18, Abraham Lincoln H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T-Leon Friend.

1183—Robert Hopkins, 14, Myron T. Herrick Jr. H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T-Mrs. Peggy Rood.

1184—Lowell Barnhart, 17, Middletown (Ohio) H. S. T-Dorothy E. Wilson.

1185—Carl Belluomini, 15, Connelley Voc. H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-R. S. Kennady.

The following students won places in the SCULPTURE Classification: 1186 through 1210.

1186—Joe Chamalian, 13, Sunnyslope (Ariz.) School. T-Robert G. Lundeen.

1187—Gordon Knight, 13, Sunnyslope (Ariz.) School. T-Robert G. Lundeen.

1188—Joe Gonzales, 16, Vista (Calif.) H. S. T-James M. Holland.

1189—Norman Kraemer, 16, Norwalk H. S., East Norwalk, Conn. T-James Previtali.

1190—Zachary Roderick, 18, Bloomington (Ill.) H. S. T-Elizabeth Stein.

1191—Stanley Tinsley, 18, Bowen H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Florence A. Cavanaugh.

1192—Ann Sommer, 17, Hyde Park H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Mrs. Jeannette Nichols.

1193—Russell Malinowski, 13, H. B. Stowe Elementary School, Chicago, Ill. T-Mrs. Clarice Hallberg.

1194—Anthony Baratta, 15, La Salle-Peru H. S., La Salle, Ill. T-Miss Dickson.

1195—Dolores Clayton, 16, Mt. Vernon (Ill.) Twp. H. S.

1196—Ronald Oberle, 17, Richmond (Ind.) H. S. T-Edward L. Loar.

1197—Robert Smith, 13, Southern Jr. H. S., Louisville, Ky. T-Mary Walker Barnard.

1198—Vaino Tap Kola, 15, H. S. of Commerce, Worcester, Mass. T-Anthony J. Trippi.

1199—Herb Maninfor, 18, Iron Mountain (Mich.) H. S. T-Robert Ekholm.

1200—Sonya Benna, 17, St. Louis Park (Minn.) H. S. T-W. W. Heer.

1201—Richard Ventrelli, 16, Monroe H. S., St. Paul, Minn. T-Kenneth Williams.

1202—Anthony Kriarlis, 16, Abraham Lincoln H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T-Hy Freilicher.

1203—Michael Umlas, 16, Abraham Lincoln H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T-Hy Freilicher.



Award in Oils, Group II, by William Koski, H. S. of Commerce, Worcester, Mass. First shown by Boston Globe.

1204—Robert Gillard, 14, Arts H. S., Newark, N. J. T-Seymour M. Landsman.

1205—James Eddins, 15, Guilford School, Cincinnati, Ohio. T-Walter Johnson.

1206—Kenneth Smith, 17, Guilford School, Cincinnati, Ohio. T-Walter Johnson.

1207—Maurice Boschero, 14, Linnton Elementary School, Portland, Oreg. T-Mrs. Alice Alexandra Polk.

1208—Jerry Wells, 17, Denison (Texas) H. S. T-Johnny Beck.

1209—Fred Lamb, 17, Austin H. S., Houston, Texas. T-Gerry Brady.

1210—Roger Bradley, 18, Roosevelt H. S., Seattle, Wash. T-Miss L. Fulton.

The following students won places in the CERAMICS & CERAMIC SCULPTURE Classification: 1211 through 1240.

1211—Richard Roth, 13, Emerson Jr. H. S., Los Angeles, Calif. T-H. Luitjens.

1212—Bill Simonian, 17, Roosevelt H. S., Los Angeles, Calif. T-Doris Gilmore.

1213—Duane Frederick, 17, San Rafael (Calif.) H. S. T-Edward C. Day.

1214—Alan Peterson, 16, San Rafael (Calif.) H. S. T-Edward C. Day.

1215—Marilyn Howard, 17, North H. S., Denver, Colo. T-Mrs. Jeannette Lacey.

1216—Sondra Lampher, 15, Miami (Fla.) H. S. T-Mrs. Helen Spach.

1217—John Richardson, 19, Spalding H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Mae A. Boland.

1218—Jimmie Adams, 16, Mt. Vernon (Ill.) Twp. H. S. T-Mrs. Alma Biagi.

1219—William Wartmann, 16, Oak Park (Ill.) & River Forest H. S. T-Arthur L. Pelz.

1220—Betty Williams, 17, New Trier Twp. H. S., Winnetka, Ill. T-Mr. Stenvall.

1221—Dave Stier, 19, Central H. S., Fort Wayne, Ind. T-Blanche Hutto.

1222—Jerebill Barton, 17, Commerce H. S., Worcester, Mass. T-John Merrill.

1223—Dorinda Loeffel, 12, John Burroughs School, Clayton, Mo. T-Robert L. Walker.

1224—Toby Magidson, 13, John Burroughs School, Clayton, Mo. T-Robert L. Walker.

1225—Charlotte Rist, 14, John Burroughs School, Clayton, Mo. T-Robert L. Walker.

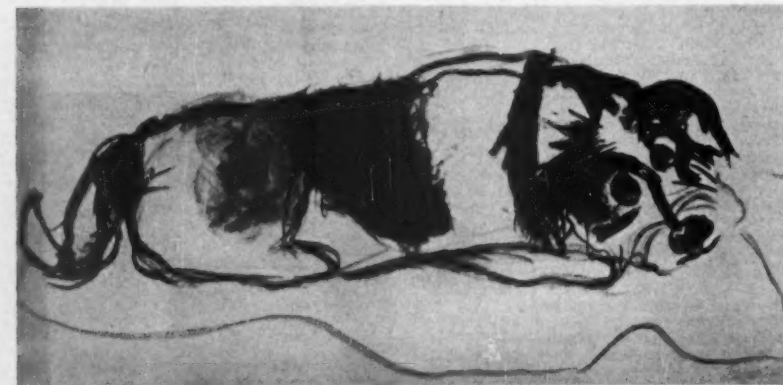
1226—Bob Hayden, 15, Northeast Jr. H. S., Kansas City, Mo. T-R. J. Farmer.

1227—Gus Kokis, 18, School of Industrial Art, New York, N. Y. T-Albino Cavallito.

1228—George Mesologires, 18, School of Industrial Art, New York, N. Y. T-Albino Cavallito.

1229—Joan Mustonen, 17, School of Industrial Art, New York, N. Y. T-Albino Cavallito.

1230—David Giorgi, 14, John Marshall H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T-Irene Kissel.



Award in Black Drawing Ink, Group I, by Beatrice Myers, Borel School, San Mateo, Calif. First displayed at The Emporium Regional Art Exhibition in San Francisco.

- 1231—Donald Smith, 15, Klamath Union H. S., Klamath Falls, Oreg. T-Ruth Zuelke.
 1232—Louis Nau, 17, Parkland H. S., Philadelphia, Pa. T-W. W. Swallow.
 1233—Betty Baker, 16, Peabody H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Wesley Mills.
 1234—Ray Barone, 17, Peabody H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Wesley Mills.
 1235—Anne Bowser, 17, Peabody H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T. Wesley Mills.
 1236—Shirley Erb, 18, Peabody H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Wesley Mills.
 1237—Merle Sands, 16, Schenley H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Edward J. Oleniacz.
 1238—Martha Lou Sparks, 14, David Crockett Jr. H. S., Beaumont, Texas. T-Mrs. Fannie C. Jones.
 1239—Kenneth Wood, 14, Ernest Parker Jr. H. S., Fort Worth, Texas. T-Polly Harrison.
 1240—Loretta Davis, Jefferson Davis H. S., Houston, Texas. T-Anita Smith.

The following students won places in the FABRIC DECORATION Classification: 1241 through 1264.

- 1241—Jayne Richards, 17, Norwich (Conn.) Free Academy. T-Mrs. Blanche W. Browning.
 1242—Dennis Gasper, 16, Chicago (Ill.) Vocational School. T-Merrill Lyon.
 1243—Joanne Kroll, 16, Chicago (Ill.) Vocational School. T-Merrill Lyon.
 1244—Patricia Mathews, 17, Chicago (Ill.) Vocational School. T-Merrill Lyon.
 1245—Shirley Ufer, 17, Chicago (Ill.) Vocational School. T-Merrill Lyon.
 1246—Bobby Newton, 12, Amos Hiatt Jr. H. S., Des Moines, Iowa. T-Dolores Hoffmann.
 1247—Doris Peterson, 15, Warren Harding Jr. H. S., Des Moines, Iowa. T-Mrs. Marjorie Ritters.
 1248—Beverly Garden, 15, Wyandotte H. S., Kansas City, Kans. T-Eileen Hughes.
 1249—Barbara Moles, 16, Wyandotte H. S., Kansas City, Kans. T-Eileen Hughes.
 1250—Douglas Wikander, 15, Mathewson Jr. H. S., Wichita, Kans. T-Rex Hall.
 1251—Marjorie Burgess, 14, Northeast Jr. H. S., Kansas City, Mo. T-Mrs. Lucile H. Jenkins.
 1252—Rosalie Hagg, 15, Northeast Jr. H. S., Kansas City, Mo. T-Lucile H. Jenkins.
 1253—Norman Williams, 17, Newark (N. Y.) H. S. T-Richard Hawver.
 1254—Phil Karlon, 17, St. Stanislaus H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T-Sister Mary Alberta.
 1255—Jeanne Adamcik, 16, Villa Angela Academy, Cleveland, Ohio. T-Sister M. Andre.
 1256—Nancy Layman, 14, Fremond Jr. H. S., Klamath Falls, Oreg. T-Ruth Zuelke.
 1257—Shirley Clark, 14, Girls' Polytechnic H. S., Portland, Oreg. T-Janet C. Smith.
 1258—Donna Fitzgerald, 14, Girls' Polytechnic H. S., Portland, Oreg. T-Janet C. Smith.
 1259—Janeline Thompson, 16, Girls' Polytechnic H. S., Portland, Oreg. T-Janet C. Smith.
 1260—Gayle Newsom, 16, Lincoln H. S., Portland, Oreg. T-Henry Heine.
 1261—Betsy Simpson, 13, Upper Darby (Pa.) Jr. H. S. T-Mrs. Faulkner.
 1262—Kay Prothro, 16, Carter-Riverside H. S., Fort Worth, Tex. T-Mrs. Rosa C. Oglesby.
 1263—Sam Monakino, 18, Jefferson Davis H. S., Houston, Tex. T-Anita M. Smith.
 1264—George Paige, 12, C. Blaine School, Seattle, Wash. T-Florence A. Porter.

The following students won places in the WEAVING Classification: 1265 through 1292.

- 1265—Lanel Grant, 18, Los Angeles (Calif.) H. S. T-Mrs. Ethel Wardrop.
 1266—Elaine Clamp, 17, Polytechnic H. S., San Francisco, Calif. T-Mrs. Muriel Hall.
 1267—Jean & Joy DeBeedetti, 16, Dominican Convent, San Rafael, Calif. T-Ellen B. Christensen.
 1268—Janet Prewitt, 17, University H. S., W. Los Angeles, Calif. T-Norma McCartney.
 1269—Billy Davis, 14, Demonstration School, Athens, Ga. T-Charles Williamson.
 1270—Beverly Nicholson, 17, Salamonie Twp. H. S., Warren, Ind. T-Mrs. Ethel Click.
 1271—Ronald Carter, 17, East H. S., Des Moines, Iowa. T-Roena G. Clement.
 1272—Fred Lucas, 19, East H. S., Des Moines, Iowa. T-Roena G. Clement.
 1273—Lorita Pullman, 17, East H. S., Des Moines, Iowa. T-Roena G. Clement.
 1274—Margaret Boys, 18, North H. S., Des Moines, Iowa. T-Gale J. Greenwood.



Strathmore Award, Group II, by John Daniel Linahan, Technical H. S., Omaha, Nebr. First shown at Brandeis Regional.

- 1275—Barbara Ferris, 17, High School of Commerce, Worcester, Mass. T-N. Rose Balian.
 1276—Suzanne Reardon, 16, North H. S., Worcester, Mass. T-Mildred E. Christenson.
 1277-1280—Sheila Thorpe, 16, Kingswood School Cranbrook, Bloomfield Hills, Mich. T-Lillian Holm.
 1281—Doris Helen Veal, 14, Albany (Oreg.) H. S. T-Richard Dedlow.
 1282—Estelle Atkin, 16, Cleveland Heights (Ohio) H. S. T-C. J. Bachtel.
 1283—Sheila Brown, 17, Cleveland Heights (Ohio) H. S. T-C. J. Bachtel.
 1284—Dan Green, Memorial Jr. H. S., S. Euclid, Ohio. T-Barbara L. Kuhlman.
 1285—Ellamarie Spencer, 17, Franklin H. S., Portland, Oreg. T-Evelyn Arnold.
 1286—Joanne Scott, 17, Lincoln H. S., Portland, Oreg. T-Mildred Steinmetz.
 1287—Annetta Wilson, 16, Paschal H. S., Fort Worth, Tex. T-Creola Seary.
 1288—Lois Curtis, 18, Milby H. S., Houston, Tex. T-Mary E. Heckman.
 1289-1290—Bruce Davis, 19, Milby H. S., Houston, Tex. T-Mary E. Heckman.
 1291—Glenda Ward, 17, Milby H. S., Houston, Tex. T-Mary E. Heckman.
 1292—Melvin Williams, 18, Milby H. S., Houston, Tex. T-Mary E. Heckman.

The following students won places in the JEWELRY Classification: 1293 through 1380.

- 1293—Julie Oser, 16, Fairfax H. S., Los Angeles, Calif. T-Lois Franke.
 1294—Gary Carson, 17, Modesto (Calif.) H. S. T-Tio Giambruni.
 1295—Dorothy Morrison, 17, Modesto (Calif.) H. S. T-Tio Giambruni.
 1296—Margie Quaresma, 16, Modesto (Calif.) H. S. T-Mrs. Schrock.
 1297—Doris Bodner, 14, Horace Mann Jr. H. S., Denver, Colo. T-Paulina Hahn.
 1298—Frank Francescatti, 15, Horace Mann Jr. H. S., Denver, Colo. T-Paulina Hahn.
 1299—Dick Sanchez, 15, Horace Mann Jr. H. S., Denver, Colo. T-Paulina Hahn.
 1300—Jean Bramer, 18, North H. S., Denver, Colo. T-Jeanette Lacey.
 1301—Delbert Petersen, 17, South H. S., Denver, Colo. T-Myrtle Rorem.
 1302—Myrna Lask, 15, Austin H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Gordon Markwart.
 1303—Esther Rabin, 15, Austin H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Gordon Markwart.
 1304—Camille Villano, 15, Austin H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Gordon Markwart.
 1305-1306—Edward Bric, 18, Chicago (Ill.) Vocational School. T-Merrill Lyon.
 1307—Ronald Kowalke, 16, Chicago (Ill.) Vocational School. T-Merrill Lyon.
 1308—Bruce Loowell, 16, Chicago (Ill.) Vocational School. T-Merrill Lyon.
 1309—Beverly Johnson, 14, Harper H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Mary K. O'Malley.
 1310—Ronald Klein, 12, Nightingale School, Chicago, Ill. T-Mrs. B. Picard.
 1311—Peggy Hoch, 16, South Shore H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Florence Potter.
 1312—Judy Neelsen, 16, South Shore H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Florence Potter.



Award in Oils, Group III, by James Cross, Monrovia-Duarte School, Monrovia, Calif. First shown at Bullock's.



Award in Black Drawing Ink, Gp. III, by Ina-Meta Varnauskas, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. First shown at Crowley's.

- 1327—Joan Marie Scharnell, 17, Dearborn (Mich.) H. S. T-Robert J. Ferguson.
 1328—Don Binkley, 15, Cooley H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Miss M. L. Munro.
 1329—Marvin Beltari, 17, Highland Park (Mich.) H. S. T-Florence Rahles.
 1330-1331—Larry McKinley, 17, Vocational H. S., Minneapolis, Minn. T-Wallace Saunders.
 1332—Herbert Spencer, 18, Westport H. S., Kansas City, Mo. T-Ruth Beck.
 1333—Sally Schwerzier, 15, Chagrin Falls (Ohio) H. S. T-Ailan L. Larson.
 1334-1335—Bennett Dubiner, 16, Glenville H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T-Charles S. Ford.
 1336—James Atkinson, 18, Hampton Twp. H. S., Allison Park, Pa. T-Mrs. Merrie K. Auld.
 1337—Ronald Becker, 17, Hampton Twp. H. S., Allison Park, Pa. T-Mrs. Merrie K. Auld.
 1338—Robert Calderwood, 14, Hampton Twp. H. S., Allison Park, Pa. T-Mrs. Merrie K. Auld.
 1339—David Carmichael, 16, Hampton Twp. H. S., Allison Park, Pa. T-Mrs. Merrie K. Auld.
 1340—Lillian R. Chatham, 16, Hampton Twp. H. S., Allison Park, Pa. T-Mrs. Merrie K. Auld.
 1341—Horace Davis, 16, Hampton Twp. H. S., Allison Park, Pa. T-Mrs. Merrie K. Auld.
 1342—Dorothy Donnermeyer, 15, Hampton Twp. H. S., Allison Park, Pa. T-Mrs. Merrie K. Auld.
 1343—Joan A. Laser, 18, Hampton Twp. H. S., Allison Park, Pa. T-Mrs. Merrie K. Auld.
 1344-1345—James Miley, 16, Hampton Twp. H. S., Allison Park, Pa. T-Mrs. Merrie K. Auld.
 1346—Peggy Schmitt, 15, Hampton Twp. H. S., Allison Park, Pa. T-Mrs. Merrie K. Auld.
 1347—Kathy Schove, 17, Hampton Twp. H. S., Allison Park, Pa. T-Mrs. Merrie K. Auld.
 1348-49—Sandra Snowdon, 17, Hampton Twp. H. S., Allison Park, Pa. T-Mrs. Merrie K. Auld.
 1350—Raymond Albed, 18, Lower Merion H. S., Ardmore, Pa. T-Thomas Reyder.
 1351—William Himmelstein, 16, Bellevue (Pa.) H. S. T-Mary Dieffenbach.
 1352—Jeanne McKenzie, 16, Baldwin School, Bryn Mawr, Pa. T-Anne B. Altlee.
 1353—Robert Barry, 18, Taylor Alderdice H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Olive Koenig.
 1354—Sloan McKernan, 17, Taylor Alderdice H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Olive Koenig.
 1355—Joann Bergman, 17, Allegheny H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Carl J. Heyne.

- 1356-1357—Carl Schaier, 17, Peabody H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-J. F. Scherrer.
 1358—Robert Shearer, 18, Peabody H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-J. F. Scherrer.
 1359—Sheryl M. Corbit, 14, Perry H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Marjorie Blackstone.
 1360—Howard Hedge, 18, Perry H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Marjorie Blackstone.
 1361—Ted Rimmel, 15, Perry H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Marjorie Blackstone.
 1362—Mary Jane Beaver, 16, South Hills H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Agnes Bittaker.
 1363-1365—Fred Bingham, 17, South Hills H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Agnes Bittaker.
 1366—Robert Brown, 18, South Hills H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Agnes Bittaker.
 1367—Shirley Colditz, 16, South Hills H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Agnes Bittaker.
 1368—Dennis Donnelly, 16, South Hills H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Agnes Bittaker.
 1369—Barbara Hagenow, 17, South Hills H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Agnes Bittaker.
 1370—Joe Latsko, 18, South Hills H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Agnes Bittaker.
 1371-1372—Mary Jane Mandeville, 16, South Hills H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Agnes Bittaker.
 1373-1374—Gay Marasco, 18, South Hills H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Agnes Bittaker.
 1375—Paul Potts, 18, South Hills H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Agnes Bittaker.
 1376—Robert Brown, 17, Westinghouse H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Edward Kosewicz.
 1377—George Davis, 16, Westinghouse H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Edward Kosewicz.
 1378—Martha Gula, 14, Penn. Sr. H. S., Verona, Pa. T-Walter Gader.
 1379—Shirley Dixon, 17, Carter-Riverside H. S., Fort Worth, Tex. T-Mrs. Resa C. Oglesby.
 1380—James Patterson, 19, Appleton, (Wis.) H. S. T-Kenneth Kummerlein.

The following students won places in the HANDCRAFT Classification: 1381 through 1411.

- 1381—Jewell Ehlinger, 18, South H. S., Denver, Colo. T-Myrtle Rorem.
 1382—Jeanette Mays, 16, South H. S., Denver, Colo. T-Myrtle Rorem.
 1383—Dorothy Miner, 17, Logan County H. S., Sterling, Colo. T-Arthur Imber.
 1384—John Cooper, 16, Calvin Coolidge H. S., Washington, D. C. T-Rufus Jacoby.
 1385—Thomas Ehlers, 17, Calvin Coolidge H. S., Washington, D. C. T-Rufus Jacoby.
 1386—Thomas Jellifer, 19, Calvin Coolidge H. S., Washington, D. C. T-Rufus Jacoby.
 1387—Marilyn Wirtz, 18, Carl Schurz H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Gretchen Gardner.
 1388—Pat Dietze, 17, Central H. S., Fort Wayne, Ind. T-Mrs. Blanche Hutto.
 1389—Gerald Linn, 17, Central H. S., Fort Wayne, Ind. T-Mrs. Blanche Hutto.



"Yes, Madam, we guarantee her to be genuine Persian"—Award in Cartooning, Group II, by Elaine Brzezinski, Bristol (Conn.) H. S. Hartford Courant Regional.



Award in Costume Design, Group III, by Donald Brown, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. First shown at Crowley's exhibit.

- 1390—Glenna Wolfe, 14, Central H. S., Fort Wayne, Ind. T-Mrs. Blanche Hutto.
 1391—David Brown, 17, Arsenal Tech. H. S., Indianapolis, Ind. T-Sy Perszyk.
 1392—Charles Smith, 15, Arsenal Tech. H. S., Indianapolis, Ind. T-Sy Perszyk.
 1393—Sharon Baldwin, 16, North H. S., Des Moines, Iowa. T-Gale J. Greenwood.
 1394—Maurice Hansen, 17, North H. S., Des Moines, Iowa. T-Gale J. Greenwood.
 1395—Lloyd C. Herrington, 17, Mackenzie H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Ruth W. Bogen.
 1396—Joyce Melconian, 17, Highland Park (Mich.) H. S. T-Mrs. Florence Rahles.
 1397—Dick Garbett, 17, Vocational High School, Minneapolis, Minn. T-Wallace Saunders.
 1398-1399—William Hargate, 17, Normandy Sr. H. S., St. Louis, Mo. T-Helen Madsen.
 1400—Dolores Gebert, 15, Reading (Ohio) H. S. T-Helen Worrall.
 1401—Robert Atkeson, 18, Franklin H. S., Portland, Ore. T-Bill Colby.
 1402—Steve Seable, 15, Franklin H. S., Portland, Ore. T-Bill Colby.
 1403—Carol Cushing, 15, Hampton Twp. H. S., Allison Park, Pa. T-Mrs. Merrie K. Auld.
 1404—Gayle Tryon, 13, Hampton Twp. H. S., Allison Park, Pa. T-Mrs. Merrie K. Auld.
 1405—Harry Zimmerman, 14, Hampton Twp. H. S., Allison Park, Pa. T-Mrs. Merrie K. Auld.
 1406—Suzanne Newman, 14, Roosevelt Jr. H. S., Philadelphia, Pa. T-Mrs. Fannie S. Bufarile.
 1407—Edward Skoch, 17, Allegheny H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Carl J. Heyne, Jr.
 1408—Carl Schair, 17, Peabody H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-J. F. Scherrer.
 1409—Charles S. Weinberger, 17, Peabody H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-J. F. Scherrer.
 1410—Frank Antonucci, 17, Westinghouse H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-E. M. Kosewicz.
 1411—Patricia Brandenstein, 15, Westinghouse H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-E. M. Kosewicz.

The following students won places in the SCHOOL LIFE Classification: 1412 through 1416.

- 1412—Bette Tooley, 13, Roosevelt Jr. H. S., Decatur, Ill. T-Geraldine Hodson.
 1413—Mary Ann Hagerty, 12, St. Patrick School, Omaha, Nebr. T-Sister Mary Philip.
 1414—Jeannie Hornbeck, 16, Baldwinville (N. Y.) Central School. T-Mrs. Dorothy S. Kimball.

1415—Estelle Krasnow, 18, Abraham Lincoln H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T-Leon Friend.
1416—Larry DiFlori, 18, Upper Darby (Pa.) Sr. H. S. T-Elizabeth B. Kingsley.

The following students won places in the OBSERVATION OF ENVIRONMENT Classification: 1417 through 1424.

1417—Raymond A. Young, 18, Sullivan H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Mrs. Rose K. Ballen.
1418—Benita Chambers, 18, Danville (Ill.) H. S. T-Betty Sullenberger.
1419—Betsy Griswold, 13, Grover Cleveland School, Dorchester, Mass. T-Geraldine Gillis.
1420—Joan B. Norman, 17, Prospect Heights H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T-Mrs. Ella Jackson.
1421—Robert Disch, 19, Lincoln H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. T-A. W. Eterovich.
1422-1423—Raymond Saunders, 18, Schenley H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Mr. Kuruna.
1424—Roberto Hernandez, 16, Bowie H. S., El Paso, Tex. T-Mrs. Berry Crawford.

The following students won places in the CHRISTMAS SCENE Classification: 1425 through 1428.

1425—Sheila Waldman, 16, Senn H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-E. Jacobson.
1426—Judy Way, 17, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Elizabeth Bates.
1427—Winifred Bassett, 14, West Jr. H. S., Duluth, Minn. T-Blanche D. Schwartz.
1428—Lois Ann Cassidy, 13, Horace Mann Jr. H. S., Tulsa, Okla. T-Elsa Langspecht.

The following students won places in the "BETTER BREAKFAST" Classification: 1429 through 1433.

1429—Dick Schon, 16, South H. S., Omaha, Neb. T-Florence E. Power.
1430—Bud Mullins, 13, Guilford School, Cincinnati, Ohio. T-Walter Johnson.
1431—Barbara Loftus, 15, Central H. S., Tulsa, Okla. T-Opal Thorpe.
1432—Marlene Litterini, 15, Stowe H. S., McKees Rocks, Pa. T-Wilbur Rose.
1433—Rochelle Reznik, 16, Peabody H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Jean Thoburn.

The following students won places in the MIXED MEDIA Classification: 1434 through 1459.

1434—Bobby Hassler, 18, Ensley H. S., Birmingham, Ala. T-Caroline Dick.
1435—Toni Meyers, 15, Immaculate Heart H. S., Los Angeles, Calif. T-Sister Virginia Ann.
1436—Doris Cummins, 17, Modesto (Calif.) H. S. T-Tio Giambruni.
1437—Walter Dempsey, 14, Norwich (Conn.) Free Academy. T-Joseph Gualtieri.
1438—Richard Kline, 18, Technical H. S., Miami, Fla. T-K. E. Bare.
1439—Dennis Price, 18, St. Petersburg (Fla.) H. S. T-Barbara Bischoff.
1440—Norma Vaughan, 16, Roosevelt H. S., Atlanta, Ga. T-Mrs. Lucia Corbin.
1441—Fred Muhleman, 17, Amundsen H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Mrs. Blanche Breit.

1442—Marlene Zavala, 17, Hirsch H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Mrs. Katherine B. Parker.
1443—Allen Aster, 17, Kelly H. S., Chicago, Ill. T-Mrs. Verne S. Role.
1444—Dennis Waters, 15, Mathewson Jr. H. S., Wichita, Kans. T-Rex Hall.
1445—Sharon Wiley, 17, Wichita (Kans.) H. S. North. T-Margie Goodwin.
1446—Ronald Sanders, 13, Eastern Jr. H. S., Louisville, Ky. T-John Dillehay.
1447—Gordon Westphal, 17, Dearborn (Mich.) H. S. T-Marion Carson.
1448—Richard Eshkanian, 17, Highland Park (Mich.) H. S. T-Mrs. Cyril Miles.
1449—John Schwieger, 18, Gering (Nebr.) H. S. T-Mrs. Nelle Pattison.
1450—Diane Devriendt, 17, Lincoln (Nebr.) H. S. T-Mrs. Kathleen Taussig.
1451—Marilyn Berquette, 17, Los Alamos (N. Mex.) H. S. T-Mrs. Elizabeth Hoyt.
1452—Leonard Kahan, 18, Abraham Lincoln H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. T-Leon Friend.
1453—Donna M. Nardozzi, 18, Lafayette H. S., Buffalo, N. Y. T-Janice Smith.
1454—Deleese Picha, 16, Salem (Ore.) H. S. T-Mrs. D. H. Stearns.
1455—Raymond Saunders, 18, Schenley H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. T-Mr. Kuruna.
1456—Nadara Tollison, 17, South Side H. S., Memphis, Tenn. T-Mrs. Cornelia Wolfe.
1457—Nacho Rodriguez, 19, Jefferson Davis H. S., Houston, Tex. T-Anita M. Smith.
1458—Betty Parker, 13, Chief Joseph Jr. H. S. T-Mrs. Thelma Pearson.
1459—Betty Jo Perry, 19, Charleston (W. Va.) H. S. T-Agnes Huston.

BEHIND THE SCENES AT CARNEGIE INSTITUTE



Mrs. Mildred Croft of Pittsburgh (standing in center) directs the handling of the mass of entries that come to Carnegie Institute. Inventory of entries covers all the 48 states.

1953 Scholastic-Ansco Photography Awards

Exhibition, June 2-30, 1953, East River Savings Bank, Rockefeller Center, New York City

GROUP I

A—PORTRAITS

First Award, \$50: Jerry Covell, Bala-Cynwyd (Pa.) Jr. H. S. T-Edith Wilson.

Second Award, \$25: Sally Hohn, Fairview H. S., Jennings, Mo. T-Frances L. Marshall.

Third Award, \$15: Lowell Elsea, Robert E. Lee Jr. H. S., Miami, Fla. T-Jerrold E. Kemp.

Honorable Mention (Ansco Film)

Richard K. Scott, Memorial Jr. H. S., San Diego, Calif. T-Claude T. Burns.

Bruce Cross, Memorial Jr. H. S., San Diego, Calif. T-Claude T. Burns.

Wah Lul, Franklin H. S., Seattle, Wash. T-Charlotte Bizazza.

B—PETS

First Award, \$50: also Sylvania Supplementary Award, \$50: Ronnie Edwards, Fairview H. S., Jennings, Mo. T-Frances L. Marshall.

Second Award, \$25: also Sylvania Supplementary Award, \$25: R. Edward Valentine, Barboursville (W. Va.) Jr. H. S. T-Alice D. Wilson.

Third Award, \$15: also Ansco Supplementary Award, \$15: Sidney Kaplan, School of Industrial Art, New York, N. Y. T-Joseph J. Messina.

Honorable Mention (Ansco Film)

Marshall R. Smith, Woodworth H. S., Dearborn, Mich. T-Bert Rhodes.

Beth Bennett, Towson (Md.) Sr. H. S. T-Jean Miller.

R. Edward Valentine, Barboursville (W. Va.) Jr. H. S. T-Alice D. Wilson.

C—SCHOOL OR COMMUNITY LIFE

First Award, \$50: also Sylvania Supplementary Award, \$50: Nat Turner, Sidney Lanier Jr. H. S., Houston, Tex. T-Mrs. Christine Claypool.

Second Award, \$25: also Sylvania Supplementary Award, \$25: Jerry Covell, Bala-Cynwyd (Pa.) Jr. H. S. T-Edith Wilson.

Third Award, \$15: also Ansco Supplementary Award, \$15: John Albright, P. S. 73, Queens, New York. T-Mrs. H. Haliday.

Honorable Mention (Ansco Film)

Marilee Crain, Fairview H. S., Jennings, Mo.

Barbara Jean Stibler, St. Michael's H. S., Brooklyn, New York. T-Sr. Teresa Denise.

Lowell Elsea, Robert E. Lee H. S., Miami, Fla. T-Jerrold E. Kemp.

D—SCENES

First Award, \$50: Nat Turner, Sidney Lanier Jr. H. S., Houston, Tex. T-Mrs. Christine Claypool.

Second Award, \$25: also Ansco Supplementary Award, \$25: Kathleen Crotty, St. Jean Baptiste H. S., New York, N. Y. T-Sr. St. Gertrude.

Third Award, \$15: also Ansco Supplementary Award, \$15: Sidney Kaplan, School of Industrial Art, New York, N. Y. T-Joseph J. Messina.

Honorable Mention (Ansco Film)

Philip Coleman, New Trier Township H. S., Winnetka, Ill. T-D. F. Smith.

Nathan Snyder, Camp Curtin Jr. H. S., Harrisburg, Pa. T-Elsie M. Nixon.

Marilee Crain, Fairview H. S., Jennings, Mo. T-Frances L. Marshall.

GROUP II

E—PORTRAITS

First Award, \$50: also Ansco Supplementary Award, \$50: Ann Puggard, Southeastern H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Clementine Triola.

Second Award, \$25: Doug Van Orden, Dorsey H. S., Los Angeles, Calif. T-Gerard Burchard.

Third Award, \$15: Mary Louise Lasher, Webster (N. Y.) H. S. T-Sally Posthiller.

Honorable Mention (Ansco Film)

Roger La Pelle, Frankford H. S., Philadelphia, Pa. T-Aaron Rapaport.

Edward Rey, Austin H. S., El Paso, Tex. T-Shirlee Shaver.

Robert C. Quidort, Frankford H. S., Philadelphia, Pa. T-Aaron Rapaport.

F—PETS

First Award, \$50: also Sylvania Supplementary Award, \$50: Harry Coakley, Evanston (Ill.) Twp. H. S. T-J. J. Cochrane.

Second Award, \$25: also Sylvania Supplementary Award, \$25: Joe Flynn, Helix H. S., La Mesa, Calif. T-H. D. Strawn.

Third Award, \$15: also Sylvania Supplementary Award, \$15: Truman Moore, Myrtle Beach (S. C.) H. S. T-Mrs. Mary M. Long.

Honorable Mention (Ansco Film)

Robert Campbell, Hamilton H. S., Los Angeles, Calif. T-Mrs. Lois Vinette.

A. Wayne Rose, Central H. S., Okla. City, Okla. T-J. D. Winbray.

Larry Silverstein, School of Industrial Art, New York, N. Y. T-Raymond De Santis.

G—NEWS PHOTOGRAPHS

First Award, \$50: Joe Flynn, Helix H. S., La Mesa, Calif. T-H. D. Strawn.

Second Award, \$25: Toshio Okano, Manual Training H. S., Denver, Colo. T-Mike Peterson.

Third Award, \$15: Dave Russell, Polytechnic H. S., Los Angeles, Calif. T-H. W. King.

Honorable Mention (Ansco Film)

Austin Traverse, Alva (Okla.) H. S. T-Orville Korn.

Peter Hoffmann, Tucson (Ariz.) Sr. H. S., T-Harry A. Goldstein.

Robert Tomsic, Cleveland Heights (Ohio) H. S. T-C. J. Bachtel.

H—SCHOOL OR COMMUNITY LIFE

First Award, \$50: also Ansco Supplementary Award, \$50: Larry Silverstein, School of Industrial Art, New York, N. Y.

Second Award, \$25: Morley Langford, Hamilton H. S., Los Angeles, Calif. T-Mrs. Lois Vinette.

Third Award, \$15: also Ansco Supplementary Award, \$15: Stuart Umin, School of Industrial Art, New York, N. Y. T-Raymond De Santis.

Honorable Mention (Ansco Film)

Irwin Grossman, Long Beach (N. Y.) H. S. T-Paul Feinman.

Jay Kaufman, Shorewood H. S., Milwaukee, Wis. T-Harold Wierks.

Charles Lilly, Logan (W. Va.) H. S. T-Frank McDale.

I—SPORTS

First Award, \$50: Robert Tomsic, Cleveland Heights (Ohio) H. S. T-C. J. Bachtel.

Second Award, \$25: Edward Hollering, Monroe H. S., St. Paul, Minn. T-Mr. Blume.

Third Award, \$15: also Sylvania Supplementary Award, \$15: Myers Walker, Durham (N. C.) H. S. T-Harriet Gurley.

Honorable Mention (Ansco Film)

Dolores Merritt, Gladewater (Tex.) H. S. T-C. W. Dawson.

Paul Winton, Stuyvesant H. S., New York, N. Y. T-George Elfert.

Charles Lilly, Logan (W. Va.) H. S. T-Frank McDale.

J—SCENES

First Award, \$50: also Ansco Supplementary Award, \$50: Stuart Umin, School of Industrial Art, New York, N. Y. T-Raymond De Santis.

Second Award, \$25: Eddie Sakamoto, Polytechnic H. S., Los Angeles, Calif. T-H. W. King.

Third Award, \$15: Morley Langford, Hamilton H. S., Los Angeles, Calif.

Honorable Mention (Ansco Film)

Jack Lord, Oak Park-River Forest H. S., Oak Park, Ill. T-Gilman Lane.

Russell Williams, Culver City (Calif.) H. S. T-L. A. Zimmerman.

Arnold Katz, School of Industrial Art, New York, N. Y. T-Nathan Teller.

K—STILL LIFE

First Award, \$50: also Ansco Supplementary Award, \$50: Ted Woods, Tucson (Ariz.) H. S. T-Harry A. Goldstein.

Second Award, \$25: Morley Langford, Hamilton H. S., Los Angeles, Calif.

Third Award, \$15: also Ansco Supplementary Award, \$15: Jerome Halberstadt, Cambridge High & Latin School, Cambridge, Mass. T-E. Hallenburt.

Honorable Mention (Ansco Film)

Barry Groman, Hamilton H. S., Los Angeles, Calif. T-Mrs. Lois Vinette.

Joe V. Sterling, Austin H. S., El Paso, Tex. T-Shirlee Shaver.

Robert Kabanowski, Pershing H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Kay Burkitt Miles.

Color Transparencies

L—PORTRAITS

First Award, \$50: also Ansco Supplementary Award, \$50: Truman Moore, Myrtle Beach (S. C.) H. S. T-Mrs. Mary M. Long.

Second Award, \$25: also Ansco Supplementary Award, \$25: Michael Gallo, Frederick E. Bellows H. S., Mamaroneck, N. Y. T-Mary A. Palmer.

Third Award, \$15: also Sylvania Supplementary Award, \$15: Wayne Martens, Redford H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-E. Deason.

Honorable Mention (Ansco Film)

Stuart Umin, School of Industrial Art, New York, N. Y. T-Raymond De Santis.

Tommy Boyette, Clinton (N. C.) H. S. T-Mrs. Robert Boone.

Tommy Boyette, Clinton (N. C.) H. S.

M—PETS

First Award, \$50: Louis Sobczyk, South H. S., Omaha, Neb. T-Florence Powers.

Second Award, \$25: Ralph Loweke, Denby H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Irma Webber.

Third Award, \$15: Michael Gallo, Frederick E. Bellows H. S., Mamaroneck, N. Y. T-Mary A. Palmer.

Honorable Mention (Ansco Film)

Leon Gershner, Jr., North Little Rock (Ark.) Sr. H. S. T-Mrs. Searcy Thompson.

Michael Gallo, Frederick E. Bellows H. S., Mamaroneck, N. Y. T-Mary A. Palmer.

Dave Bacon, Denby H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Irma Webber.

N—SCENES

First Award, \$50: Jack Petzoldt, Grosse Pointe H. S., Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich. T-Marion Lampman.

Second Award, \$25: Dave Bacon, Denby H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Irma Webber.

Third Award, \$15: Frank Kloss, Denby H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Irma Webber.

Honorable Mention (Ansco Film)

Harold F. Rahmlow, Clinton (N. Y.) Central H. S. T-Howard Rahmlow.

Stuart Umin, School of Industrial Art, New York, N. Y. T-Raymond De Santis.

Frank Kloss, Denby H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Irma Webber.

O—STILL LIFE

First Award, \$50: Stuart Umin, School of Industrial Art, New York, N. Y.

Second Award, \$25: also Ansco Supplementary Award, \$25: Michael Gallo, Frederick E. Bellows H. S., Mamaroneck, N. Y.

Third Award, \$15: Harold Jones, Santa Monica (Calif.) H. S. T-Mrs. Paula Schneider.

Honorable Mention (Ansco Film)

Stuart Umin, School of Industrial Art, New York, N. Y. T-Raymond De Santis.

Frank Kloss, Denby H. S., Detroit, Mich. T-Irma Webber.

Howey Cauffman, Duffee H. S., Fall River, Mass. T-Joseph Lawlor.

SPECIAL AWARD

Award for all-around ability in flash photography—three cases of Sylvania Flashbulbs; Joe Flynn, Helix H. S., La Mesa, Calif. T-H. D. Strawn.



Pictorial art jury gets ready to take a vote. Left to right on jury: Dr. Edwin Ziegfeld, Charles LeClair, Lillian F. von Storch, Fred Conway, and Iver Rose. At left is M. R.

Robinson, president and publisher of Scholastic Magazines, supervising the judging of pictorial art for the 26th year. Art educators and practicing artists served on this jury.



Ruth Halvorsen supervises Design Jury: Mil-dred Fischer, Dorothy Liebes, Lili Blumenau.

Scenes at the Judging



Judging commercial art are Alex Steinweiss, Edward J. Bennett, and Edward R. Burroughs.



Bonnie Cashin, Doris Anderson, Ardenia Chapman select the best costume designs.



Unanimous even as to ties are Cartoon-ists Ralph Reichhold and Cy Hungerford!



Edward Burroughs, Virginia Lewis, Alex Steinweiss appraise the pencil drawing.

Regional Co-Sponsors

The scope of Scholastic Art Awards has grown steadily through the regional exhibitions held in various sections of the country during the months of February and March. Under the sponsorship of civic-minded stores and other patrons, and with the assistance of

Regional Advisory Committees and art teachers, these preliminary exhibitions have become established as important cultural events in many communities. They have helped to promote art education across the country. The co-sponsors for 1952-53 follow:

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COLORADO (State)
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The Hartford Courant Parade of Youth

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ILLINOIS (City of Chicago)
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ILLINOIS (Oak Park Area)
Wieboldt's, Oak Park

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IOWA (State)
Younkers, Des Moines

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The Boston Globe and
Institute of Contemporary Art

MICHIGAN (Southeastern)
Crowley, Milner & Co., Detroit

MINNESOTA (State)
The Dayton Company, Minneapolis

MISSISSIPPI (State)
The Emporium, Jackson

MISSOURI (Eastern)
Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis

MISSOURI (Western)
Emery, Bird, Thayer Co., Kansas City

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NEW YORK (Central Western)
Sibley, Lindsay & Curr, Rochester

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The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland

OHIO (Southern)
The John Shillito Co., Cincinnati

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John A. Brown Co., Oklahoma City

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Gimbel Brothers, Philadelphia

PENNSYLVANIA (Western)
Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh

TENNESSEE (Western)
B. Lowenstein & Bros., Inc., Memphis

TEXAS (Southeastern)
Foley's, Houston

TEXAS (North Central)
W. C. Stripling Co., Fort Worth

TEXAS (Western) & NEW MEXICO
Popular Dry Goods Co., El Paso

WASHINGTON (State)
Frederick & Nelson, Seattle

WEST VIRGINIA (State)
The Diamond, Charleston

WISCONSIN (State)
Schuster's, Milwaukee

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This achievement key
in gold went to top
winners in the prelim-
inary regional shows.

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